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TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

TRAVELS IN THE EAST,

INCLUDING A

JOURNEY IN THE HOLY LAND.

BY ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

VOL. II.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
JOURNEY IN SYRIA CONTINUED,	7
RUINS OF BALBEK,	12
DAMASCUS,	41
RETURN TO BEIROUT, AND DEPARTURE FOR THE CEDARS OF LEBANON,	64
NARRATIVE OF MADAME DE LAMARTINE,	75
DEPARTURE FROM JAFFA,	88
CONSTANTINOPLE,	101
NOTES UPON SERVIA,	162
ACCOUNT OF THE RESIDENCE OF FATALLA SAYEGHIR AMONGST THE WANDERING ARABS OF THE GREAT DESERT (OBTAINED AND TRANSLATED BY M. DE LAMARTINE),	178
FRAGMENTS OF THE POEM OF ANTAR,	277
REFLECTIONS OF ANTAR,	295
FRAGMENTS OF ARAB POETRY,	297
AUTHOR'S POLITICAL SUMMARY,	299
APPENDIX—LETTER FROM THE VISCOUNT DE MARCELLUS TO M. DE LAMARTINE,	317

TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

JOURNEY IN SYRIA CONTINUED.

On the 28th March I left Beirout for Balbek and Damascus. The caravan was composed of twenty-six horses, and eight or ten Arabs on foot, as domestics and escort. On quitting Beirout, we proceeded by deep roads through a red sand, the margins of which were festooned with all the flowers of Asia in the beauty and fragrance of spring; with nopals, a prickly shrub, with clusters of flowers yellow as gold, somewhat similar to the yellow broom of our mountains; vines, hanging from tree to tree, and beautiful carobs—a tree, with leaves of a dark green and bronze colour, interwoven branches, and a trunk of dusky, smooth, and shining bark, the most beautiful tree in these climates. In half an hour we reached the summit of the promontory forming the Cape of Beirout, which terminates in a rounded point jutting into the sea, and at its base is a wide plain, traversed by the Nahr-el-Beirout. This plain, well watered and cultivated, planted in all parts with beautiful palm-trees, green mulberries, and pines with wide and bushy tops, dies away under the first ridge of Lebanon. At the culminating point of the plain of Beirout, the magnificent wood of Fakar-el-Din, or Fakardin, extends. It is the promenade of Beirout, where the Turkish and Arab horsemen, and the Europeans, go to exercise their horses, and run courses of the djerid. It was where I went myself every day to pass some hours on horseback, sometimes galloping over the desert sands which rise above the blue waters of the Syrian Sea, sometimes slowly walking in a deep reverie, under the avenues of pines which cover a considerable portion of the promontory. It is the most beautiful spot that I know of in the world, with its gigantic pines, whose vigorous trunks, slightly bent by the ocean winds, and rearing their wide and rounded branches in leafy canopies, are grouped in clusters of two or three, or scattered singly, at intervals of twenty paces, over a golden sand, glittering here and there through the green turf, sprinkled with anemones. They were planted by Fakar-el-Din, whose wonderful adventures have spread his fame

in Europe, and still preserve his name. I grieved every day at seeing a hero of modern times overthrow these trees, which had been planted by so renowned a character. Ibrahim Pacha had ordered several of them to be cut down for his marine; but there still remained enough to render the promontory distinct to the eye of the mariner, and to excite the admiration of a man captivated by the beautiful scenes of nature.

It is from here, according to my idea, that we have the most splendid view of Lebanon. We are at its feet, but yet sufficiently distant to be beyond reach of its shadow, and for the eye to canvas it in all its height, to plunge into the darkness of its gorges, to descry the foam of its torrents, and to freely glance among the lowest peaks which flank it, each bearing a Maronite convent, rising from out thickets of pines, cedars, or black cypresses. Sannin, the highest and most pyramidal peak of Lebanon, commands all the lower peaks, and forms, with its eternal snow, the majestic termination on which the violet, rose, and gold, are mingled in hue, of the mountainous horison which floats in the firmament, not like a solid body, but as a vapour, a transparent steam, through which we think the other side of the sky is to be distinguished—a ravishing phenomenon of the mountains of Asia, which I have seen in no other region, and which affords me enjoyment every evening, without my being able to explain the cause. On the southern side, Lebanon gradually sinks to the projecting cape of Saïde, formerly Sidon, in descending peaks crowned here and there, where they rise above the others and the mass of the Lebanon chain, with snow, and following, like the battlements of a ruined town, now ascending, now falling, the line of the sea-coast, and dying away in the mist to the west, towards the mountains of Galilee, and the banks of the sea of Genesareth, otherwise the Lake of Tiberias. On the northern side we perceived a bay of the sea, spreading like a peaceful lake upon the plain, half concealed by the green terraces of the beautiful hill of St Demetrius, the most graceful hill in Syria. In this bay, whose junction with the sea is not perceptible, a few vessels are always lying at anchor, and gently heaving on the ripple, which lashes with its foam amongst the mastic-trees, laurel-roses, and nopals, on the shore. Over the river of Beirout, which runs through the plain, all redolent in life and verdure, a bridge, constructed by the Romans, and restored by Fakar-el-Din, throws its picturesque arches.

This was the scene of the last excursion I made with Julia. She had mounted, for the first time, a horse of the desert, which I had brought for her from the Dead Sea, with an Arab domestic to hold its bridle. We were alone; the day, although in November, was brilliant in clearness, warmth, and verdure. Never had I seen this sweet child in such an ecstasy of enjoyment with nature, so buoyant with the bliss of existence and of sensation. She turned to me every instant with an exclamation; and when we had completed the round of the hill of St Demetrius, traversed the plain, and reached the pines, where we paused, 'Is this not,' said she, 'the

longest, the most beautiful and delightful ride I have ever had in my life?' Yes, alas! and also the last! A fortnight afterwards, I walked alone and in tears, under those same trees, having in my heart but the sweet image of the most lovely creature that Heaven has ever given me to behold, to possess, and to mourn. I saw nothing; nature was no longer animated for me, by what the feeling of my child rendered doubly charming. I looked again; she alone still filled my eyes, but my heart was moved no more; or if she stirred it in my reverie for a few seconds, it fell as quickly cold and broken into the depth of desolate sadness and bitter wo, in which the will of God had plunged it by such irreparable bereavements. To the west, the eye was arrested by slight hillocks of sand, red as the glare of a conflagration, whence arose a white and roseate vapour, like that from the mouth of a heated oven; and then, following the line of the horison, it skipped over this desert, and fell upon the deep blue sea, which closed the whole, mixed in the misty distance with the sky, so that their limits were indecisive. The hills, the plain, the sides of all the mountains, bore an infinite number of small isolated houses, each of which had its mulberry grove, its gigantic pine, and its fig-trees, whilst here and there, in groups more striking to the eye, were pretty villages, or monasteries, rising on their rocky pedestals, and casting back, far into the sea, the yellow tints of the eastern sun. Two or three hundred monasteries are scattered over the peaks and promontories, and in the ravines, of Lebanon. It is the most religious country in the world, and the only one perhaps where the monkish system has not been attended with the abuses which have in other regions destroyed it. The monks, poor and industrious, and living upon the labour of their own hands, are, properly speaking, but pious husbandmen, asking from the government and people only the corner of the rock they cultivate, and the enjoyment of solitude and contemplation. Their existence in the midst of Mohammedan countries perfectly explains the creation of those first asylums of rising Christianity, when suffering and persecuted, and the prodigious multiplication of such retreats for religious freedom in times of barbarity and persecution. Such was the reason of their prevalence, and such it still remains for the Maronites; and thus these monks have continued what they ought to have been everywhere, and what they can no longer be, except by a rare exception, anywhere else. If the present state of society and religion is still compatible with monastic orders, they are not such as were originated at another epoch for different wants and necessities: each era must produce its own social and religious creations; the wants of these times are quite distinct from those of the first ages. Modern monastic orders can effect only two objects better than governments and individual exertions—the education of mankind, and their solacement in corporal sufferings. Schools and hospitals, such are the only functions that are left for them to assume in the movement of the present era: but to be suited for the first, they must themselves participate in the intelligence they would spread abroad;

they must be more enlightened and more truly moral than the people whom they would educate and improve.

We began to ascend Lebanon by paths through yellow and brownish rocks, slightly tinted with rose-colour, which give to the mountain at a distance that rose and violet hue which is so enchanting to the eye. There is nothing striking until two-thirds of the way up the mountain, when we came to the top of a promontory which advanced into a deep valley. One of the most beautiful prospects which was ever presented to the human eye to scan in the works of the Almighty, is the valley of Hamman. It was beneath our feet, commencing by a black and profound ravine, hollowed almost like a grotto in the highest rocks, and under the snows of the most elevated ridge of Lebanon. We could distinguish it at the first glance, only by the torrent of foam which descended through it from the mountains, and traced in its deep gloom a luminous furrow in constant motion. It widened insensibly as its torrent rolled from one cascade to another, when, suddenly turning to the west by a graceful and winding sweep, like a rivulet falling into a river, or itself expanding into a large stream, it grew into a wide valley, extending, upon an average width of half a league, between two mountain chains. It proceeded towards the sea by a regular and gentle slope, sinking or rising into hillocks, according to the obstacles which the rocks presented to its course. On such hillocks were villages, parted by waving hollows and extensive table-lands, encompassed by black firs, bearing on their cultivated platforms handsome monasteries. In the hollows were spread the waters from its thousand cascades, rolling onwards in a glittering and roaring stream. The two sides of Lebanon which walled in the valley were themselves covered with fine groups of firs, with convents and highly-perched villages, whose blue smoke floated down the precipices. At the hour in which this valley appeared to me, the sun was setting on the sea, and its rays, leaving the ravines and hollows in a mysterious gloom, were only lingering on the convents, the roofs of the villages, the branches of the firs, and the peaks of the loftier rocks rising above the body of the chain; the waters were falling from the edges of the two flanks of mountain, and leaping in foaming spouts from the ledges of the rock in their descent, thus lining the sites upon which the villages, convents, and fir woods were standing, with two encircling arms, white as snow or silver. The noise of the cataracts, like that from a cathedral organ, was reverberated on all sides, and stunned the ear. I have very rarely felt, with so much profoundness, the distinguishing sublimity of mountain-views; a sad, solemn, soothing beauty, of an entirely different nature to the beauty of the sea or of plains; an effect which concentrates the heart instead of opening it, seeming to partake the religious sentiment evoked by sorrow; a melancholy contemplation, far from the religious emotion of happiness, which is expansion, love, and joy. Along the sides of the steep hill which we were following, the cascades fell over our heads, or glided into the interstices of the rocks, which they have worn—

water-spouts from the sublime mountain-roof, filtering incessantly through the whole extent of its ledge. The weather was stormy, the wind groaning through the firs, and bringing every moment flakes of snow, to variegate the fleeting ray of the March sun. I cannot forget the novel and picturesque effect produced by the passing of our caravan along one of these streaming ravines. The sides of the mountain were scooped out like a deep bay of the sea between high rocks; a torrent, interrupted by some blocks of granite, filled with its boiling and roaring foam this rent in the mountain; the froth of the cascade, which was falling from above, was carried in gusts by the wind over the two banks of arid gray soil which enclosed the gorge, and fell by a rapid inclination to the bed of the torrent over which we had to pass. A narrow cornice, cut in the side of the hill, was the only path by which we could descend to the torrent to cross it. We could only pass one by one along this cornice. I was one of the last of the caravan. The long file of horses, mules, and travellers, descended successively to the bottom of the gulf, winding, and completely disappearing, in the dark mist from the waters, and reappearing indistinctly on the other side, climbing the opposing bank, first enveloped and veiled in a sombre vapour, pale and saffron as a sulphuric exhalation, then in a white and gentle vapour, like the silvery steam from water, and at length emerging, as they scaled the precipice, into the sun, and gleamed upon by its glittering and painted rays. It was a scene of Dante's Hell realised to the eye in one of the most awful phases that his imagination could have invented. But what poet excels nature?—who invents after God?

The village of Hamman, belonging to the Druzes, where we were going to sleep, already appeared through the upper opening of the valley which bears its name. Built on a ledge of sharp-pointed and splintered rocks, it is commanded by the house of the scheik, itself situated on a more elevated point in the middle of the village. Two torrents, deeply sunk in the rocks, and obstructed by rough masses, breaking the currents into foam, divide the village in all quarters; they are crossed by fir-trunks, on which a little soil has been thrown, and are without anything in the shape of parapets. The houses, like all those of Lebanon and Syria, present, at a distance, a regular, picturesque, and architectural appearance, deceptive to the eye at the first glance, giving them the semblance of groups of Italian villas, with their terraced roofs, and their balconies decorated with balustrades. But the residence of the Hamman scheik surpassed, in elegance and grandeur, all that I had seen of that sort except the palace of the Emir Beschir at Deïr-el-Kammar. We could only compare it to one of our most interesting Gothic castles of the middle ages—such, at least, as their ruins lead us to conceive them, or painting represents them. Projecting windows, decorated with balconies; a wide and lofty gate surmounted by an arch, also projecting, thrown over the gateway; two stone benches, sculptured in arabesque, and joined to the two sides of the gate; seven or eight steps, winding

circularly down into a wide terrace, overshadowed by some immense sycamores, where water was flowing into a marble fountain. Seven or eight armed Druzes, in their noble costumes of brilliant colours, with head-dresses of gigantic turbans, and in martial attitudes, appeared waiting the orders of their chief; some negroes, clad in blue vests, and some young slaves or pages, seated, or sporting on the steps of the gateway; and, in fine, under the arch of the grand gate, the scheik, seated with pipe in hand, covered with a scarlet pelisse, and observing us pass, in an attitude of conscious power and calm dignity. Add to these, two young and lovely females, the one leaning on her elbow at a window of the edifice, and the other standing on a balcony above the door. Such was the scene we witnessed.

We slept at Hamman, in a room which had been prepared for us, some days previously. We arose before the sun, and commenced scaling the last peak of Lebanon. The ascent lasted an hour and a-half. At length we were among the snows, and pursued, along the elevated track, the gorge which leads to the opposite side of Lebanon, a plain slightly diversified by undulating hills, as at the summit of the Alps. After two hours' toilsome march through two or three feet of snow, we discovered the lofty and still snowy peaks of Anti-Lebanon, then its arid and naked sides, and, last of all, the wide and beautiful plain of Bkaa, making a continuation of the valley of Balbek to the right. This plain commences at the desert of Homs and Hama, and ends only at the mountains of Galilee towards Saphad, where it gives passage to the Jordan in its course to the Sea of Genesareth. It is one of the most lovely and fertile plains in the world, but cultivation is rare upon it. For, ever infested by the wandering Arabs, the inhabitants of Balbek, of Zakla, and of the other villages of Lebanon, scarcely dare to sow the ground. It is watered by a great number of streams from inexhaustible springs, and presented to the eye, when we saw it, more the appearance of a marsh, or of a half-dried lake, than of land.

In four hours we achieved the descent of Zakla, where the Greek bishop, a native of Aleppo, received and gave us some rooms. We departed on the 30th, to traverse the plain of Bkaa, and to pass the night at Balbek.

RUINS OF BALBEK.

On quitting Zakla, a pretty Christian town at the foot of Lebanon, on the margin of the plain immediately facing Anti-Lebanon, we at first skirted the roots of Lebanon in our progress to the north. We passed near a ruined edifice, upon whose remains the Turks have

built a dervish's hut, and a mosque of imposing and picturesque effect. According to the Arab traditions, it is the tomb of Noah, whose ark rested on the peak of Sanin, and who dwelt in the vale of Balbek, where he died and was buried. Some relics of ancient arches and structures, of the Greek or Roman times, confirm these traditions. We see at least that in all periods this spot has been consecrated by some great recollection; the stone is there testifying for history. We passed on, not without carrying back our minds to those ancient days when the sons of the patriarch, those new men born of a single man, inhabited these primitive abodes, and founded civilisations and edifices which have remained problems for us.

We took seven hours to traverse, in an oblique direction, the plain which leads to Balbek. At the passage of the river which divides the plain, our Arab escort wished to compel us to turn to the right, and sleep in a Turkish village three leagues from Balbek. My dragoman could not make himself be obeyed, and I was forced to urge my horse to a gallop on the other side of the river, to induce the two leaders of the caravan to follow us. I advanced upon them sword in hand; they fell from their horses at the menace, and accompanied us with murmurs.

On drawing near to Anti-Lebanon, the plain rises, and becomes more dry and rocky. Anemones and snow-drops were as plentiful as pebbles under our feet. We began to descry an immense mass, which stood out in black relief from the white sides of Anti-Lebanon. It was Balbek, but we could distinguish nothing yet. * At last we reached the first ruin. It was a small octagon temple, supported on columns of red Egyptian granite, evidently cut from more lofty columns, some having arched capitals, and others no trace of the arch, and having been, in my opinion, transported, cut, and erected there in very modern times, to bear the cupola of a Turkish mosque, or the roof of a dervish's dwelling: this must have been in the time of Fakar-el-Din. The materials are splendid; in the chiselling of the cornice and the dome there are traces of some appreciation of the arts; but these materials are clearly fragments of ruins, readjusted by a weaker hand and a corrupted taste. This temple is a quarter of an hour's march from Balbek. Impatient to behold what remotest antiquity has left us of the beautiful, the grand, and the mysterious, we pressed forward our wearied horses, whose hoofs began to clash against blocks of marble, trunks of columns, and prostrated capitals. All the walls enclosing the fields in the vicinity of Balbek are raised with these relics; our antiquaries would find each stone an enigma. Cultivation began to reappear, and large walnut-trees, the first that I had reseen in Syria, arose between Balbek and us, and continued to the very ruins of the temples, which their branches still concealed from us. They came at last. Properly speaking, it is not a temple, an edifice, or a ruin; it is a ridge of

* [Balbek is situated about thirty miles east, or inland, from the coast of Syria, and forty miles in a northerly direction from Damascus.]

architecture, which springs suddenly from the plain, at some distance from the real ridges of Anti-Lebanon.

Our people crept along amidst the ruins to the Arab village which is called Balbek. We skirted one of the sides of this hill of ruins, on which a multitude of graceful columns arose, gilded by the setting sun, and recalling to the mind the yellow and dull hues of the marble of the Parthenon, or of the Coliseum at Rome. Amongst these columns there were some in long elegant rows, still bearing their capitals untouched, their cornices richly sculptured, and extending along the marble walls which encompassed the sanctuaries. Others were leaning entire against these walls, which sustained them, like a tree whose roots have been loosened, but whose stem is still healthy and strong. But the greatest number were scattered in immense heaps of marble or stone upon the slopes of the hill, in the deep ditches which surround it, and even in the bed of the river flowing at its foot. At the summit of the stony eminence six columns of a more gigantic size stand isolated, not far from the lower temple, and yet preserve their colossal cornices; we shall hereafter inquire to what these bear testimony, in their isolation from the other edifices. On prolonging our stroll along the foot of the monuments, we found the columns and architectural remains conclude, and we saw nothing but prodigious walls, built of enormous stones, and almost all bearing traces of sculpture; the relics of another era, of which they made use at the remote epoch when they reared the temples which are now in ruins.

We went no farther this day. The road turned from the ruins, and conducted us to a small house constructed amongst the rubbish. It was the palace of the bishop of Balbek, who, clad in a violet pelisse, and surrounded by some Arab peasants, came to meet us, and lead us to his humble porch. The smallest peasant's hut of Bourgoyne or Auvergne possesses more luxury and elegance than the episcopal palace of Balbek. A hovel, without window or door, badly cemented, and the roof partly crumbling, giving admission to the rain upon the mud floor—such the edifice. At the end of the court, however, a well-built new wall, with a door and window in ogive, of Moorish architecture, and the projections of which were composed of stones admirably sculptured, attracted my eye. It was the church of Balbek, the cathedral of this town, where other gods had had such splendid asylums. It served as a chapel for the few Christian Arabs who live upon these ruins of so many creeds, and who come to adore, under a purer form, that same divinity, the conception of whom has stirred men of all ages, and led them to raise up so many stones and so many ideas.

We deposited our mantles under this hospitable roof, and piquetted our horses upon the green sward, which extended between the priest's house and the ruins. We lighted a fire of brambles to dry our clothes, soaked with moisture, and supped in the bishop's little court upon a table composed of stones from the temples, whilst in the neighbouring chapel the litanies of evening prayer were chanted

in plaintive tones, and the solemn and sonorous voice of the prelate was uttering pious exhortations to his flock. The congregation was composed of a few Arab herdsmen and some females. When these peasants of the desert issued from the church, and lingered to observe us, we saw upon their countenances nothing but friendly and benevolent expressions; we heard only obliging and affectionate words, those affecting greetings, those artless wishes of primitive races, who have not yet made a vain formula of the salutation of man to man, but who have concentrated in a small number of words, applicable to the different meetings of morning, noon, and evening, all that hospitality can wish the most engaging and the most efficacious to its guests, all that one traveller can wish to another for the day, the night, the route, and the return. We were Christians—it was sufficient for them. A common religion is the most powerful sympathy for man—a common creed amongst men is more than a common country!—and the Christians of the East, lost in the Mohammedanism which surrounds them, which menaces, and sometimes persecutes them, always look upon the Christians of the West as actual protectors and future liberators. Europe is not sufficiently aware how potent a lever it possesses, in these Christian populations, to raise the East whenever it may carry thither its political observation, and bring to this land, which approaches a necessary and inevitable change, the liberty and civilisation of which it is so worthy and capable. It is time, in my opinion, to throw a European colony into the heart of Asia, to carry back modern civilisation to the regions whence ancient civilisation sprang, and to form a great dominion from the shreds of the Turkish empire, which crumbles under its own weight, and which has no successor but the desert, and the dust of the ruins amidst which it is wrecked. Nothing is more easy than to raise a new monument upon this neglected soil, and to open to fruitful races of men those inexhaustible sources of prosperity which Mohammedanism has destroyed by its execrable administration. When I say execrable, I do not mean to accuse Mohammedanism of a brutal ferocity, which is far from its nature, but of a culpable indifference, of an irremediable fatalism, which, without destroying anything, leaves all to perish around it. The Turkish population is robust, orderly, and moral: its religion is neither so superstitious nor so exclusive as it has been represented to us; but its passive resignation, the abuse of its faith in the sensible reign of Providence, extinguishes the faculties of man by referring all to God. God acts not for man, whose duty it is to act on his own account—he is the spectator and judge of human actions: Mohammedanism has assumed the divine part; it has constituted itself the inactive spectator of the divine action, crosses its arms, and, in this quiescence, man perishes by his own voluntary sloth. Nevertheless, we must render justice to the creed of Mahomet, which is highly philosophic, having imposed but two great duties on men—prayer and charity. These two great ideas are, in fact, the two grandest truths in all religion. Mohammedanism has drawn its

toleration from them, which other creeds have so cruelly excluded from their dogmas. Under this head, it is more advanced towards religious perfection than most of the religions which insult and contemn it. The faith of Mahomet might, without effort or difficulty, become part of a system of civil and religious liberty, and form a material element of a great social confederation in Asia. Mohammedanism is moral, patient, resigned, charitable, and tolerant, from its very nature; all these qualities will fit it for the necessary amalgamation in the countries where it now predominates, and in which enlightenment, and not extermination, is required. It is accustomed to live in peace and harmony with the Christian creeds, which it has allowed to exist, and freely to perform the functions of their faith, in the very bosom of its most holy cities, such as Damascus and Jerusalem. Supremacy is of little importance to it; provided it enjoys the right of prayer, with justice and tranquillity, it needs nothing more. Our European civilisation, utterly human, political, and ambitious as it is, can easily afford it a place for the mosque, and a seat in the shade or the sun.

Alexander conquered Asia with 30,000 Greek and Macedonian soldiers; Ibrahim has overturned the Turkish sway with 30,000 or 40,000 Egyptian youths, acquainted only with the mode of loading a piece, and marching in step. A European adventurer, with 5000 or 6000 soldiers from Europe, might easily destroy Ibrahim, and conquer Asia, from Smyrna to Bassorah, and from Cairo to Bagdad, by progressive advances, by taking the Maronites of Lebanon, for the centre of his operations, by introducing organisation behind him in proportion as he progressed, and by making the Christians of the East his instruments of action, administration, and recruiting. The Arabs of the desert even would be with him, whenever he could subsidise them. They have no creed but gold; their objects of worship are the sword and money. With such inclinations, they might be detained a sufficient time to render their subsequent submission an inevitable necessity—they will themselves promote it. They will then be driven back, with their tents, far into the desert, which is their only country, and they will be drawn, by slow degrees, to a milder state of society, of which they have not hitherto had any example around them.*

We arose with the sun, whose first rays fell upon the temple of Balbek, and imparted to those mysterious ruins that brilliancy of renewed youth which nature can render at its pleasure, even to what time has destroyed. After a hasty breakfast, we departed to

* [This scheme of conquering and colonising Syria and Egypt is a very favourite one with Frenchmen. Of course it is France alone that is meant under the general name of Europe. Very few Frenchmen conceive there is any other power in Europe but themselves. Volney gives vent to this very doctrine of De Lamartine, and it is well known Bonaparte embraced it in all its extent. There is no doubt that these fine countries would be redeemed from their present unsettled and unproductive condition by an industrious and enlightened people getting possession of them, but the rapidity and facility of their occupation would be found very different from what Lamartine supposes.]

touch with our hands what we had as yet only seen with our eyes. We slowly approached the artificial ridge, the better to observe the different architectural masses which composed it. We came at last to the northern extremity, under the shadow of the gigantic walls which on that side envelops the ruins. A beautiful stream, overleaping its granite bed, flowed at our feet, forming here and there small rivulets of running and limpid water, which murmured and foamed round the immense stones fallen from the walls and the sculptured blocks sunk in its channel. We crossed the torrent of Balbek by the stones which time had thrown down for a bridge, and mounted through a narrow and steep breach to the terrace which went round the walls. At every step, at every stone that we laid our hands on or our eyes surveyed, admiration and astonishment drew from us an exclamation of surprise and wonder. Each stone in the outer wall was at least eight to ten feet long, five or six broad, and as many high. These enormous blocks rested without cement one upon the other, and almost all bore traces of sculpture, after the Indian or Egyptian style. At the first glance, it is apparent that these crumbling stones have originally been applied to a very different purpose than forming a wall for a terrace or enclosure, and that they are the precious materials of primitive monuments, which have been used at a later date to encompass the erections of Greek and Roman epochs. It was a habitual, and, I am inclined to believe, a religious custom amongst the ancients, when a sacred edifice was destroyed by war or time, or more advanced art was wishful to renew and perfect, to avail themselves of the materials of the old, for the accessory constructions of the restored monuments, with the intention, doubtless, of preventing stones, upon which the shadow of the gods had fallen, from being profaned by vulgar adaptations, and also perhaps from respect for their ancestors, and in order that the labours of the different eras might not be buried under the earth, but might be perpetuated as a testimony of the piety of men, and of the successive progress of the arts. It is thus in the Parthenon, where the walls of the Acropolis, rebuilt by Pericles, contain the materials of the temple of Minerva. Many modern travellers have been led into error, from being ignorant of this pious usage of the ancients, and have taken for barbarous constructions of the Turks or the crusaders, edifices composed in this manner from the most remote antiquity. Some of the stones of the wall were even twenty and thirty feet long, and seven or eight high.

When we reached the summit of the breach, we knew not where to rest our eyes. All around were marble doors of a prodigious height and breadth; windows or niches bordered with most admirable sculpture; arches worked with exquisite ornaments; pieces of cornice, entablatures, and capitals, thick as dust beneath our feet; domes springing above our heads—all was mystery, confusion, and disorder; the masterpieces of art, the relics of ages, inexplicable wonders were around us! Scarcely had we cast an admiring glance

on one side, than a new object attracted us to another. Every interpretation we gave to the form and the religious meaning of the monuments was destroyed in succession. We lost ourselves uselessly in a labyrinth of conjectures: we cannot reconstruct by imagination the sacred edifices of a time or of a people, with whose religion and manners we are not fundamentally acquainted. Time bears its secrets away with it, and leaves enigmas to puzzle and deceive human wit. We promptly abandoned the scheme of building up a system on the subject of these ruins; we contented ourselves with beholding and admiring, without comprehending aught but the colossal potency of human genius, and the vigour of the religious idea which had been able to rear such masses, and to accomplish so many admirable works.

We were still separated from the second scene of the ruins by the interior buildings, which intercepted the view of the temples. According to all appearance, we were but in the abodes of the priests, or on the sites of some chapels consecrated to unknown peculiar rites. We cleared these monumental constructions, much more richly worked than the outer wall, and the second scene of the ruins was before our eyes. Much wider and longer, more decorated still than the one we had left, it presented to us an immense platform, in an oblong square, the level being often broken by the remains of raised pavement, which appeared to have belonged to temples utterly destroyed, or to temples without roofs, in which the sun, the object of adoration at Balbek, could behold his altar. All around this platform extended a series of chapels, decorated with niches admirably sculptured, with friezes, cornices, and the most finished workmanship, but the workmanship of an age already corrupted with regard to the arts; the taste for a superfluity of ornaments, which betrayed the decay of the Greeks and Romans, is strongly marked. But to experience this sense, the eye must have been already exercised by the contemplation of the pure monuments of Rome or Athens; any other eye would be fascinated by the splendour and finish of the ornaments. The only failing is a superabundant richness; the stone is crushed beneath its own weight of luxury. Eight or ten of these chapels still remain almost uninjured, and they seem to have always existed thus open to the square they are built round, where the mysteries of the worship of Baal were doubtless celebrated in the open air. I will not endeavour to describe the thousand astonishing objects which each of these temples, each of these stones, offers to the eye of the beholder. I am neither a sculptor nor an architect; I am ignorant even of the name that stone assumes when in this or that position, in this or that form. I should speak very badly in unknown jargon; but that universal language which the beautiful speaks to the eye, even of the ignorant, which the mysterious and ancient speak to the understanding and soul of the philosopher—that I understand; and I never understood it better than in this wilderness of marbles, chisellings, and mysteries, which block up this wondrous court.

And yet it was nothing to what we were immediately to discover. By multiplying in the mind the remains of the temples of Jupiter-Stator at Rome, of the Coliseum, and the Parthenon, this architectural scene might be conceived; the marvel mainly consisted in the prodigious heaping together of so many monuments, so many rich structures, and so much workmanship, within one enclosure, and under one view, in the middle of the desert, and on the ruins of a city almost unknown. We withdrew slowly from this spectacle, and proceeded towards the south, where the six gigantic columns reared their heads above the horison of ruins. To arrive there, we were obliged again to clear the outer walls, and the steps, pedestals, and foundations of altars, which everywhere obstructed the space between these columns and us. We reached their bases at last. Silence is the only language of man when what he feels surpasses the ordinary measure of his impressions. We thus remained mute when contemplating these columns, and surveying with the eye their diameter and height, and the admirable sculpture of their architraves and cornices. They are seven feet in diameter, and more than seventy feet high; they are composed of only two or three blocks, so perfectly joined together, that it is scarcely possible to distinguish the lines of junction; their material is a stone of slightly-gilded yellow, of a colour between marble and sandstone. The sun was then beating on one of their sides, and we seated ourselves for a moment beneath their shade; huge birds, like eagles, disturbed by our noise, flew above their capitals, whereon they had built their nests, and returning to perch themselves on the cornices, pecked them with their beaks, and shook their wings, as if they were the animated ornaments of these wonderful structures. These columns, which some travellers have taken for the remains of an avenue, 104 feet long, and 56 wide, formerly leading to a temple, appeared very evidently to me to have been the exterior decoration of that temple. On examining with an attentive eye the small temple, which remains entire close to them, it is clear that it has been erected on the same model. It seems to me probable that, after the ruin of the first temple by an earthquake, the second has been constructed on a similar design, that part of the materials preserved from the first were used in the second construction, that the proportions only were diminished, as too gigantic for a decaying epoch, and that the columns broken by the fall were changed, but that those which time had spared were allowed to subsist, as a sacred memento of the ancient temple. If it were otherwise, the remains of other large columns would remain round the six which are still standing. Everything indicates, on the contrary, that the area which encompasses them has been empty and cleared of rubbish from the most remote antiquity, and that a splendid court was used for the ceremonies of some worship around them.

We had opposite to us, on the south, another temple, on the edge of the platform, about forty paces distant. It is the most entire and magnificent monument at Balbek, and, I venture to say, in the whole

world. If you rear again one or two columns of the peristyle, which have fallen aslant, with their tops still leaning on the unbroken walls of the temple; if you return to their places some of the enormous blocks which have fallen from the roof into the vestibule; if you lift up one or two sculptured portions of the inner door, and recompose the altar with the relics which strew the ground, giving to it again its form and place, you might recall the gods, and lead back the priests and people: they would recognise their temple as complete, untouched, and brilliant, as on the day when it issued from the hands of the architect. This temple is of inferior proportions to that which the six colossal columns recall. It is surrounded by a portico sustained by columns of the Corinthian order, each of them being five feet in diameter, and forty-five feet in shaft, and composed of three cemented blocks. They are at nine feet distance from each other, and the same space from the interior wall of the temple. A rich architrave and a beautifully-sculptured cornice runs round their capitals. The roof of this peristyle is formed of large blocks of stone cut by the chisel into concave hollows, in each of which is represented the figure of a god, a goddess, or a hero. We recognised a Ganymede carried off by the eagle of Jupiter. Some of these blocks had fallen to the ground at the bases of the columns, which we measured; they were sixteen feet wide, and nearly five feet thick!—they are the *tiles* of these monuments.

The inner gate of the temple, formed of equally enormous blocks, is twenty-two feet wide; we could not measure its height, because other blocks have fallen at that spot, and half choke it up. The appearance of the sculptured stones which compose the front of this gate, and its disproportion with the other parts of the edifice, lead me to presume that it is the gate of the great overthrown temple, which has been fixed in this later one; the mysterious sculptures with which it is decorated are, in my opinion, of a very different epoch from that of the Antonines, and of an infinitely less chaste workmanship. An eagle, holding a *caduceus* (wand) in its claws, stretches its wings over the gateway, and hangs from its beak festoons of ribbons or chains. The interior of the monument is adorned with pillars and niches of the richest and most profuse sculpture. We bore away some of the fragments which covered the ground. Some of the niches are perfectly uninjured, and appear to have been just finished by the artist. Not far from the entrance of the temple we found large openings and subterranean stairs which led us into lower constructions, the use of which cannot be assigned with certainty; but everything is there equally vast and magnificent. They were doubtless the abodes of the pontiffs, the colleges of the priests, the halls of initiation, perhaps also royal dwellings. They receive light from above, or from the flanks of the platform on which they abut. Fearing we might lose ourselves in these labyrinths, we visited only a small portion of them; they seem to extend over the whole space of the hill.

The temple which I have just described is placed at the south-

west extremity of the monumental hill of Balbek, and forms the angle of the platform. On issuing from the peristyle, we found ourselves on the edge of the fall. We were able to measure the Cyclopean stones which form the pedestal of this group of monuments, and found them to be about thirty feet above the level of the plain of Balbek. This pedestal is constructed of stones whose dimensions are so prodigious, that if they were not attested by travellers worthy of belief, the minds of men in our days would reject them for their improbability. The imagination of the Arabs even, daily witnesses of these wonders, does not attribute them to human power, but to that of genii or supernatural beings. When we consider that these blocks of hewn granite are in some instances fifty-six feet long, fifteen or sixteen feet broad, and of an unknown thickness, and that these prodigious masses are raised one upon the other, twenty or thirty feet above the ground; that they have been cut out of far-distant quarries, conveyed here, and hoisted to such a height to form the pavement for temples, we recoil before such a proof of human capacity. The science of our days has nothing which explains it, and we need not be surprised that people take refuge in the supernatural. These masses are evidently of a different date from the temples. They were mysteries to the ancients as well as to us. They belong to an unknown era, possibly antediluvian, and have in all likelihood borne a variety of temples, sacred to a successive variety of creeds. To the simple eye, five or six generations of monuments are apparent upon the hill of ruins at Balbek, all of different epochs. Some travellers and some Arab writers attribute these primitive substructions to Solomon, 3000 years before the present time. They say he built Tadmor and Balbek in the desert. The history of Solomon fills the imagination of the Orientals; but this supposition at least concerning the gigantic substructions of Balbek is utterly improbable. How could a king of Israel, who possessed no port on the sea, lying ten leagues from his mountains, who was reduced to borrow the ships of Hiram, king of Tyre, to bring him cedars from Lebanon, have extended his dominion beyond Damascus, and as far as Balbek? How could a prince, who, intending to build the temple of temples, the house of the only God, in his capital city, employed in its erection fragile materials, incapable of resisting time, or leaving any durable record, have raised, a hundred leagues from his kingdom, in the midst of deserts, monuments built of such imperishable materials? Would he not have rather employed his power and wealth at Jerusalem? And what remains of Jerusalem indicative of such monuments as those at Balbek? Nothing. Solomon can therefore have had nothing to do with them. I am disposed rather to believe that these colossal stones have been raised either by the first race of men, whom all primitive histories call giants, or by the men before the flood. It is asserted that, at no great distance, in a valley of Anti-Lebanon, human bones of enormous size are discovered; and this report prevails so generally among the neighbouring Arabs, that the English consul-general in Syria, Mr Farren, a man of superior

information, proposes to make an immediate visit to these mysterious sepulchres. The traditions of the East, and the monument, elevated upon the so-called tomb of Noah, a short distance from Balbek, assign this locality as the residence of the patriarch. The first men sprung from him may have long preserved the stature and force which mankind possessed before the total or partial submersion of the globe, and these monuments may be their work. Supposing even that the human race never exceeded its present proportions, the degrees of intelligence may have altered. Who can certify to us that this more youthful intellectual capacity had not invented mechanical processes so perfect as to move, like a grain of sand, such masses as an army of 100,000 men could not now overturn? Whatever may be the fact, some of these Balbek stones, which are sixty-two feet long, twenty broad, and fifteen thick, are the most prodigious masses that humanity has ever lifted. The largest stones in the pyramids of Egypt do not exceed eighteen feet, and these are peculiar blocks, placed in certain positions, to give a finishing of special solidity. Turning the northern angle of the platform, we found the walls which support it in as good a state of preservation, but the materials composing them less astonishing. The stones, however, are in general twenty to thirty feet long, and eight or ten wide. They are much older than the higher temples, are covered with a gray tinge, and pierced here and there by holes at their angles of junction. These crevices are lined with swallows' nests, and tufts of flowering shrubs hang from them. The solemn and gloomy colour of the stones of the base forms a strong contrast with the rich and golden hue of the temple-walls and rows of columns on the summit. At sunset, when the rays glance between the pillars, and fall in fiery streams between the friezes and architraves of the capitals, the temples glitter like pure gold on a basement of bronze. We descended by a breach formed at the southern angle of the platform. There some columns of the small temple have rolled with their architraves into the torrent, which flows past the Cyclopean walls. These enormous shafts, thrown at hazard in the bed of the stream, and on the steep bank of the ditch, have remained, and will doubtless for ever remain, where time has deposited them. A few walnut and other trees have taken root between the blocks, and cover them with their branches. The largest trees are like reeds of a day's growth beside these columns, twenty feet in circumference, and capitals, one of which is sufficient to cover half the bed of the torrent. On the northern side, an immense tunnel in the sides of the platform yawned before us. We descended into it. The light which penetrated it by the two extremities enabled us to see sufficiently. We followed it in all its length of 500 feet, reaching under the whole extent of the temples. It is thirty feet high, and the walls and arch are formed of blocks, which astonished us by their size, even after those which we had just contemplated. They are of unequal proportions, but the greatest number were from ten to twenty feet long. The stones of the arch are joined without cement: we were unable

to divine its purpose. At the western extremity this tunnel has a branch higher and wider, which is prolonged under the platform of the small temples which we had first visited. Here we emerged into daylight, upon the torrent, split into streams among the innumerable heaps of architecture rolled from the platform, and among beautiful walnut-trees growing in the dust of the marbles. The other ancient edifices of Balbek, scattered before us in the plain, attracted our attention, but nothing had power to interest us after what we had just inspected. We threw a superficial glance, as we passed, upon four temples which would be considered wonders at Rome, but which are here like the works of dwarfs. These temples, some of an octagon form, and very elegant ornaments, the others square, with peristyles of columns formed of Egyptian granite, and even of porphyry, appeared to me of the Roman epoch. One of them had served as a church in the first ages of Christianity, and the Christian symbols still remain. It is now uncovered, and in ruins. The Arabs despoil it as they have occasion for a stone to support their roofs, or of a trough to water their camels.

A messenger from the emir of the Balbek Arabs met us on the plain. He came on the part of the prince to greet us on our happy arrival, and to beg us to assist at a course of the djerid, a species of tournament, which he intended to give in our honour, to-morrow morning on the plain near the temples. We testified our acknowledgments to him, and accepted the invitation; and I despatched my dragoman, escorted by some of the janissaries, to make a visit to the emir in my name. We returned to the bishop's to rest after the day's labour; but scarcely had we eaten a piece of cake and riced-mutton, prepared by our grooms, than we were all wandering, without guides and at large, round the hill of ruins, or in the temples, the route to which we had learnt in the morning. Each of us fixed himself on the ruin, or at the point of view which he chanced to fall upon, and called aloud upon his companions to come and enjoy the contemplation with him; but as we could not go to one object without losing another, we at last abandoned ourselves each to his own course of discovery. The shades of evening, which were slowly falling from the mountains, and covering, one by one, the columns and ruins with their gloom, added an additional mystery, and an effect even more picturesque, to the magical and mysterious works of man and time. We felt what we were in comparison with the mass and eternity of these monuments—like the swallows, which nestle a season in the interstices of these blocks of stone, ignorant for or by whom they have been there collected. The ideas which have reared these masses, and accumulated these heaps, are unknown to us; the dust of the marble that we tread upon knows more than we, but can tell us nothing; and in a few ages, the generations who shall come to visit in their turn the remains of our monuments of the present era, will likewise ask, without being able to answer, why we have built and sculptured. The works of man endure longer than his thoughts; movement is the law of the human understand-

ing; finality is the dream of pride and ignorance: God is a goal which recedes in proportion as humanity approaches; we are always advancing, but never arrive; the great divine image which mankind has endeavoured, since its infancy, to fix definitely in its imagination, and to imprison in its temples, expands and breaks loose from the narrow conceptions and limited temples, and leaves the deserted fanes and altars to crumble, whilst it calls man to seek and behold it, where it manifests itself more and more energetically, in thought, mind, virtue, nature, and the infinite universe!

Happy he who has wings to hover over past ages, to stand without giddiness upon the wonderful monuments of men, to fathom the abyss of thought and human destiny—to trace with the eye the course of the human mind progressing through this dim light of successive systems of philosophy, religion, and government—to soar aloft, and, like the mariner in the midst of the ocean looking out for land, foretell to what period of time he himself may live, and to what manifestation of truth and holiness God may call the generation of which he forms a unit!

Balbek, March 29, *midnight.*—I went yesterday to the hill of temples, by the light of the moon, to think, to weep, and to pray. God knows that I weep, and will weep, as long as memory and a tear remain to me. After praying for myself, and for those who are part of myself, I prayed for all mankind. This stupendous overthrown monument of humanity, on the wrecks of which I was seated, inspired me with such strong and ardent sentiments, that they almost of themselves escaped in verse, the natural language of my thoughts when they master me. I wrote out in the morning, at the very spot, and on the very stone where I conceived them, the following verses:—

VERSES WRITTEN AT BALBEK.

Mysterious deserts! 'neath whose mounds are strewn
The bones of cities, now by name unknown;
Huge blocks, by ruin's torrent tumbled o'er;
Vast bed of life, whose stream now flows no more;
Ye temples, for whose marble basis hills
Were rent like trees beneath the woodmen's bills;
Ye gulfs, through which whole river-floods might stray;
Columns, 'mong which the eye can find no way;
Pillar and arch, a long, dark, alleyed host,
Where, as in clouds, the wandering moon is lost;
Capitals, whose sites the eye would vainly tell;
Great characters, imprinted on earth's shell—
To touch you, and your mysteries to test,
A pilgrim comes from the far West!

The path, by which his bark the billows ranged,
A hundred times had its horison changed;
He cast his life on the abysmal deeps,
His feet are worn upon the mountain steeps;
His tent hath felt the fiery Eastern sun,
His friends grew faint before the goal was won;

And even his dog, if e'er he reach his land,
Will recognise no more his voice or hand;
And from him, on his travel, has been riven
His eye's sole star, the child who gave his heaven
Its all of light and immortality:
Childless, without memorial, he must die!
And now, upon these mighty wrecks he sits,
And heareth but the mocking wind by fits:
A load upon his brow and bosom rests—
Thought, heart, no longer there are guests!

I had passed the summits of Sannin, covered with eternal snows, and had descended on the other side of Lebanon, crowned with its diadem of cedars, into the bare and sterile desert of Heliopolis, at the termination of a long and toilsome day. In the distant horison before us, on the last descents of the black mountains of Anti-Lebanon, an immense group of yellow ruins, gilded by the setting sun, stood out from the gloom of the mountains, and reflected back the rays of evening. Our guides pointed to them with their fingers, and exclaimed '*Balbek! Balbek!*' It was, in fact, the marvel of the desert, the fabulous Balbek, which sprang thus brilliant from its tomb to tell us of ages of which history has lost count. We proceeded slowly with our wearied horses, our eyes fixed on the gigantic walls, on the dazzling and colossal columns, which seemed to increase in compass and in height as we drew nigh. A profound silence reigned throughout our caravan—each feared to lose an impression of that hour by whispering his sensations to another. The Arabs even were silent, and seemed awed by the powerful and solemn feeling arising from a spectacle which levels all minds. We reached at last the nearest shafts and blocks of marble, which earthquakes have thrown more than a mile from the site of the monuments, like leaves torn and hurled from the tree by a whirlwind. The deep and wide quarries which rip up, like gorges in a valley, the black sides of Anti-Lebanon, yawned with their abysses before us. These vast hollows of stone, the walls of which still show the deep traces of the chisel, exhibit various gigantic blocks half detached from their bases, and others completely hewed on the four sides, which seem to be waiting for the wagons and arms of a giant race to move them. One of these masses was sixty-two feet long, with a breadth of twenty-four, and a thickness of sixteen feet. One of our Arabs, descending from his horse, glided into the quarry, and creeping up this stone, by clinging to the jaggings of the chisel, and the moss which has taken root in them, scaled the pedestal, and ran to and fro upon its platform uttering savage yells; but such a mass would crush the man of our times—man would sink before his own work: sixty thousand men would need their united powers to simply raise this stone, and the platforms of Balbek contain some still more colossal, reared twenty-five and thirty feet above the ground, to support colonnades proportioned to their bases.

We pursued our route between the desert on the left and the undulations of Anti-Lebanon on the right, skirting a few small fields,

cultivated by the pastoral Arabs, and the bed of a large torrent, winding amidst the ruins, with fine walnut-trees rising on its margins. The Acropolis, or artificial hill, which bears all the great monuments of Heliopolis, appeared to us by glimpses through the branches, and above the heads of the large trees. At length we beheld it in its full extent, and the whole caravan stopped as by an electrical instinct. No pen, no pencil, can depict the impression which this first view produced in the mind. Under our feet, in the bed of the stream, amidst the fields, and around the trunks of the trees, were blocks of red or gray granite, of blood-streaked porphyry, of white marble, and of yellow stone, transcendant as the marble of Paros; shafts of columns, sculptured capitals, architraves, cornices, entablatures, pedestals; the scattered members of statues, fallen with their faces to the ground—all these, mingled in confusion, grouped in heaps, scattered and streaming on all sides like the lava of a volcano vomiting forth the wrecks of an empire. Scarcely was there a path to creep through these sweepings of the arts, so covered they the earth. The iron-shod hoofs of our horses struck fire at every step, from the polished acanthus of the cornices, or from the snowy neck of a female statue. The waters of the Balbek river alone made way amongst the fragments, and washed, with their murmuring foam, the broken marbles, which stood as obstacles to their course.

Beyond this surf of marble relics arose the hill of Balbek, a platform 1000 paces long, and 700 feet broad, built entirely by the hands of men, of hewn stones, some of which are fifty to sixty feet long, and fifteen to sixteen high, but the greatest part from fifteen to thirty in elevation. This hill of granite was seen by us at its eastern extremity, with its immeasurable foundations and walls, in which three pieces of stone give a horizontal line of 180 feet, and nearly 4000 feet of superficies; and with the wide jaws of its subterranean tunnels, in which the torrent boils and sinks, and whence the winds and water cast a murmuring noise similar to the distant clang of our large cathedral bells. On this prodigious platform the outlines of the great temple stood out in relief from the rose-tinted blue of the horison. Some of these monuments seemed entire, as if fresh from the artists' hands; others offered nothing but portions still standing, isolated columns, slanting walls, and dismantled pediments. The eye was lost in the bewildering maze of colonnades belonging to the different temples, and could not observe, above these elevations, where this multitude of stones ended. The six gigantic columns of the great temple, still bearing majestically their rich and colossal entablature, soared above the whole scene, dim in the blue sky of the desert, like an aërial altar for the rites of giants. We stopped but for a few minutes, to take slight cognisance of what we had come to behold through so many perils and dreary distances; and, assured of possessing on the morrow the spectacle which dreams could not picture to us, we proceeded onwards. The day was falling, and we needed an asylum, either under the tent, or under some portion of the ruins, to pass the night, and rest ourselves

after a fourteen hours' tedious journey. Leaving the mountain of ruins and platform of whitened relics on our left, and passing over some grass enclosures, cropped by goats and camels, we directed our steps towards a smoke, rising a few hundreds of paces from us, out of a group of ruins interspersed with Arab huts. The ground was uneven and hilly, and echoed under the feet of our horses, as if the substructions we were treading over would open in chasms beneath us. We came to the door of a low building, half concealed by slabs of fallen marble, with narrow windows, without glass or shutters, formed of marble and porphyry badly jointed with a little cement. A small stone projection rose one or two feet above the flat roof of the cottage, and a tiny bell was hung in it, waving in the wind. It was the Episcopal palace of the Arab bishop of Balbek, who guards in the desert a little flock of twelve or fifteen Christian families, of the Greek communion, enveloped by wildernesses and ferocious tribes of wandering Arabs. So far we had not beheld a single living being but the jackals, who were lurking among the columns of the great temple, and the little swallows, with red necks, clinging to the cornices of the platform, and seeming the ornaments of an Oriental architecture. The bishop, aroused by the noise of our caravan, soon came forth, and, bowing on the threshold, offered us hospitality. He was a handsome old man, with silvery locks and beard, a grave and placid countenance, and a pleasing musical voice, perfectly in accordance with the idea of a priest, as painted in a poem or romance, and in all things worthy of showing his calm, resigned, and benignant face on this scene of solemn ruins and meditation. He made us enter a small inner court, strewed with beautiful statues, and pieces of mosaic and antique vases, and giving up to us his house—that is to say, two small low rooms, without furniture or doors—he retired, and left us, according to Eastern custom, masters of his dwelling. Whilst our Arabs were busied fixing in the earth around the house the iron pegs to attach by rings the horses' legs, and others were lighting a fire in the court to prepare a pilau for us, and to bake barley cakes, we went out to cast a second glance upon the monuments which surrounded us. The high temples stood before us like statues on their pedestals, the sun striking them with a last faint ray, dropping slowly from one column to another, like the light of a lamp borne by the priest far into the depths of the sanctuary. The thousand shadows of the porticoes, pillars, colonnades, and altars, were moving beneath the soaring elevations, and obscured by degrees the brilliant glare of the marble and sandstone upon the Acropolis. Farther in the plain was an expanse of ruins ending only with the horison; one might have called them waves of stone, broken against a ledge, and carrying their white foam over a wide-stretching strand. Nothing arose above this sea of wrecks; and the night, which was descending from the already darkened heights of the mountain-chain, closed round and successively enveloped them in its gloom. We remained a few minutes pondering in silence upon this spectacle, and then re-

turned, with slow steps, to the bishop's little court, now lighted up by the Arabs' fire.

Seated on fragments of cornices and capitals, serving for seats in the court, we hastily ate the sober meal of a traveller in the desert, and remained for some time, before retiring to sleep, conversing on what filled our thoughts. The fire was extinguished, but the moon rose, round and brilliant, in the clear sky, and falling through the battlements of a high wall of white stone, and the indentations of a window of Arabian architecture, which bounded the court towards the desert, lighted up the enclosure with a lustre which made all the ruins radiant. We fell into a silent reverie; what were our sensations, at that hour, in that spot so far from the actual world, in the midst of an extinct world, in the presence of so many mute evidences of a past which was unknown, but which overturned all our petty theories of history and human philosophy—what arose in our minds or hearts concerning our systems and creeds, and perhaps also our individual recollections and feelings, God only knows, for our tongues did not venture to express them; they feared to profane the solemnity of that hour, of that luminary, of the very thoughts themselves. We were silent. Suddenly a murmuring sound, with impassioned accents, like a sweet and amorous wailing, issued from the ruins behind the high wall pierced with openings, the top of which seemed to us as if tottering for a fall: this vague and confused murmur swelled, grew stronger and higher, and we distinguished a song, sustained by several voices in chorus—a monotonous, melancholy, and affecting song, which alternately rose and fell, died away, and was renewed, answering to itself: it was the evening prayer which the Arab bishop was putting up, with his little flock, within the ruined walls of what had been his church, recently overthrown by a tribe of idolatrous Arabs. Nothing had previously prepared us for this music of the soul, whose every note is a sentiment or an aspiration of the human heart, in this solitude in the depths of the wilderness, springing thus from silent blocks, heaped up by earthquakes, barbarians, and time. We were struck with awe, and accompanied the accents of that holy poetry with rapturous thought, prayer, and all our inward poetic workings, until the litanies, with their monotonous burthen, were finished, and the last sighs of the pious voices had sunk into the usual silence of these ancient relics.

Same date.—The temples made us forget the djerid which the prince of Balbek wished to exhibit for us: we passed the whole morning in going over them again. At four o'clock, some Arabs came to inform us that the horsemen were in the plain beyond the monuments, but that, out of patience with our tardiness, they were on the point of withdrawing; that the prince concluded this spectacle had few charms for us, since we were so long in going to it, and therefore he invited us to proceed to his residence when our curiosity was satisfied, where he was arranging another species of amusement. Such toleration on the part of a chief of a fierce tribe of

Arabs, the most feared in the desert, astonished us. In general, the Arabs, and even the Turks, do not allow strangers to visit alone the ruins of ancient edifices, as they believe these remains contain prodigious treasures, guarded by genii or demons, and that Europeans know the magic terms which throw them open. As they are solicitous that these hoards of wealth should not be carried off, they observe the Franks in these regions with great vigilance; but here, on the contrary, we were left entirely to ourselves; we had not even an Arab guide with us, and the children of the tribe had retired to a distance from respect. I am ignorant of the cause of this deference on the part of the emir of Balbek; perhaps he took us for emissaries of Ibrahim Pacha. The fact is, we were too few to excite fear in a tribe of 500 or 600 men, used to arms, and living by plunder, and yet they dared not interrogate us, or interfere with any of our projects: we could have remained a month in the temples, made excavations, and carried away the most precious fragments of these sculptures, without encountering opposition from any one. I regretted exceedingly, as at the Dead Sea, that I had not been previously aware of the feeling of these tribes respecting us; I would have taken with me workmen and camels of burthen, and enriched science and museums.

On leaving the temples, we went to the palace of the emir. An interval of deserted ruins, of less importance, separates the hill of the great monuments, or the Acropolis of Balbek, from New Balbek, inhabited by the Arabs. It is but a heap of huts, a hundred times overthrown in incessant wars. The population have burrowed as they could in the cavities formed by so many remains; branches of trees or roofs of straw cover their dwellings, the doors and windows of which are frequently composed of pieces of most admirable sculpture. The space occupied by the ruins of the modern town is very considerable. It stretches out of sight, and whitens two low hills which undulate above the great plain: the effect is sad and harsh. These modern relics recall to the mind those of Athens, which I had seen a year before. The dull and raw whiteness of the walls thrown to the earth, and of the scattered blocks, has none of the majesty or the gilded tint of ruins of veritable antiquity; it resembles more an immense strand covered with sea-foam. The palace of the emir consists of a pretty large court, surrounded with low buildings of different forms, the whole being quite similar to a miserable farmyard in our most impoverished provinces. The gate was guarded by a certain number of armed Arabs; a crowd was pressing at the entrance, but the guards made room for us, and introduced us to the interior. It was already filled by the chiefs of the tribe and a great concourse of people. The emir and his family, with the principal scheiks, dressed in magnificent caftans (robes) and pelisses—which were, however, very ragged—were seated on a balcony, above the crowd, affixed to the largest building. Behind them were some attendants, armed men, and black slaves. The emir and his suite rose up on our approach, and we were assisted to

mount some high steps, formed of irregular blocks, which served as a staircase to the balcony. After the usual compliments, the emir made us sit on the divan beside him; pipes were brought, and the spectacle began.

A music resulting from drums, timbrels, shrill fifes, and iron triangles, struck with an iron rod, gave the signal. Four or five performers, dressed in the most grotesque fashion, some as men, others as women, advanced into the middle of the court, and executed the most extravagant and lascivious dances that the eyes of the barbarians could support. These senseless dances lasted more than an hour, interspersed occasionally with a few words and gestures, and alterations of costume, which seemed to denote a dramatic intention; but one thing only was intelligible—namely, the horrible and disgusting depravity of the public manners, as indicated by the movements of the dancers. I turned away my eyes; the emir himself appeared to blush at the scandalous pleasures of his people, and made, like me, gestures of indignation; but the shouts and applause of the rest of the spectators always rose loudest when the most filthy obscenities were given in the figures of the dance, thus encouraging the actors. They danced on, until, overcome with fatigue, and streaming with perspiration, they could no longer maintain the continually-increasing quickness of the measure, but rolled on the earth, whence the attendants removed them. The women did not assist at this spectacle; but those of the emir, whose harem looked on the court, enjoyed it from their rooms, and we saw them through the wooden bars crowding to the windows to get a view of the dancers. The slaves of the emir brought us sherbet and sweetmeats of all sorts, as well as an exquisite drink composed from the juice of the pomegranate and orange flowers, well iced, and in crystal cups. Other slaves presented us with muslin napkins, embroidered with gold, to dry our lips. Coffee was likewise repeatedly served, and pipes incessantly renewed. I conversed for half an hour with the emir. He appeared to me a man of good sense and intellect, much beyond what the gross pleasures of his people would lead one to imagine. He was about fifty years old, of a handsome countenance, and possessed of the most dignified and noble deportment, and of a most grave politeness, all which things the lowest of the Arabs preserve, either as a gift of the climate, or as an heritage of ancient civilisation. His costume and his arms were very sumptuous. His beautiful horses were standing in the courtyards and on the road, one of the finest of which he offered to present to me. He interrogated me, with the most delicate discretion, touching Europe, Ibrahim Pacha, and the object of my journey to the midst of these deserts. I answered with a feigned reserve, so as to lead him to the belief that I had in reality a totally different object from that of visiting columns and ruins. He offered me all his tribe as an escort to Damascus, over the chain of Anti-Lebanon, which I wished to traverse. I only accepted a few horsemen to serve as guides and protectors, and I withdrew,

followed by all the scheiks on horseback to the door of the bishop's house. I gave orders for departure in the morning, and we passed the evening in conversation with our venerable host, whom we were so soon to leave. A few hundreds of piastres, which I presented to him as alms for his flock, repaid the hospitality which we had received from him. He took upon himself the task of sending off a camel loaded with some fragments of sculpture, which I wished to transport to Europe. He faithfully acquitted himself of this commission, and on my return into Syria I found these precious relics already arrived at Beirout.

March 31.—We left Balbek at four in the morning. The caravan is composed of our usual number of moukres, Arabs, servants, and escort, and of eight Balbek horsemen, who march two or three hundred paces in advance of the caravan. The day commenced to break just as we cleared the first hill, mounting to the chain of Anti-Lebanon. The entire hill is excavated by enormous deep quarries, from which the prodigious monuments we had been contemplating were drawn forth. The sun began to gild their summits, and they glittered beneath us in the plain like blocks of gold. We could not draw our eyes away; twenty times we stopped before the view of them was lost. Finally, they disappeared for ever under the hill, and we saw nothing over the desert but the black or snowy peaks of the mountains of Tripolis or Latakia, which were lost in the firmament. The mountains which we are passing over, as yet of moderate elevation, are entirely bare, and almost deserted. The soil in general is poor and sterile, and, where cultivated, is of a red colour. There are pretty vales, with gentle and undulating slopes, where the plough might work without obstacle. We meet neither travellers, nor villages, nor inhabitants, until the middle of the day. We halt beneath our tents, at the entrance to a deep gorge, where a torrent, now dry, flows. We find a spring under a rock, with abundant and delicious water. We fill with it the jars suspended to our horses' saddles. After two hours' rest, we resume our march.

By a steep and rugged path we skirt the flank of a lofty mountain of naked rock for nearly two hours. The valley, which keeps sinking most considerably to our right, is ploughed by the broad bed of a waterless river, and on the other side a mountain of gray rock, completely stripped of vegetation, rises like a perpendicular wall. We begin to descend towards the other outlet of this gorge. Two of our horses, loaded with luggage, roll down the precipice. The mattresses and divan carpets, which form their burthen, deaden the fall, and we succeed in recovering them. We encamp at the end of the gorge near an excellent well. The night was passed in the midst of this labyrinth, in the mountains of Anti-Lebanon. The snow is not more than fifty yards above our heads. Our Arabs have lighted a fire of brambles beneath a grotto, ten yards from the hillock where our tent is pitched. The glare from the fire penetrates the canvas, and lightens the interior of the tent, where we are sheltering ourselves against the cold. The horses, although

covered with their felt sheets, neigh from suffering. We hear during the whole night the Balbek horsemen and Egyptian soldiers shivering under their mantles. We ourselves, though wrapped up in mantles and thick woollen blankets, feel insupportable the bitter iciness of this Alpine atmosphere. At seven in the morning we mount on horseback, with a resplendent sun, which soon makes us throw off our mantles, and afterwards our caftans. At eight we pass by a large Arab village on an elevated level, the houses in which are commodious, and the yards filled with cattle, as in Europe. We take care not to tarry. The inhabitants are enemies of the Arabs of Balbek and Syria. They belong to tribes almost independent, which hold an intercourse chiefly with the populations of Damascus and Mesopotamia. They seem rich and industrious: all the plains around are under cultivation, and we perceive men, women, and children in the fields. They are ploughing with oxen. We encounter several scheiks well mounted and equipped, either going to or coming from Damascus; their countenances are savage and fierce; they look upon us with a sinister expression, and pass on without saluting us. The children shout at us with malicious yells. In a second village, two hours beyond the first, we obtain by purchase, with great difficulty, a few chickens and some rice for our dinner. At six in the evening we pitch our camp on an elevated spot above a mountain gorge, which falls towards a river which we can see glittering in the distance. A small torrent bounding into the ravine suffices us to slake our horses' thirst. In front of us, at the outlet of the gorge, perpendicular rocks rise in pyramidal groups lost in the sky. The climate is still severe; no vegetation is seen on the acclivities. The gray or black tinge of the rock contrasts with the brilliant transparency of the firmament into which the peaks pierce.

April 1.—We were on horseback by six o'clock. The weather was magnificent. We travelled the whole day without a halt, between steep mountains, separated only by narrow ravines, down which torrents of melted snow were rolling. Not a tree, not a piece of moss, was on the mountain-flanks. Their strangely-broken and splintered forms gave an idea of human monuments. One of them rose high and perpendicular on all sides, like a pyramid; its base might be a league round. We could not discover how it was possible it could be scaled. No trace of a pathway or of steps was visible, and yet caverns were hollowed out by human labour in all parts of it, and of all sizes. A number of cells, both great and small, had sculptured entrances of different forms cut with the chisel. Some of them, which opened immediately above our heads, had small terraces, fashioned in the rock itself before the doorways. We saw the remains of chapels or temples, and columns still standing, on the rock: it seemed a human hive forsaken. The Arabs allege that it was the Christians of Damascus who hollowed out these caves. I believe, in fact, that it is one of those Thebaïds in which the early Christians took refuge in the times of hermitising or of persecution.

St Paul founded a great church at Damascus, which, after flourishing a long time, underwent the same vicissitudes and persecutions as all the other churches in the East.

We left these mountains to the left hand, and shortly altogether behind. We made a rapid descent, down almost impracticable precipices, to an open and extensive valley. A charming river flowed through it. Vegetation again appeared on its banks; willows, poplars, and large trees, with their branches bent in a fantastic manner, and bearing black foliage, were growing in the interstices of the rock which lined the river. By an insensible, though unvarying descent, we followed these enchanting margins for a whole hour. The river kept murmuring and foaming below us. The lofty mountains which sided the gorge through which the river flowed struck back and rounded into wide and wooded knolls, whereon the rays of the setting sun were falling. It was the first glimpse of Mesopotamia; more and more clearly we perceived the broad valleys which stretch and open into the great desert plain between Damascus and Bagdad. The valley in which we were rounded gently off into wider compass. On both sides of the river traces of cultivation were perceptible, and we heard the distant bleatings of flocks. Orchards of apricots as large as walnuts skirted the road. Shortly, to our great surprise, we saw hedges, as in Europe, dividing the orchards, and gardens of pot-herbs, and fruit-bushes in flower. Wooden barriers or gates opened at intervals on these lovely enclosures. The road was broad, level, and well maintained, like one in the vicinity of a large French town. None of our party was aware of the existence of this enchanting oasis in the bosom of the inaccessible mountains of Anti-Lebanon. We were evidently drawing close to a town or village, whose name we knew not. An Arab trooper, whom we fell in with, told us that we were in the environs of a large village called Zebdani. We already saw the smoke rising from it amongst the tops of the great trees scattered in the valley. We soon entered the streets of the village, which were wide and straight, having a foot-pavement of stone on each side. The houses alongside of them were large, and surrounded by yards full of cattle, and by gardens well irrigated and stocked. The women and children came to the doors to see us pass, and welcomed us with open and smiling countenances. We inquired if there was a caravanserai where we might shelter ourselves for the night, and were answered in the negative, inasmuch as Zebdani not being on any route, no caravans pass through it. After wandering some time in the streets, we came to an open space on the banks of the river. There a house of larger dimensions than the others, with a terrace running along it, and encompassed by trees, proclaimed the residence of the scheik. I went to the gate with my dragoman, and asked for a house to pass the night in. The slaves went to inform the scheik, who immediately came out. He was a venerable old man, with a white beard and a frank and obliging countenance. He offered me his whole house, with an earnestness and grace such as I never met with elsewhere. In an instant his numerous slaves, and

the chief people of the village, took hold of our horses, led them to an extensive shed, unloaded them, and supplied them with barley and straw. The scheik ordered his women to retire from their apartments; and having first introduced us to his divan, where we were served with coffee and sherbet, abandoned to us all the rooms of his house. He inquired if I wished his slaves to prepare our repast. I begged him to allow my own cook to spare them that trouble, and simply to provide me with a calf and some sheep, to supply the deficiencies in our stock since we left Balbek. In a few minutes the sheep and calf were brought, and killed by the village butcher; and whilst our people prepared supper, the scheik presented to us the principal inhabitants of the district, his relations and friends. He even asked permission to introduce his women to Madame de Lamartine. They ardently desired, he said, to see a European lady, and to inspect her garments and jewels. In fact they soon after passed through the divan we were sitting in, covered with their veils, and entered my wife's apartment. There were three of them; one, already advanced in years, seemed the mother of the other two. The young ones were remarkably pretty, and evinced the most perfect respect, reverence, and attachment for the elder one. My wife gave them some small presents, and they did the like on their parts.

During this interview the venerable scheik conducted us to a terrace, which he had erected close to his house, on the margin of the river. Piles, fixed in the bed of the river, supported a floor, covered with a carpet; a divan went round, and an enormous tree, similar to those I had seen on the edge of the road, overshadowed the whole terrace and river. There the scheik, like all the Turks, passed his leisure hours, in the murmur and coolness of the waters bubbling before his eyes, in the shade of the tree, and amidst the song of a thousand birds peopling its branches. A bridge of planks connected the house with this suspension-terrace. It was one of the most beautiful situations I have beheld in my travels. The view reached to the rounded and sombre eminences of Anti-Lebanon, surmounted by the black rock pyramids or the snowy peaks; fell with the river, and its foaming waters, between the undulating branches of the various trees which lined its course; and was lost with it in the sinking plains of Mesopotamia, which advanced, like verdant gulfs, into the windings of the mountains. When the supper was ready, I invited the scheik to honour us with his company. He accepted with great good-will, and appeared much amused at the European manner of eating. He had never seen any of the utensils of our table. He drank no wine, and we did not urge him. The conscience of a Mohammedan is as much to be respected as our own. To make a Turk sin against the law which his religion imposes, has always appeared to me as wicked and disgraceful as to tempt a Christian from the path of duty. We spoke a long time about Europe and our customs, of which he seemed a great admirer. He entertained us with a dissertation on his mode of governing his village. His family had reigned for ages over this favoured canton

of Anti-Lebanon; and the perfect system of property, agriculture, safety, and decency, which we had admired in passing through the lands of Zebdani, was entirely owing to this excellent race of scheiks. Thus it is throughout the East. All is exception and anomaly. Good is perpetuated as well as evil. We could judge, from this enchanting village, what these provinces might be if restored to their natural fertility.*

The scheik greatly admired my arms, and especially a pair of capped pistols, ill disguising the satisfaction that their possession would cause him. But I was not able to make him the offer. They were my pistols for combat, which I was determined to keep by me until my return to Europe. I presented him with a gold watch for his wife. He received this gift with all the polished reluctance which we should have exhibited in Europe on a like occasion, and affected even to be completely satisfied, although I could not doubt his predilection for the brace of pistols. A quantity of cushions and carpets was brought for us to sleep on. We stretched ourselves on the divan where the scheik slept himself, and we were lulled to repose by the murmur of the river as it swept beneath us.

On the following day we departed at sunrise, and passed through the other half of the village of Zebdani, which was still more beautiful than the one we had seen the previous evening. The scheik gave us some horsemen of his tribe as an escort to Damascus. We dismissed the troopers of the Balbek emir, who would not have been very safe on the territory of Damascus. We continued for an hour in roads lined with quick-set hedges, as broad, and kept in as good repair, as in France. A canopy of apricot and pear-trees overspread the way; to the right and left orchards stretched without end, and then came cultivated fields full of labourers and cattle. All the orchards were irrigated by rivulets, which fall from the mountains on the left. The mountains were topped with snow. The plain was extensive, and our view was limited only by the groves of flowering trees. After marching for three hours, as if in the midst of the most delightful landscapes of England or Lombardy, with nothing to remind us of the desert and barbarism, we entered upon a more sterile and harsh country. Vegetation and cultivation almost entirely disappeared. Hills of rock, scantily covered with a yellow moss, stretched in front of us, bounded by gray mountains more elevated, but equally bare. We came to a halt at the foot of these mountains, far from human habitation. We passed the night there

* [Dr Richardson, who visited Damascus in 1819, and in travelling thence to Balbek, passed through Zebdani, and stopped a night there, like M. de Lamartine, informs us that this village belonged then to Ahmed Bey, son of Abdallah, formerly pacha of Damascus, and was administered, in his absence, by a scheik called Dahr Etel. As M. de Lamartine has erred so considerably in placing Zebdani in an unfrequented part of the route, and in describing it as utterly, even by name, unknown to his Arab guides, when, in point of fact, it is precisely the half-way station, the perpetual and notorious restingplace between Damascus and Balbek, the probability is, that M. de Lamartine is also incorrect in ascribing to the inhabitants of Zebdani (who amount to about 5000) an hereditary and independent race of scheiks or governors.]

on the edge of a torrent deeply entombed, which resounded like endless thunder in a rocky gorge, and poured down its muddy waters, mixed with flakes of snow.

To horse at six in the morning. This was our last day's journey, and we assumed the complete Turkish costume, to escape being recognised as Franks in the environs of Damascus. My wife appeared as an Arab woman, and a long veil of white linen enveloped her from head to foot. Our Arabs also prepared their best attire, and pointed out to us the mountains which we had yet to clear, exclaiming, '*Scham! Scham!*' It is the Arab name of Damascus. The fanatical population of Damascus, and the surrounding country, render these precautions necessary on the part of Franks venturing to visit that city. The Damascenes alone amongst the Orientals nourish more and more religious hatred and horror of the European name and costume. They alone have refused to admit consuls, or even consular agents, for Christian powers. Damascus is a holy, fanatical, and free city—nothing must pollute it.

In spite of the menaces of the Porte, in spite of the more powerful intervention of Ibrahim Pacha, and a garrison of 12,000 Egyptian or foreign soldiers, the people of Damascus have obstinately refused access within the walls to the English consul-general in Syria. Two terrible seditions have arisen in the city on the mere rumour of the consul's approach. If he had not turned back, he would have been torn in pieces. Things are still in this state; the arrival of a European in the Frank costume would be the signal of a fresh rising, and we were not without apprehension that the report of our journey might have reached Damascus, and have exposed us to serious danger. We had taken every possible precaution. We were clothed in the strictest Turkish fashion. A solitary European, who has assumed the Arab manners and costume, and who passes for an Armenian merchant, has exposed himself for many years to the risk of residing in such a town, to be of assistance to the commerce of the maritime districts of Syria, and to such travellers as destiny drives into these inhospitable regions. This is M. Baudin, consular agent for France and all Europe, formerly an agent of Lady Stanhope, whom he accompanied in her first journeys to Balbek and Palmyra, and afterwards employed by the French government to buy horses in the desert. M. Baudin speaks Arabic like a native, and has formed friendly and commercial connections with all the wandering tribes of the deserts surrounding Damascus. He has married an Arab woman of European descent. He has lived for ten years in this city; and notwithstanding the numerous relations that he has opened up, his life has been repeatedly threatened by the bigoted fury of the inhabitants. Twice flight alone saved him from certain death. He has built a house at Zarklé, a small Christian town on the sides of Lebanon, and there he takes refuge in times of popular commotion. M. Baudin, whose life is perpetually in danger at Damascus, and who forms the sole means of communication in this great capital, the only link for the policy and commerce

of Europe, receives from the French government, in reward for his exalted services, the trifling revenue of 1500 francs (L.62, 10s. sterling), whilst the consuls in the sea-ports of the Levant, enjoying full security, and all the luxuries of life, receive large and enviable allowances. I cannot comprehend the indifference and injustice of the European powers, and the French government in particular, in neglecting and impoverishing a young man so intelligent, honest, courageous, and active, and who renders, and might render yet more, the greatest services to his country. They will lose him!

I made the acquaintance of M. Baudin in Syria the preceding year, and I had arranged with him my journey to Damascus. As he was informed of my departure, and my impending arrival, I despatched an Arab to him this morning, to inform him of the hour at which I should reach the neighbourhood of the town, and to beg him to send me a guide to direct my steps and proceedings. By nine in the morning we were on the side of a mountain strewed with the country-houses and gardens of the Damascenes. A picturesque bridge crosses a torrent at its foot. We perceive several files of camels, bearing stones for fresh constructions: everything gives token of the approach to a great capital. An hour later, we observe, on the summit of an eminence, a small isolated mosque, the residence of a solitary Mohammedan; a fountain flows near the mosque, and brass cups, chained to the masonry of the fountain, afford the traveller a means of satisfying his thirst. We halt for a moment at this spot, under the shade of a sycamore; the roads are already thronged with travellers, peasants, and Arab soldiers. We resume our horses; and after mounting a few hundreds of paces, we enter a deep defile, enclosed on the left by a sandstone mountain, rising perpendicularly above our heads, and on the right by a ledge of rock from thirty to forty feet high; the descent is rapid, and the loose stones slip under the horses' feet. I was proceeding at the head of the caravan, a few yards behind the Arabs of Zebdani—they suddenly stopped, and uttered cries of joy, whilst pointing to an opening in the side of the defile. I came up, and my eyes fell, through the break in the rock, on the most magnificent and surprising landscape that ever stunned the human mind. It was Damascus and its boundless desert, some hundreds of paces below my feet. My eyes first embraced the city, surrounded by its ramparts of yellow and black marble, flanked by its innumerable square towers, at regular distances, crowned by its chiselled battlements, commanded by its forest of minarets in all forms, and intersected by the seven branches of its river, and numberless rivulets from it, stretching, out of view, into a labyrinth of flower-gardens, pushing its vast quarters here and there into the enormous plain, everywhere shaded and covered by the forest, ten leagues round, of apricots, sycamores, and trees of all shapes and varieties of foliage, seeming, from time to time, to be lost under the canopies of the trees, and then reappearing, farther on, in wide clusters of houses, suburbs, and villages—a labyrinth of gardens, orchards, palaces, streams, in which the vision was bewildered, and could but quit one

enchantment to be spell-bound by another. We stood still, all crowded at the narrow opening in the rock, pierced like a window, and surveyed, sometimes with exclamations, sometimes in perfect silence, the magic spectacle, which expanded thus suddenly and uninterruptedly before us, at the termination of a route carried through so many rocks and barren solitudes, and at the margin of another desert, which has its bounds only at Bagdad and Bassorah, and requires forty days to pass over.* At length we moved on; the parapet of rocks which intercepted the view of the plain and the city insensibly diminished, and shortly left us in full enjoyment of the whole prospect. We were not more than five hundred yards from the walls of the suburbs.

Studded around these walls are charming kiosks and country-houses, of purely Oriental form and architecture, glittering, like a golden girdle, round Damascus. The square towers, which flank the walls, and project beyond their outline, are pierced with openings sculptured in arabesque, with thin columns like twisted reeds, and surmounted by battlements rounded in the shape of turbans. The walls are cased with yellow and black stone or marble, alternated in elegant taste. The top of the cypresses, and of other high trees which rise up from the gardens and the interior of the city, shoot above the walls and towers, and crown them with a sombre verdure. The countless cupolas of the mosques and palaces, in a town of 400,000 souls, multiply by reflection the rays of the setting sun, and the blue and sparkling waters of the seven channels glitter and disappear by turns, as they wind in the streets and gardens. The horison behind the town was boundless as the sea, and was mingled undistinguishably with the fiery sky, which the heated reflection from the sands of the desert was still reddening. On the right, the broad and lofty hills of Anti-Lebanon retired, one behind the other, like prodigious shadowy waves, sometimes projecting like promontories into the plain, sometimes opening like deep gulfs, in which the plain was entombed, with its forests and large villages, some of which contain near 30,000 inhabitants. The branches of the river, and two large lakes, were resplendent in the gloom of the universal verdure, in which Damascus is, as it were, swallowed up. On our left the plain was much wider; and it was only at a distance of twelve or fifteen leagues that we met again the mountain-peaks, white with snow, which were brilliantly reflected in the blue of the heavens,

* [From this very spot, which is called Kobat-el-Nassr, or Arch of Victory, a local tradition asserts that the celebrated Mohammed, the founder of the Moslem creed, surveyed the city and plain of Damascus, and, struck with wonder at the spectacle, exclaimed, 'There is but one paradise intended for man, and as I am determined not to have mine in this world, I will not enter this city.' There is no doubt that Damascus is one of earth's most ravishing localities, and scarcely needed Mohammed's authority to be ranked as a terrestrial paradise. But that arch-impostor never beheld Damascus, for it was not taken by his warlike disciples until two years after his death, under Abubeker, his successor. The story must therefore be considered as an invention of the fanatics of this city, which, having been for ages venerated as the holiest seat of the creed, required additional sanctification by the presence of the prophet himself.]

like clouds upon the ocean. The city is entirely surrounded by orchards of fruit-trees, in which the vines spring up, as at Naples, and run in garlands among the fig, apricot, pear, and cherry-trees. Beneath the trees, the loamy, fertile, and well-irrigated land is carpeted with barley, wheat, maize, and all the vegetable plants indigenous to the soil. Small white houses peep here and there through the foliage of the groves, being the residences of gardeners, or places of recreation to the families of the proprietors. Through the orchards are scattered horses, sheep, camels, doves, and all that enlivens nature's fairest scenes. They are generally two or three acres in extent, and are divided from each other by clay walls, dried in the sun, or by pretty quickset hedges. A multitude of umbrageous roads, following streams of running water, meander amongst these gardens, pass from one suburb to the other, or lead to a gate of the city; they run for twenty or thirty leagues around Damascus.

We proceeded for some time in silence amid this bewildering maze of orchards, uneasy at not seeing the guide come whom we expected. At length we came to a stand-still, when he appeared. He was a poor Armenian, ill-clad, and wearing a black turban, as the Christians in Damascus are all compelled to do. He came up to the caravan with frankness, spoke a few words, gave a sign, and instead of entering the city by the suburb and gate which were before us, we followed him along the walls, of which we almost made the circuit, through this labyrinth of groves and kiosks, and entered by an almost deserted gate near to the Armenian quarter. M. Baudin's house, in which we had kindly been provided with a lodging, was in this quarter. At the outer gate of the city not a word was addressed to us; and after passing through it, we kept for some time by the side of high walls with grated windows, the other side of the street being occupied by a canal of running water, which was used for turning several mills. At the end of this street we found our progress arrested, and I heard a dispute between my Arabs and the soldiers who guarded a second interior gate, for all the quarters have a separate and distinct gate. I was anxious to remain unknown, and to let our caravan pass for one of merchants from Syria; but the wrangling being prolonged, and becoming more and more vociferous, and the crowd beginning to close in upon us, I put spurs to my horse, and darted to the head of the caravan. It was the guard of the Egyptian troops, who, having remarked two fowlingpieces which my Arab domestics had only partially concealed under the sheets of my horses, refused to permit us to enter; an order of Scherif-Bey, present governor of Damascus, prohibited the introduction of arms into the city, in which an insurrection, and the massacre of the Egyptians, were subjects of nightly apprehension. Fortunately I had in my breast a recent letter from Ibrahim Pacha. I drew it forth, and handed it to the officer who commanded the guard. He read it, carried it to his forehead and lips, and allowed us to proceed, with many excuses and compliments. We defiled into a number of dirty and narrow alleys, of confusing irregularity.

Little low houses, whose mud walls seemed ready to crumble upon us, lined these streets. We spied at the windows, through the blinds, the ravishing features of young Armenian girls, who, attracted by the clatter of our long file of horses, looked at us passing, and addressed to us words of salutation and amity. We stopped at length at a small, low, and narrow gate, in a lane where one could scarcely pass, and descended from horseback. We went through a dark elliptic corridor, and found ourselves, as if by enchantment, in a court paved with marble, overshadowed by sycamores, cooled by two Moorish fountains, and surrounded by marble porticoes and saloons richly adorned: we were in M. Baudin's residence. His house is like the abodes of all the Christians in Damascus, a hovel on the outside, and a delightful place within. The tyranny of the fanatical populace forces these unfortunate people to hide their wealth and comfort under the appearances of misery and want. Our baggage was unloaded at the gate, the court was filled with our clothes, tents, and saddles, and our horses were conducted to the khan in the bazaar.

M. Baudin gave each of us a handsome room, furnished in the Oriental manner, and we reposed on his divans, and at his hospitable table, after the fatigues of so long a journey. A man, known and esteemed, met in the midst of an unknown and alien race, is a country of himself, at least so we felt when residing with M. Baudin. The charming hours that glided away in conversation about Europe and Asia at evening-tide, to the glimmering of his lamp, and the bubbling of the water in his court, remain in my memory and my heart as one of the sweetest solaces in my travels. M. Baudin is one of those rare individuals whom nature has made fit for all things; a clear and rapid intellect, a sound and firm heart, and indefatigable activity, are his endowments. Europe or Asia, Paris or Damascus, earth or sea, he can accommodate himself to every change, and find happiness and contentment everywhere, because his mind is resigned, like that of an Arab, to the great law which forms the groundwork of Christianity and Islamism—submission to the will of God; and also because he has within him that ingenuity and activity of mind which is the second soul of a European. His language, countenance, and manners, assume all the phases that chance requires. When with us, talking about France and our restless politics, one would take him for a man arrived the day before from Paris, and returning to it on the morrow; when in the evening, seated on his divan, between a merchant of Bassorah and a Turkish pilgrim from Bagdad, smoking a pipe or hookah, idly passing through his fingers the amber beads of an Oriental chaplet, a turban on his forehead, Turkish shoes on his feet, uttering a word in the half hour on the value of coffee or furs, one would assuredly take him for a slave-merchant, or for a pilgrim returning from Mecca. There is no man complete but he who has travelled much, and who has varied many many times the order of his cogitations and existence. The confined and changeless ideas which a man

contracts in a regular life, and in the monotony of his own country, are moulds for diminutive casts; mind, philosophy, religion, character, all qualities are more exalted, more just, more distinct, with him who has surveyed nature and society under several aspects. There is an optical focus for the material and intellectual world. To travel in search of wisdom was a great saying of the ancients, which we never comprehended. They travelled not in a mere search after unknown dogmas and philosophic lessons, but to see and compare all things. For myself, I am constantly astonished at the narrow and contracted medium in which we regard things, institutions, and races; and if my mind has been enlarged, my grasp of observation expanded, and I have learnt to exercise toleration in all things, I owe it entirely to my having so frequently changed my scenes and points of view. To study the past in history, mankind in personal travel, and God in nature, is the great school. We study everything in our miserable books, and compare all things with our own petty local ideas. And who has produced our ideas and our books?—Men as petty as ourselves. Let us open the book of books; let us live, behold, travel! The world is a book, a leaf of which we turn at every step, and he who has perused but one of them, what can he know?

DAMASCUS.

April 2.—Attired in the most complete Arab costume, I have traversed this morning the principal quarters of Damascus, accompanied only by M. Baudin, for fear that a more numerous party of strange faces might draw attention to us. We first of all went through the gloomy, dirty, and tortuous streets of the Armenian quarter. One might imagine it one of the most wretched villages of our provinces. The houses are built of mud, pierced towards the street by a very few small grated windows, with red-painted shutters. They are low dwellings, and the flat-arched doors resemble those of stables. A filthy dunghill and a pool of stinking water are almost invariably before the doors. We entered, nevertheless, into some of these habitations belonging to the principal Armenian merchants, and I was astonished at their internal richness and elegance. After passing the doorway, and along a dark corridor, we come to a court, adorned with superb spouting fountains of marble, and canopied by sycamores or Persian willows. The pavement of the court is of large flags of polished stone or marble, and the walls are festooned with vines. These walls are cased with white and black marble, and five or six doors, sculptured in arabesque, and with marble facings, lead to the same number of rooms or saloons, which contain the male and female members of the family. These apartments are large and arched, and are bored by a great number of small windows,

high up in the walls, to let the external air have free play. Almost all of them have two levels; the first and lowest for the attendants and slaves, the second, raised a few steps, and divided from the first by a balustrade of marble or cedar-wood beautifully carved. In general, one or two spouting fountains of water murmur in the middle or the corners of the room. The basins of the fountains are set with vases of flowers, and tame swallows or doves come of their own accord to sip and perch on their margins. The walls, to a certain height, are marble, and higher up are stuccoed and painted in a great variety of colours, and frequently with gilded mouldings, profusely decorated. The furniture consists of magnificent Persian or Bagdad carpets, which entirely cover the marble or cedar floor, and of numerous silk cushions and mattresses, spread in the middle of the saloon, for the members of the family to sit or lean against. A divan, covered with costly stuffs, and much finer carpetings, goes round the end and sides of the room. The women and children are generally seated cross-legged, or stretched at length upon the divan, occupied in the different labours of the household. The cradles of the smaller children are on the floor amongst the carpets and cushions. The master of the house has always one of these saloons for himself alone, in which he receives strangers. He is usually found seated on his divan, with an inkstand, having a long handle, placed on the floor at his side, and a sheet of paper laid on his knee or left hand, writing or calculating the whole day, for commerce is the only occupation and passion of the inhabitants of Damascus.

Wherever we went to return the visits that had been made us the previous evening, the master of the house received us with politeness and cordiality, called for pipes, coffee, and sherbet, to be handed to us, and conducted us into the saloon occupied by the women. However high the idea I entertained of the beauty of the Syrian women, or the conception left in my mind by that of the Roman and Athenian females, the sight of the Armenian women and young girls of Damascus outstripped them all. Almost everywhere we met faces that the European pencil has never drawn, eyes to which the serene play of the soul imparts a hue of sombre azure, and casts rays of softened moisture, such as I have never seen glitter in eyes before; features of such delicacy and purity, that the most skilful and persuasive hand could give no imitation; and a skin so transparent, and at the same time so suffused with lively tints, that the softest hues of the rose-bud could not shadow forth its subdued freshness. The teeth, the smile, the natural sweetness of expression and movement, the clear, melodious, and silvery tone of the voice—all is harmonious in these beautiful creatures. They conversed with elegance and a modest reserve, but without embarrassment, and as if accustomed to the admiration they inspire. They appear to preserve their beauty for a long time in this conservative climate, and in an indoor existence of quiet leisure, where the factitious passions of society consume neither mind nor body. In almost all the houses into which I was admitted I found the mother as handsome as the

daughters, although the latter seemed fifteen or sixteen years old: they enter the marriage state at twelve or thirteen. The costume of these ladies is the most elegant and imposing that we have yet admired in the East. The head uncovered, and the luxuriant hair bound in tresses, interwoven with flowers, passing in several folds upon the brow, and falling in long plaits on both sides of the bare neck and shoulders; pieces of gold and strings of pearls scattered in festoons upon the hair, and on the crown a small cup of carved gold; the breast almost naked; a short vest, with wide and open sleeves, of silken stuff, worked in gold or silver; a pair of wide white pantaloons, falling in folds to the ankle; the naked foot fitted in a slipper of yellow morocco; a long silk robe of brilliant colour, descending from the shoulders, open in front, and clasped round the waist by a sash whose ends fell to the ground. I could not draw my eyes from these fascinating females; our visits and conversations were always considerably prolonged, and I found them as amiable as beautiful. The customs of Europe, the dresses and habits of females in the West, formed the general subject of discourse. They appeared in nowise to envy the existence of our ladies; and when we converse with these charming creatures, when we find in their language and manners that gracefulness, and perfect artlessness, that benevolence, serenity, and peace of mind and heart, which are so faithfully preserved in the family life, we know not what they have to envy in our women of the world, who know everything except what produces happiness in the domestic circle of a family, and who waste in a few years, amid the tumultuary movement of our societies, their mind, their beauty, and their health. These Eastern females occasionally visit amongst themselves, and they are not entirely debarred from the society of men; but this intercourse is limited to a few young relations or friends of the family, out of whom a bridegroom is at an early age chosen for them, with reference to their own inclinations as well as to family projects. This bridegroom, when affianced, mixes from time to time like a son in the domestic recreations.

I met one of the principal Armenians in Damascus on one of these visits, a very distinguished and well-informed man. Ibrahim had placed him at the head of his nation in the municipal council, which at that time governed the city. This man, although he had never been out of Damascus, had very just and logical ideas on the political state of Europe, and more especially of France, on the general movement of the human mind at this epoch, on the impending changes in modern governments, and on the probable futurity of civilisation. I never conversed with any one in Europe whose views on these subjects were more precise and intelligent, which is the more extraordinary, as he was acquainted only with Latin and Greek, and had never been able to read those Western works or journals where such questions are brought to the level of those who echo without understanding them. Neither had he enjoyed any opportunity of conversing with the enlightened men of our climes. Damascus is

a region without relations with Europe. He had accomplished the whole by means of geographical maps, and some striking historical and political facts, which had penetrated thus far, and which his natural and reflective genius had interpreted with a surprising sagacity. I was delighted with this individual, and remained part of the morning in conversation with him. I engaged him to come in the evening, and every day. He perceives, like myself, what Providence seems intending for the East and for the West by the inevitable conjunction of these two divisions of the globe, giving to each space movement, energy, and enlightenment. This gentleman has a daughter fourteen years old, who is the most divine creature we have ever beheld; her mother, still young, is also quite charming. He presented to me his son, a boy of twelve, whose education gives him considerable occupation. 'You should send him into Europe,' said I to him, 'and let him have an education such as you regret for yourself. I will watch over it.' 'Alas!' he replied, 'I am constantly thinking upon it, and it has long engaged my thoughts; but if the state of the East does not change, what service shall I have rendered my son by raising him, from his knowledge, above his age, and the country where he must live? What will he do at Damascus when he comes back with European science, manners, and taste for liberty? When a man must be a slave, it is better never to have known any state but slavery.'

After these different visits, we quitted the Armenian quarter, separated from another quarter by a gate, which is closed every evening. I entered a fine wide street, formed by the palaces of the chief agas of Damascus, who are the nobility of the land. The fronts of these palaces towards the street are like long prison or hospital walls, mere gray mud walls; few or no windows; whilst at intervals is a great gate opening on a court, where numbers of grooms, servants, and black slaves are lying under the porch. I visited two of these agas, friends of M. Baudin. The interior of the palace is admirable; a vast court, ornamented with superb spouting fountains, and planted with trees, which overshadow it; saloons more beautiful and richly decorated than even those of the Armenians. Several of these saloons had cost 100,000 piastres * in the ornaments; Europe has nothing more magnificent; everything is in the Arabian style: some of these palaces have eight or ten saloons of this description. The agas of Damascus are in general the descendants or sons of pachas, who have employed, in the decoration of their dwellings, the treasures amassed by their forefathers: it is the nepotism of Rome under another form. There are several of them, and they fill the principal posts in the government under the pachas sent by the Grand Sultan. They have vast territorial possessions in the villages which surround Damascus. Their luxury consists in palaces, gardens, horses, and women; on a signal from the pacha their heads fall, and these fortunes and prized possessions pass to some new favourite of fortune. Such a government naturally conduces to

[* Upwards of L.1000 sterling.]

enjoyment and resignation; voluptuousness and fatalism are the two inevitable results of Oriental despotism.

The two agas whose houses I visited received me with most refined politeness. The brutal fanaticism of the lower classes in Damascus does not reach their height. They knew that I was a European traveller, and they believed me an ambassador on a secret mission, to obtain intelligence for the kings of Europe touching the quarrel of the Turks with Ibrahim Pacha. I testified to one of them my desire to see his choicest horses, and to purchase some if he would dispose of any. He immediately ordered his son and equerry to conduct me to his immense stable, where he reared thirty or forty of the most beautiful animals of the Desert of Palmyra. Nothing so admirable had ever appeared to my eyes. They were in general horses of great height, of dark gray or roan colour, with manes like black silk, eyes, stretched apart to the sides of the head, of a deep chestnut colour, and of a vigorous and clean make. Their shoulders were broad and flat, and their chests like the swan's. As soon as these horses saw me enter, and heard a strange language spoken, they turned their heads towards me, shuddered, neighed, and intimated their surprise and alarm by oblique and furtive glances, and by a folding of their nostrils, which imparted to their fine heads a most intelligent and extraordinary expression. I have already had occasion to remark how much more prompt and developed is the instinct of animals in Syria than in Europe. An assembly of believers, surprised in the mosque by a Christian, could not have more vividly portrayed, in attitude or countenance, their indignation and terror, than did these horses on seeing a strange face, and hearing an unknown language. I caressed some of them, and examined all. I had them taken out into the yard, but I knew not on which to fix my choice, almost all of them being equally perfect. At length I decided on a young white stallion, three years old, which seemed to me the pearl of all the horses of the desert. The price was debated between M. Baudin and the aga, and struck at 6000 piastres (about L.70), which I paid to the aga. The horse had only recently been brought from Palmyra, and the Arab who had sold him to the aga had received 5000 piastres, and a magnificent mantle of silk and gold. The animal, like all the Arab horses, bore his genealogy at his neck, suspended in a hair purse, and several amulets to preserve him from the evil eye. We now went over the Damascus bazaars. The great bazaar is about half a league long. The bazaars are long streets covered in with high wood-work, and lined with shops, stalls, magazines, and cafés. The shops are narrow, and go only a short way back; the merchant is seated in front with his legs doubled up below him, and the pipe in his mouth or the hookah at his side. The magazines are stored with merchandise of all sorts, and particularly with Indian manufactures, which are brought in great profusion to Damascus by the caravans from Bagdad. Hair-dressers invite the passengers to enter and have their heads shaved, and their stalls are always filled with customers. A crowd, as great as that

in the galleries of the Palais-Royal, but infinitely more picturesque in appearance, moves about the bazaars the whole day. There are agas, clad in long pelisses of crimson silk turned up with marten fur, with sabres and poniards, enriched with precious stones, stuck in the girdle. They are followed by five or six attendants, servants, or slaves, who march in silence behind them, and carry their pipes and hookahs. They go and sit part of the day on the outer divans of the coffee-houses, built on the banks of the streams that flow through the city. There, under the shade of beautiful plane-trees, they smoke and chat with their friends, this being the only place of intercourse, except the mosque, used by the Damascenes. Here are arranged, almost in silence, the frequent seditions which deluge the city with blood. The fermentation goes mutely on for a long time, and then boils over at an unexpected moment. The people fly to arms under the auspices of some particular party headed by one of the agas, and the government passes for a period into the hands of the conqueror. The vanquished are put to death, or flee into the deserts of Balbek or Palmyra, where the independent tribes give them refuge.

The officers and soldiers of the pacha of Egypt, dressed almost like Europeans, drag their sabres on the pavement of the bazaar. We met several of them, who accosted us, and spoke in Italian. They are on their guard at Damascus; the people eye them with horror; each night may witness the rising. Scherif-Bey, one of the most able men in the army of Mahomet-Ali, commands them, and at present governs the city. He has formed a camp of 10,000 men outside the walls on the banks of the river, and keeps a garrison in the castle. He himself occupies the seraglio. Intelligence of the least check in Syria to Ibrahim would be the prelude to a general insurrection and a merciless strife at Damascus. The 30,000 Armenian Christians who live in the city are kept in the greatest alarm, for they would all be massacred if the Turks gained the supremacy. The Mohammedans are exasperated at the equality which Ibrahim Pacha has established between them and the Christians. Some of the latter abuse the toleration they enjoy, and insult their enemies by an open violation of their usages, which embitters their fanaticism. M. Baudin is prepared at the first signal to seek refuge at Zarklé.

The Arabs of the Great Desert and of Palmyra are in crowds in the city, and throng the bazaars. They have no garment but a large robe of white wool, which they fold round them after the fashion of ancient statues. Their complexion is tawny, their beard black, their eyes ferocious. They stand in groups before the shops of the tobacco-dealers, and before those of saddlers and armourers. Their horses, ready saddled and bridled, are tethered in the streets and open squares. They hold in contempt the Egyptians and Turks, but in case of a rising they would take part against Ibrahim's troops. That commander has been able to drive them but a day's journey from Damascus; he marched in person against them with artillery on his

route to this city. They are now his foes. I will speak more at length of these unknown populations of the Great Desert and the Euphrates. Each species of commerce and industry has its separate quarter in the bazaars. There are the armourers, whose magazines are far from displaying the magnificent and renowned weapons which Damascus formerly supplied to the Levant trade. That manufacture of surpassing sabres, if it ever existed at Damascus, has fallen into complete oblivion; their blades are now of very ordinary temper, and in the armourers' shops are exhibited old weapons almost valueless. I sought in vain for a sword and dagger of the ancient temper. Such sabres now come from Khorassan, a province of Persia, and even there they are manufactured no longer. There remains a certain number, which are transferred from hand to hand as precious relics, and are considered of inestimable value. The blade of that which was presented to me as a gift cost the pacha 5000 piastres (L.90). The Turks and Arabs, who rank these blades as more precious than diamonds, would give all they possess for such a weapon; their eyes sparkle with enthusiasm and veneration when they behold mine, and they carry it to their foreheads, as if they adored so finished an instrument of death. The jewellers display no art or taste in the arrangement of their precious stones or pearls, but they possess immense stocks of them. All wealth in the East is movable, fit to be buried in the earth, or carried on the person. There is a great number of these jewellers; they make little show, keeping their whole stock in small caskets, which they open when a jewel is asked for. The saddlers are the most numerous and ingenious workmen of the bazaars. They far surpass the Europeans in the taste, elegance, and richness of the luxurious caparisons which they fashion for the horses of the Arab chiefs or agas. The saddles are covered with velvet and silk, worked with gold and pearls. The red morocco collars, passing round the neck like a fringe, are likewise ornamented with silver or gold buttons, and clusters of pearls. The bridles, infinitely more graceful than ours, are also of various-coloured morocco, and studded with clumps of silk and gold. All these things, in comparison with Europe, are at very moderate prices. I bought two of the most superb of these bridles for 120 piastres (about L.2). The provision-stores present the most order, elegance, neatness, and attraction for the eye. The front of the shops is supplied with a multitude of baskets, filled with vegetables, dried fruits, and leguminous berries, whose name I know not, but which have an admirable shape and glossy colour, and glitter like small pebbles above the water. Cakes of bread, of all thicknesses and qualities, are spread on the shop-boards. There is a numberless variety of them, for the different hours and meals of the day, always kept hot, and of exquisite flavour. Nowhere have I witnessed such perfection in the preparing of bread as in Damascus; and it costs scarcely anything. There are eating-houses also for the merchants and promenaders of the bazaar to dine in. There are no tables or covers in them, but small pieces of mutton stuck on skewers as large

as a walnut, and roasted in the oven, are sold, which the purchaser places on one of the cakes or muffins I have spoken of, and eats them off his hand. The numerous fountains in the bazaar abundantly supply the liquid which alone the Arabs drink. A man may plentifully sustain himself in Damascus for two piastres, or about fourpence a day. The inhabitants do not spend the half of that sum. An agreeable house may be had for 200 or 300 piastres a year (L.2 or L.3). With an income of 300 or 400 francs (L.13 or L.17), a person would be perfectly at his ease here, as indeed throughout Syria.

In going round the bazaar, I came to the division of box and trunk-makers. Here is the chief industry displayed, for the whole furniture of an Arab family consists in one or two chests to hold the clothes and jewels. The majority of these trunks are of cedar-wood, painted red, with ornaments designed in gilded nails. Some are admirably carved in relief, and covered with very elegant arabesques. I bought three of them, which I forwarded by the caravan of Tarabourlous. The perfume of the cedar-wood scents the whole bazaar; and the atmosphere, charged with a thousand different odours, exhaling from the shops of workers in wood, from the stores of spices and drugs, from the boxes of amber or odoriferous gums, from the confectioners, and from the pipes incessantly smoking in the bazaar, reminded me of the sensation I found the first time I walked through Florence, where the frames of cypress-wood fill the streets with a somewhat similar fragrance.

Scherif-Bey, governor of Syria for Mahomet-Ali, quitted Damascus to-day. News of the victory of Konia, gained by Ibrahim over the Grand Vizier, arrived in the night. Scherif-Bey takes advantage of the impression of terror which paralyses the Damascenes to go to Aleppo. He leaves the government of the city to an Egyptian general, assisted by a municipal council, formed of the principal merchants of the different nations. A camp of 6000 Egyptians and 3000 Arabs remains at the gates of the city. The appearance which this camp presents is extremely picturesque; tents, of all shapes and colours, are pitched under the shade of the large fruit-trees on the banks of the river. The horses, generally of great beauty, are tied, in long rows, to cords stretched from one end of the camp to the other. The undisciplined Arabs are in all the strange varieties of their races, weapons, and costumes; some are like unto kings or patriarchs, others to robbers of the desert. The fires of the bivouac throw up a blue smoke, which the breeze wafts over the river or the gardens of Damascus. I was present at the departure of Scherif-Bey. All the principal agas of Damascus, and the officers of the regiments which still remain, were collected at the seraglio. The immense courts which envelop the crumbling walls of the castle and seraglio were filled with slaves, holding by the hand the finest horses in the city, superbly caparisoned. Scherif-Bey was taking breakfast in the interior apartments. I did not enter, but remained, with some Egyptian and Italian officers, in the paved court. From there we saw the crowd outside, the agas arriving in groups, and black slaves passing

with large pewter dishes on their heads, holding the different pilaus of the repast. The horses of Scherif-Bey were in the court—by far the most beautiful animals that I had seen, even at Damascus. They were Turcomans, of a race infinitely larger and stronger than the Arabians; they resemble the great Norman horses, with finer and more sinewy limbs, a smaller head, and the large, eager, proud, and mild eye of the Eastern steed. They were all of a brown bay, and with long, flowing manes; the true Homeric chargers. At mid-day Scherif went forth, accompanied by a prodigious cavalcade for two leagues from the city.

In the midst of the bazaars stands the finest khan in the East, the khan of Hassad-Pacha. It is an immense cupola, whose bold springing arch recalls that of St Peter at Rome: it is in like manner borne on granite pillars. Behind the pillars are magazines and staircases, leading to the higher flats, on which are the merchants' rooms. Every merchant of consideration hires one of these rooms, and keeps in it his costly merchandise and his books. Guards are placed day and night to watch over the safety of the khan; large stables are on one side for the horses of travellers and caravans; fountains of spouting water keep it always cool; it is, in a word, a sort of exchange for the trade of Damascus. The gate of this khan, opening on the bazaar, is a piece of Moorish architecture the richest in detail, and most imposing in effect, that can be seen in the world. The Arabian architecture is there found complete; yet the khan has only been erected forty years. A people whose architects are capable of designing, and the workmen of executing, such a monument as the khan of Hassad-Pacha, are not dead to the arts. These buildings are generally erected by rich pachas, who leave them to their family, or the city which they wished to benefit. They produce large revenues.

A little farther I saw from a gate of the bazaar the great court or churchyard of the principal mosque in Damascus. It was formerly a church consecrated to St John of Damascus. This temple appears of the era of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem; heavy, vast, and of that Byzantine style which imitates the Greek whilst degrading it, and seems as if built with remains of other buildings. The great doors of the mosque were closed with ponderous curtains, and I could not see the inside. A Christian incurs the peril of death if he profane a mosque by entering it. We tarried but a moment in the court, pretending to drink at the fountain.

The caravan from Bagdad arrived to-day. It was composed of 3000 camels. It has encamped at the gates of the city. I bought some packages of Mocha coffee, which cannot be procured elsewhere, and some Indian shawls. The caravan to Mecca has been suspended by the war. The Pacha of Damascus is charged with the duty of conducting it. The Wahabites have several times dispersed it. Mahomet-Ali has driven them back to Medina. The last caravan, attacked with cholera at Mecca, exhausted with fatigue, and in want of water, was almost entirely destroyed. Forty thousand pilgrims

perished in the desert. The dust of the desert which leads to Mecca is the dust of men. It is hoped that the caravan will start this year under the auspices of Mahomet-Ali, but, before many years, the progress of the Wahabites will put a final extinguisher on the pious pilgrimage. These people are the first great armed reformers of Islamism. A sage in the vicinage of Mecca named Aboul-Wahab undertook the project of restoring the Moslem faith to the purity of its primitive dogmas, and of extirpating, first by words, then by the arms of those Arabs whom he had converted, the popular superstitions which, through credulity or imposture, pervert all religions. His design was to constitute the religion of the East a practical and rational deism. To accomplish this little was required, for Mahomet never gave himself out as a God, but as a man full of the spirit of God, and his doctrine embraced only the unity of God, and charity towards men. Aboul-Wahab himself did not allege he was a prophet, but a man enlightened by reason alone. This time reason fanaticised the Arabs, in the same manner as falsehood and superstition had done. They armed themselves in his name, conquered Mecca and Medina, and despoiled the objects of adoration which had been substituted for the simple veneration due to the prophet. Thus 100,000 armed missionaries threatened to change the face of the East. Mahomet-Ali has opposed a momentary barrier to their invasions; but Wahabism subsists and spreads in all the three Arabias, and on the first opportunity these purifiers of Islamism will penetrate to Jerusalem, to Damascus, and even into Egypt. Thus human systems perish by the very arms which propagated them. Nothing is impenetrable to the progressive light of reason, that gradual and incessant revelation to humanity. Mahomet issued from the same deserts as the Wahabites, to overthrow idols, and establish the worship without sacrifices of the only and immaterial God. Aboul-Wahab comes in his turn, and, crushing popular credulities, restores Mohammedanism to pure reason. Each age lifts a corner of the veil which conceals the grand image of the God of Gods, and perceives him, through all the perishable symbols, alone, eternal, evident in nature, and speaking his oracles in the conscience.

Damascus, April 3.—Passed the day in the city and the bazaars. Recollections of St Paul are familiar to the Christians of Damascus. They show the ruins of the house whence he escaped in the night suspended in a basket. Damascus was one of the first regions in which he sowed the word destined to change the world. This word bore rapid fruit. The East is the land of creeds, prodigies, and also superstitions. The great idea which has worked in the imaginations of all eras there is that of religion. The whole people, their manners and laws, are founded on religion. The West has never been similarly influenced. Why? A less noble race, the offspring of barbarians, who still feel their origin. Things are not in their place in Europe. The chief of human ideas is subordinate to all others. Countries of gold and iron, bustle and uproar. The East, the country of profound meditation, intuition, and adoration!

But the West marches with giant strides; and when religion and reason, which the middle ages severed in darkness, shall be united in truth, enlightenment, and love, the religious spirit, the divine inflation, will again become the soul of the world, and will bring forth its prodigies of virtue, civilisation, and genius. May it be so!

Damascus, April 4.—There are 30,000 Christians at Damascus, and 40,000 at Bagdad. The Christians of Damascus are Armenians or Greeks. A few Catholic priests tend those of their communion. The inhabitants of Damascus tolerate Catholic monks. They are used to their dress, and look upon them as Orientals. I have often seen two French Lazarist priests, who inhabit a small convent buried in the miserable quarter of the Armenians. One of them, the Father Poussous, comes to pass the evenings with us. He is an excellent, pious, well-informed, and amiable man. He conducted me to his convent, where he instructs the children of poor Christian Arabs. The love of doing good is the sole motive which detains him in this human desert, where he is in perpetual apprehension for his safety. He is, nevertheless, gay, serene, and content. He receives from time to time, by the Syrian caravans, intelligence and remittances from his superiors in France, and likewise some Catholic newspapers. He has lent them to me, and nothing seems more strange than to read this saintly or political rubbish, issuing from the quarter of St-Sulpice, on the borders of the desert of Bagdad, behind Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, near Balbek, in the centre of an immense hive of other men, filled with totally different ideas, and where the clatter that we make, and the names of our great men for the year, never penetrate. Vanity of vanities, except to serve God, and mankind for God! Never is this truth more vivid than when travelling, and witnessing how petty is the movement which a sea arrests—the noise that a mountain intercepts—the renown that a strange language cannot even pronounce. Our immortality is elsewhere than in the false and contracted fame of our names here below.

We have dined to-day in the company of a venerable Damascus Christian upwards of ninety years old, and enjoying all his faculties, physical and moral. An excellent and admirable old man, bearing in his features that serene expression of benevolence and virtue which the consciousness of a pure and pious life, drawing to its close, always imparts. He loads us with services of all kinds. He is perpetually on the move for us, as if he were a young man. The Father Poussous, his companion, two merchants of Bagdad, and a great Persian lord, going to Mecca, composed the agreeable society of the evening, on the divans of M. Baudin, in the midst of tobacco vapours, which obscured and scented the air. With the assistance of M. Baudin and M. Mazoyer, my dragoman, we conversed with sufficient facility. The most perfect cordiality and unaffectedness reigned in this soirée of men from the four extremities of the world. The manners of India and of Persia, the recent events in Bagdad, and the revolt of the pacha against the Porte, were the subjects of our discourse. The inhabitants of Bagdad had been obliged to fly

through the forty days' desert on his dromedaries, with his treasures, and two young Franks. He was impatient for advices from his brother, whose death he painfully apprehended. A letter was brought to him from his brother whilst he was talking with us. He was safe, and coming with the rear-guard of the caravan, which was still expected. He shed tears of joy. We also wept, both on his account and on account of sad reminiscences which arose as to our own misfortunes. These tears, shed in unison by eyes which it was so unlikely should have met on the hearth of a common friend, in the middle of a city where we all were but wayfarers, these tears joined our hearts!—and we loved as friends those men whose very names have found no restingplace in our memories!

April 5.—A terrible storm during the night. The high room, with many paneless windows, in which we slept, rocked like a vessel in a squall. The rain penetrated in a few seconds the mud roof which covers the terrace of the room, and flooded the floor. Fortunately our mattresses were on boards, raised upon boxes, and our blankets were thick; but in the morning our clothes were floating in the chamber. Similar storms are frequent at Damascus, and often sweep away the houses, whose foundations are certainly not on a rock. The climate is cold and damp during the winter months. Heavy snow-storms fall from the mountains. This last winter half of the bazaars fell in from the weight of the snows, and the roads were blocked up for two months. The heat of summer, they say, is insupportable. Hitherto we have had no symptom of its fierceness. We light almost every evening pans of fire, called *mangales* in Damascus.

I have bought a second Arab stallion from a Bedouin whom I encountered at the gate of the city. I caused the Arab to be followed, so as to enter on the negotiation in a suitable and natural manner. The animal, although less in height than the one I bought from the aga, is stronger, and of a rarer colour—the peach-flower. He is of a race whose appellation signifies *chief of the hoof*. I got him for 4000 piastres. I mounted him for a trial. He is not so gentle as the other Arabian horses. His character is vicious and intractable, but he seems indefatigable. I will have *Tadmor* led (it is the Arab name of Palmyra, which I have given to the aga's horse) by one of my saïs on foot. I will ride *Scham* on the journey. *Scham* is the Arab name of Damascus.

A chief of a tribe on the route to Palmyra has arrived here on the summons of M. Baudin. He undertakes to conduct me to Palmyra, and bring me safe and sound back, but on the condition that I am alone, and appear as a Bedouin of the desert. He will leave his son as a hostage at Damascus until my return. We enter into consultation. I had a violent desire to see the ruins of Tadmor; but as they are less astonishing than those of Balbek, as it will require at least ten days to go and return, and as my wife cannot accompany me, and as, moreover, the time for rejoining our vessel, which was to wait for us on the coast, has now come, I renounce with regret

this incursion into the desert, and we make our preparations to depart on the morrow.

April 6.—Departed from Damascus at eight in the morning; traversed the town, and the bazaars blocked with people; heard some murmurs and injurious apostrophes; they take us for a reinforcement of Ibrahim's. Issued from the town by another gate than that by which we arrived; skirted the delightful gardens by a road on the margin of a stream, canopied by superb trees; scaled the mountain whence we had enjoyed so divine a prospect of Damascus; halted to contemplate it once again, and to impress the everlasting picture. I understand that the Arab traditions fix the site of the lost paradise at Damascus, and assuredly no place on the earth more perfectly recalls Eden. The vast and fruitful plain, the seven branches of the blue river which irrigate it, the majestic frame of the mountains, the dazzling lakes which reflect the heavens on the earth, the geographical position between two seas, the delicious climate—all indicate at least that Damascus has been one of the first towns built by the children of men, one of the natural halts for wandering humanity in primitive times; it is one of those cities described by the finger of God on the earth, predestined for a capital, like Constantinople. They are the only two cities which have not been thrown arbitrarily on the map of an empire, but invincibly pointed out by the configuration of the localities. As long as the earth shall contain empires, Damascus will be a great city, and Stamboul the capital of the world.*

At the edge of the desert, at the mouth of the plains of Cælo-Syria, and the valleys of Galilee, of Idumea, and of the coasts of the Sea of Syria, Damascus was needed as a charming restingplace for the caravans to India. Commerce has attracted industry; Damascus is, like Lyons, a vast manufactory; the population reaches, according to some, 400,000—according to others, only 200,000 souls. I know not which is correct, and it is impossible to know; we can only conjecture, as in the East no exact census is ever taken, and the eye is thus the only judge. From the crowds that inundate the streets and bazaars, from the multitude of armed men who dart from the houses on the signal of a revolution or insurrection, from the extent of ground covered by the city, I am inclined to believe that the number within the walls may rise to from 300,000 to 400,000 souls. But if the city be not arbitrarily limited, if to the number of inhabitants be added all those who people the immense suburbs and villages which are confounded to the vision with the houses and gardens of this prodigious agglomeration of mortals, I believe that the district of Damascus maintains a million of souls. I cast on it a last regard, with inward prayers for M. Baudin, and the excellent men

*[What M. de Lamartine means by describing Constantinople as the capital of the world, in all time past and coming, cannot be exactly predicated. Since the city attracted the notice of Constantine the Great, it has always been a metropolis, but generally the metropolis of weak and vicious empires. Previous to his reign, it was never a city of importance; its future destiny is of course unknown.]

who had guarded and beguiled our sojourn, and a few steps of our horses lost us for ever its trees and minarets. The Arab who was by the side of my horse pointed out to me, at the horison, a large lake glittering at the base of the mountains, and related to me a tale, which I partially understood, and which my dragoman fully interpreted.

There was a herd who watched the she-camels of a village on the banks of this lake, in a desert and uninhabited part of this high mountain. One day, whilst watering his flock, he perceived that the water of the lake was escaping by a subterranean passage, and he closed it up with a large stone, but at the same time let fall his crook. Some time after, a river grew dry in one of the provinces of Persia. The sultan, seeing his country menaced by famine, in consequence of the deficiency of water for the irrigations, consulted the sages of his empire; and on their counsel he despatched ambassadors into the neighbouring kingdoms to ascertain for what reason the source of his river had been diverted or drained. These envoys bore the crook of the herd, which the river had carried with it. The herd was at Damascus when these ambassadors appeared there; he recognised his crook which had fallen into the lake, and immediately comprehended that his lake was the source of the river, and that the prosperity and life of a whole people were in his hands. 'What will the sultan do for him who restores him his river?' he asked of the envoys. 'He will give him,' answered they, 'his daughter and half his dominions.' 'Go, then,' he rejoined, 'and before you get back, the lost river will water Persia, and gladden the heart of the sultan.' The herd returned to the mountains, removed the great stone, and the waters, resuming their course through the subterraneous channel, refilled the bed of the river. The sultan sent a fresh embassy with his daughter to the fortunate camel-herd, and gave him the half of his kingdom. These marvellous traditions are preserved with implicit faith by the Arabs; none of them doubt the reality, because the imagination never doubts.

April 7.—Encamped yesterday evening on the brow of a high mountain, after eight hours' march through a hilly, bare, sterile, and chilly country. We were followed by a caravan less numerous than ours, belonging to the cadi of Damascus, who is sent every year from Constantinople, and was now returning to embark at Alexandretta. His wives and children travelled in a double pannier slung upon the back of a camel, one wife and some little children being in each division, the whole carefully veiled. The cadi marched at some distance behind his women, accompanied by slaves, on horseback. This caravan went past us, and proceeded to encamp farther on. A rough day's work of ten hours, through pinching cold, and completely deserted valleys. Our course for an hour was in the bed of a torrent, where large stones rolled from the mountains, interrupting our horses at every step. I mounted my beautiful horse Tadmor for an hour or two, to rest Scham. Notwithstanding two days' fatigue, this splendid animal bounds like a gazelle over the rocky pathway of

the desert. He passes in an instant the swiftest horses of the caravan. He is mild and sagacious as the swan, having also its whiteness and arched chest. I intend to carry him to Europe, together with Scham and Saïde. As soon as I get off him, he breaks loose, and canters off to rejoin the Arab, Mansours, who takes care of and leads him; he puts his head on the man's shoulders like an affectionate dog: there is complete brotherhood between the Arab and the horse, as between us and the dog. Mansours and Daher, my two principal Arab saïs, whom I engaged at Beirout, and who have been in my service nearly a year, are the most faithful and quiet of men; steady, indefatigable, intelligent, attached to their master and horses, and always ready to combat with us if any peril threatens. What may not an able chief effect with such a race of men? If I had the fourth part of the wealth of certain bankers in Paris or London, I would regenerate the face of Syria in ten years. All the elements of improvement are there; a hand only is wanted to concentrate them, an interval to lay a foundation, a mind to lead opinion. Slept in a sort of isolated hostelry, standing on an elevated plain, amid severe cold. We found a little wood to light a fire in the low room, where we stretched our carpets. Our Damascus provisions were exhausted: we got a little of the barley-meal intended for the horses kneaded, and ate the sour and black cakes produced from it. We departed at daybreak, marched twelve hours through a sterile and unpeopled country, and arrived at a small village, where we found a shelter, some fowls, and rice. We have been drenched with rain the whole day. We are not more than eight hours' march from the valley of Bkaa, which we will come upon at its eastern extremity, being much lower than Balbek.

April 7.—At three in the afternoon we came in sight of the desert of Bkaa. The caravan halts and hesitates. The plain, from the point we have reached, as far as the foot of Lebanon, which stands out like a wall on the other side, resembles an immense lake, out of which rise up blackened islets, the branches of trees with their trunks under water, and heaps of ruins on a hill three leagues from us. How shall we venture without guides, trusting to chance, into this inundated plain? It is, however, quite necessary, as there is a risk of not being able to pass it to-morrow, for the rain continues, and torrents of water pour from all sides into the desert. We march for two hours on the highest parts of the plain, which bring us near the hill, whereon the great ruins of a temple appear. We leave on our left hand these unknown remains of a town, a contemporary of Balbek, but at present nameless. Shafts of gigantic columns have rolled down the sides of the hill, and are imbedded in the mud under our feet. The day wanes, the rain increases, and we have no time to mount to the temple. This temple being passed, we proceed with the water up to our horses' knees. Our mules are perpetually sliding down and tumbling into the ditches with our baggage, and the moukres extricate them with great labour. We send forward an Arab twenty yards in front of the caravan to try the footing; but

having reached the middle of the plain, the place where the Balbek stream has hollowed out its bed, the ground fails us, and we are compelled to pass over an interval of thirty or forty feet by swimming. My Arabs, plunging into the water, and holding up the horses' heads, succeed in getting my wife over, and an English lady's-maid who attends her. We ourselves swim over, and all attain the opposite bank. Night is almost at hand; we hasten to traverse the rest of the valley while sufficient twilight remains to guide us. We pass near one or two hamlets, inhabited by a ferocious tribe of Balbek Arabs. If they attack us at this moment, we shall be at their mercy, as all our pieces are unfit for firing. They look at us from the tops of their terraces, and descend not into the swamp. At last, at the moment that the night closes in upon us, the plain begins to rise, and we are hard and dry on the banks which touch Lebanon. We proceed in the direction of a distant light, which glitters three leagues from us, in a mountain-gorge—it must be the town of Zarklé. Overcome with weariness, shivering with cold, and wet to the skin, we reach at length the lower slopes of the hill on which the town is placed. There, calling over our muster-roll, we find that one of our friends, M. de Capmas, is missing. We stop, call out, and fire some rounds; no answer is returned. We despatch two horsemen to go and seek him, and proceed to Zarklé. It takes us an hour to wind up a river which passes through the town, and to find out the only bridge which crosses from one quarter to the other. Our exhausted horses can scarcely sustain themselves on the slippery pavement of the steep bridge, which is without parapets. At last the house of the Greek bishop receives us. Fires of brambles are lighted in the huts that surround the court. The bishop lends us some mats and carpets. We get ourselves dried. The two Arabs sent in quest of our friend return with him. He is borne almost fainting to the hearth, and revives. We discover at the bottom of our boxes, soaked with rain, a bottle of rum; the bishop procures some sugar, and we restore our dying comrade with a few glasses of punch, whilst the Arabs are getting a pilau prepared for us. The poor bishop has absolutely nothing but shelter to offer us. The curiosity of the women and children of Zarklé is so insatiable, that they crowd into the court every instant, and force open the doors of our rooms, to see the two Frank females. I am obliged to place two armed Arabs at the gate of the court to prevent entrance.

The following day we reposed at Zarklé, in order to get our clothes dried, and to lay in fresh provisions, as our own were spoiled by the wetting of the preceding evening. Zarklé is a town wholly Christian, founded a few years ago in a gorge on the lowest roots of Lebanon. It owes its rapid and prodigious growth to the persecuted families of the Armenian and Greek Christians of Damascus and Homs. It reckons about 8000 to 10,000 inhabitants, possesses a considerable trade in silk, and augments every day. Protected by the Emir Beschir, the sovereign of Lebanon, it is no longer disturbed by the inroads of the tribes of Balbek and Anti-Lebanon. The in-

habitants, industrious, agricultural, and energetic, keep in admirable cultivation the hills which slope down from the town to the plain, and venture even to cultivate the nearest portions of the desert. The appearance of the town is very extraordinary. It is a confused collection of black houses, built of mud, without symmetry or regularity, on the steep declivities of two hills, separated by a river. The gorge through which the river descends, before flowing through the town and into the plain, is a broad profound hollow of perpendicular rocks, parted to give passage to the torrent, which falls from level to level by three or four cascades, in wide-spreading sheets, embracing the whole width of the platforms, which rise in successive gradations. The foam of the torrent completely covers the rocks, and the roar of its waterfalls fills the streets of Zarklé with a dull and incessant murmur. Some houses, of rather elegant construction, gleam, amongst the verdure of poplars and tall vines, above the cascades. Amongst them is the house of refuge of our friend M. Baudin, and there is also a convent of Maronite monks. The river, after passing the houses of the town, which are grouped and suspended on its high banks, and hang over its bed in the most fantastical manner, goes to water the confined lands and meadows into which the careful industry of the inhabitants distributes its waters by numerous channels. A lining of high Persian poplars extends along its course, far out of sight, and directs the eye, by the verdant avenue, to the desert of Balbek, and the snowy peaks of Anti-Lebanon. Almost all the inhabitants are Syrian or Damascus Greeks. The houses resemble the miserable huts of Savoy or Brescian peasants; but in every house you see a shop and a workroom, where saddlers, armourers, watchmakers even, are labouring, with rude instruments, at their respective occupations. The people seemed kind and hospitable. The appearance of strangers, far from alarming or exciting them, was by no means disagreeable to them. They offered us all the little services which our situation required, and appeared proud of the increasing prosperity of their town. Zarklé seems the preface to a large commercial town, destined to rival Damascus in the trade between the Christian and Mohammedan races. If the death of the Emir Beschir does not impair the singleness of dominion which renders Lebanon powerful, Zarklé, in twenty years, will be the first town in Syria. All are sinking, it alone increases; all are buried in sleep, it alone is up and working. The genius of the Greeks bears with it everywhere the principle of activity inherent in that European race. But the activity of the Asiatic Greek is advantageous and fruitful; that of the Greeks of the Morea and the isles is a mere unproductive agitation. The air of Asia tempers the Greek blood, and there they become a singularly mild population, but elsewhere they are often barbarous. The same consequence ensues with regard to the physical beauty of the race. The Greek women of Asia are the masterpieces of the creation, the personification of all grace and voluptuousness of expression in the eyes. The Greek women of the Morea have faultless but cold features, and eyes whose harsh and

sombre glare is not sufficiently softened by the delicious languor of the soul and sensibility of the heart. The eyes of the one are a fiery coal, those of the Asiatics are a flame, wreathed in moistened vapours. The poor Greek bishop of Zarklé is of an Aleppo family, in which city he passed his life, amid the elegance and softness of manners prevailing in Aleppo, the Athens of Asia. He finds himself, as it were, an exile in this town, where he has no society or mental resource. His deportment has preserved the exquisite refinement of the Aleppians; but, in the extreme beggary of his condition, he can only afford us a squalid lodging. We conversed in Italian with him. On our departure I made him an alms of 500 piastres (L.6) for his flock or for himself, for he seemed in a state bordering on destitution. A few Arab and Greek books, thrown in confusion about the room, and an old box containing his pelisses and episcopal habiliments, were his whole possessions.

I took guides at Zarklé, to pass over Lebanon by unknown routes. The ordinary track was blocked up by the prodigious quantity of snow that had fallen during the winter. We ascended at first by rather gentle slopes, over hills planted with vines and mulberries. We soon arrived at the region of rocks and bedless torrents, of which we crossed at least thirty in the course of six hours. They rush down declivities so steep, that they have no time to hollow out a bed; they are sheets of foam, gliding over the naked rock with the rapidity of a bird upon the wing. The sky was obscured with clouds, which already intercepted the light, although the day was but little advanced. We were completely enveloped in rolling clouds of mist; and we frequently could not distinguish the foremost ranks of the caravan, shrouded in these gloomy canopies. The snow likewise began to fall in large flakes, covering the road, which our guides vainly sought to track. We could scarcely hold up our exhausted horses, whose iron shoes slid down the precipitous ledges we were compelled to wind along. The magnificent prospect of the valley of Balbek, and the peaks of Anti-Lebanon, with the extensive ruins of the temples of Bkaa gleaming in the light, appeared to us only at intervals, between the gusts of snow: it seemed as if we were sailing in the sky, and that the pedestal whence we saw the earth was no longer part of it. But the resounding winds, which had been at rest in the profound and lofty gorges of the mountains, began to give out mournful and cavernous echoes, like the roaring of a high sea after the tempest is spent: they came out like thunder-shocks, sometimes over our heads, sometimes in the lower parts beneath our feet, hurling like withered leaves large masses of snow and volleys of stones, and even blocks of rock, as if they had been propelled from the mouth of some huge cannon. Two of our horses were struck, and rolled, baggage and all, into the ravine. None of us were hurt: my young Arab stallions, who were led by the hand, were paralysed with terror. They stopped short, raised up their nostrils, and moaned with guttural cries, like the rattling in the human throat. We walked close together, to watch and assist each other in case of

accidents. The darkness became every moment greater; and the snow, beating in our eyes, took away the little light that remained to guide us. The blasts of wind filled the whole ravine through which we were toiling with whirlpools of snow, which arose in pillars to the sky, and fell in vast sheets, like the spray of huge waves breaking on the cliffs. For some moments we could not draw breath; our guides stopped, hesitated, dubious of their way, and fired their guns to give us the direction; but the howling wind permitted no sound, and the report of firearms scarcely equalled the crack of a whip.

In proportion as we penetrated into this deep gorge of the highest crests of Lebanon, we heard with terror a harsh, continued, deadening roar, which grew louder every moment, and formed the bass in this horrible concert of the unbridled elements. We knew not whence it came, or its cause; it seemed as if a portion of the mountain was loosened, and precipitated in torrents of rock. The thick clouds, obliterating the sun, hid everything from us. In the midst of our bewilderment, horses without riders, mules and camels without burthens, came rushing past us, flying to the snowy flanks of the mountain. Shortly, Arabs, shouting at the pitch of their voices, appeared, pursuing them; they advised us to halt, pointing with their hands to a building standing against a massive rock forty or fifty yards above us, which the clouds had completely shrouded from our view. A column of smoke, and the glimmer of a fire, came from this cabin, whose roof of large cedar-branches had been half torn away by the hurricane, and was hanging down the wall. It was the khan of Murad-Bey, the only asylum that was open to us on this part of Lebanon; a poor Arab dwells in it during the summer, to provide barley and shelter to the caravans of Damascus, which go by this route into Syria. We descended with difficulty by some rocky steps, concealed under snow a foot thick; and we found the stream, which flows a hundred yards below the khan, and which we had to pass, in order to scale the higher region of the mountain, was suddenly become a prodigious torrent, rolling in its waters blocks of stone and fragments shivered by the tempest. Overtaken on its banks by the whirlwind, and half buried under the snow, the Arabs whom we had encountered had thrown the loads off their camels and mules, and left them on the rocks, to save themselves in the khan.

We found it filled with these men and their cattle; there was no room for us or our horses. However, under lee of a mass of rock, much larger than the house, the wind was less boisterous; and the clouds of snow, borne from the peaks of Lebanon, and passing over our heads to beat upon the vale, became less overwhelming, and gave us at intervals a glimpse of the sky, in which the stars were already twinkling. The wind suddenly fell; we dismounted from our horses, and sought to prepare a shelter not only for the night, but for several days perhaps, if the torrent, whose roar we heard, without being able to see it, continued to intercept the passage.

Under the walls of the dilapidated khan, and a portion of the cedar-branches which had shortly before composed its roof, was a space of about ten square feet, heaped with snow and soil. We swept away the snow, and got to a soft clay, where it was impossible to lay our carpets. We tore from the roof some branches of trees, which we stretched in hurdles on the saturated earth; and these bundles prevented our mats from being soaked in the water. Our mattresses, carpets, and mantles formed a second layer; and having lighted a fire in a nook of the rock, we thus passed the long and dreary night of the 7th and 8th of April 1833.

At intervals the hushed hurricane was again roused, and then it seemed as if the mountain would fall upon itself: the enormous rock against which the khan was built shook like the trunk of a tree bent by the blast; and the roaring of the torrent filled the air with frightful howlings. But at last we sank to sleep, and late in the morning we awoke to the brilliant rays of a serene sun glittering on the snow. The Arabs, our companions, had departed; they had successfully attempted the passage of the torrent. We saw them, at a distance, winding up the hills, whither we had to follow them. We likewise started. We marched for four hours along an elevated valley, whence we could see nothing but snow below and sky above us, as at the summit of Mont Blanc. The dazzling of the eyes, the mournful silence, the danger of every step, in these deserts of fresh-drifted snow, without the track of a pathway, render the passage over these soaring pillars of the earth, the dorsal spine of a continent, a solemn and religious period. We observe, involuntarily, every point of the horison and the firmament, every phenomenon of nature. I saw one which struck me as a beautiful image, and which I had never before observed. Immediately at the summit of Lebanon, on the sides of a peak half shaded from the morning beams, I perceived a magnificent rainbow, not springing like an aërial arch, uniting the heavens to the mountain-crest, but couched upon the snow, and winding in concentric circles, like a serpent of resplendent colours: it was, as it were, the nest of the rainbow, caught on the most inaccessible height of Lebanon. In proportion as the sun rose, and grazed the flanks with his rays, the circles of the rainbow, with a thousand undulating tints, appeared to move and rise up: the ends of the luminous bows did in fact start from the earth, mounted towards the sky for a few yards, as if attempting to leap up to the sun, and then dissolved into whitened vapour and liquid pearls, which floated over us. When beyond the region of snows, we sat down to dry our soaked shoes in the sun. We began to perceive the deep and black valleys of the Maronites. Two hours afterwards, we had descended to the village of Hamana, situated at the top of the magnificent valley of that name, and where we had before slept in going to Balbek. The scheik procured us three houses in the village. The evening sun was gleaming under the large leaves of the mulberry and fig-trees; men were returning with their ploughs from labour; women and children were loitering in the alleys about the houses, greeting

us with hospitable smiles; the flocks were strolling from the fields with their tinkling bells; pigeons and fowls were crowded on the roofs of the terraces, and the bells of the two Maronite churches were slowly ringing through the cypress branches, to notify the pious ceremonies of the morrow, which was Sunday. We had the aspect, movement, and calmness of a beautiful village in France or Italy suddenly before us, at the threshold of the precipices of Lebanon, the deserts of Balbek, the inhospitable streets of Damascus. Never was transition, perhaps, so rapid and delightful. We determined to pass the Sunday amongst these excellent people, and to rest ourselves a day after our long fatigues.

The day was thus passed at Hamana; the scheik and the village market furnished us abundantly with provisions. The women came to visit us throughout the day. They are infinitely plainer than the Syrian females of the sea-coasts. They are of the pure Maronite race, all possessing vigour and health, but the features too marked, the eyes somewhat dull, the complexion too highly coloured. Their dress is a pair of white pantaloons, with a long robe of blue cloth above, open in front, and leaving the bosom bare. Necklaces of numberless piastres hang round the neck, on the breast, and over the shoulders. The married women complete this costume by a silver horn, a foot, and sometimes a foot and a-half long, which they fix on their plaited hair a little obliquely above the forehead. This horn, sculptured and carved, serves to suspend from the extremity of it a muslin veil, with which they often cover the face; they never lay this horn aside, even to sleep. This grotesque custom, the origin of which can be found only in the aberrations of the human understanding, disfigures and renders heavy all the movements of the head and neck.

April 9.—Departed from Hamana in a misty morning at five o'clock. Marched two hours on the precipitous and naked slopes of the ridges of Lebanon, which descend towards the plains of Syria. The valley which we leave on our left sinks and widens more and more below us. It is about two leagues wide, and one at least in depth. The transparent vapours of the morning float like billows of the sea on its horison, and there appear above them nothing but the lofty cones of the hills, the tops of the cypress-trees, and the towers of Maronite villages and monasteries; but in a little time the breeze from the sea, which rises and mounts insensibly with the sun, slowly scatters these vapoury waves, and rolls them in white sheets to settle on the peaks of snow, on which they form light-grayish shadows. Then appears the entire valley. Oh that the eye had a language to paint with a single word as it sees at a single glance! I would I could for ever preserve in my memory the incomparable aspect and impressions of the Valley of Hamana! I stand above one of the thousand torrents which plough its sides with their leaping foam, and rush amidst the masses of rock, the hanging meadows, the trunks of cypress-trees, the branches of poplars, the wild vines, and the black carob-trees, into the bottom of the valley, and join the central stream,

which flows throughout its length. The valley is so deep, that I do not distinguish the bottom; I can only hear ascend, at intervals, the roaring of its waters, the rustling of the leaves, the bleating of flocks, and the distant peals of the monastery bells. The shade of morning is still resting on the bed of the gorge from which the principal torrent plunges. Here and there, around some knolls, I perceive the white line of foam it traces in the darkened gloom. On the same side of the valley as that on which we stand I distinguish, at distances of a quarter of a league from each other, three or four wide plains, as if destined by nature for pedestals; their flanks are perpendicular, and of a gray granite. These plains, half a league in circumference, are entirely covered with groves of cedars, firs, and broad-headed pines; the morning rays wind and gleam between their erect trunks. Their black and motionless foliage is intercepted at times by light columns of blue smoke, rising from the huts of the Maronite husbandmen, and by the small open towers in which the village bells are suspended. Two large monasteries, with walls glittering like bronze, rise on two of these plains. They resemble the fortresses of the middle ages. At the foot of the convents we perceive some Maronite monks, clothed in their black cowls, at work amidst the vineyards and chestnut orchards. Two or three villages, grouped around the rocky eminences, are seated lower down, like beehives on the trunks of old trees. At the side of each hamlet are distributed thickets of a paler verdure; they are pomegranates, figs, or olives, which commence at this height in the valley to bear fruit. Beyond, the eye plunges into the impenetrable gloom of the gorge. If it clears this darkness, and settles on the opposite side of the mountain, it perceives perpendicular walls of granitic rock springing to the clouds. Above these walls, which seem battlemented by nature, we discern table-lands of the most brilliant vegetation, the tops of fir-trees hanging upon the edges of the ravines, wide-spreading sycamores, forming shadows on the sky, and behind this undulating verdure the belfries of villages and monasteries, access to which seems altogether impracticable. In other places the granite flanks of the mountains are broken into slopes, where the vision is lost in the darkness of the forests, and can distinguish only, at distant spots, luminous and immovable streaks, which are the beds of torrents and pools formed from the springs. In other directions the rocks suddenly intermit; large rounded bastions flank them as if with eternal fortifications, and crown their angles with towers and turrets. Elevated valleys, which the eye penetrates with difficulty, open, and dive amongst the hills of snow and forests; thence descends the principal stream of Hamana, which we see gushing at first like a brook from the mighty roof of snow; then losing itself in the hollows of re-echoing cascades, from which it branches out into seven or eight dazzling channels, again to disappear behind the black rocks and peaks, and then coming forth in a single line of foam, winding and turning, according to the obstructions of the ground, along the gentle or steep declivities of the hills. At length it plunges into the prin-

cipal valley, falling in a sheet 100 paces wide, and 200 feet in height. The spray, which rises, and which is carried far and wide by the wind, describes floating rainbows on the tops of the broad pines which skirt the fall. To my left, the valley, sinking towards the shores of the sea, expands, and offers to the gaze the wooded and more cultivated flanks of its hills, and the river meanders among the eminences, crowned with convents and villages. Farther on, the palms of the plain lift up their heads behind low hills of olives, and break the long line of gilded sand which borders the sea. The eye is finally lost in the indecisive and remote space between the sky and the ocean.

The details of this magic landscape are not less bewitching than the sweeping glance comprising the whole. At every turn of the rocks, on every summit to which the path leads you, you discover a new horison, where the water, the trees, the rocks, the ruins of bridges or aqueducts, the snows, the sea, or the fiery sand of the desert, grouped in startling attitudes, force an exclamation of surprise and amazement. I have seen Naples and its islands, the valleys of the Apennines and the Alps, those of Savoy and Switzerland, but the valley of Hamana, and some other valleys on Lebanon, efface all these recollections. The enormity of the masses of rock, the multifarious waterfalls, the purity and depth of sky, the expanse of sea which terminates the horison, the picturesque effect of the villages and convents, suspended like human nests on heights which the eye fears to scan; in a word, the novelty and variety in colour of the vegetation, the majestic canopies of the large trees, whose trunks resemble columns of granite—all this marks, vivifies, solemnises the landscape, and transports the soul with emotions more profound and religious than the Alps even. Every landscape into which the sea does not enter as an element is incomplete. Here, the sea, the desert, the sky, are the sublime framework of the picture, and the ravished eye recurs at frequent moments from the depths of centennial forests, from the margins of shaded springs, from the summits of the aërial peaks, from the peaceable scenes of rural or cœnobitish life, to the blue expanse ploughed by vessels, to the cliffs of snow floating in the sky near the stars, or to the yellow and gilded sands of the desert, where the caravans of camels draw out their long serpentine files. It is this incessant contrast which produces the solemn thoughts and impressions that render Lebanon the mountain of prayer, poetry, and ecstasy!

At noon we encamped under our tents half way up Lebanon, to pass the burning heat of mid-day. An Arab courier is brought to me, who was going to Damascus in search of me. He brings me a packet of letters from Europe, which announce my election to the Chamber of Deputies. A new affliction added to so many others! I had unfortunately desired this trust at a former epoch, and had myself solicited a confidence which I cannot now decline without ingratitude. I will go; but how fervently do I wish that this cup might pass from me! I have no longer any individual future in this drama

of the political and social world, the principal scene of which lies amongst us. I have none of those passions for glory, power, and fortune, which are the impelling motives of politicians. The only interest which I will carry to those heated deliberations will be that of my country and of humanity. Country and humanity are abstract beings to men who seek to enjoy the present hour, and to secure the triumph, at all hazards, of a family, an order, or a party. What avails the calm and impartial voice of philosophy in the tumult of facts which are jumbled and opposed to each other? Who looks to the future and its boundless space, beyond the dust of the actual strife? It matters not: man selects neither his path nor his work: God assigns him his task by circumstances, and from his own convictions. It must be accomplished! But I foresee for myself nothing but a moral martyrdom in the sorrowful task which is imposed upon me. I was born for action. Poetry in me has been but delayed action; I have conceived and expressed ideas and sentiments from the incapability of acting. But now action has no longer any charms for me. I have penetrated human affairs too deeply not to understand their purpose! I have lost too many of those beings for whom my active life might have been advantageous, not to be disgusted with all that appertains to action. A life of contemplation, of philosophy, of poetry, and of solitude, would be the only couch on which my heart could find repose before breaking altogether.

RETURN TO BEIROUT, AND DEPARTURE FOR THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

April 10.—Arrived here yesterday. Passed two hours at the Franciscan convent, near the tomb where I have buried all my future. The brig *Alceste*, which was to carry these dear remains to France, is not yet in view. I have to-day chartered another brig for our own accommodation. We shall sail in consort; but the mother will be spared the anguish of being in the same room with the corpse of her child! Whilst the necessary arrangements are being prepared for the transport of so many passengers in the brig of Captain Coulonne, we shall proceed to visit Kosrouan, Tripolis in Syria, Latakia, Antioch, and the Cedars of Lebanon, on the last tops of the mountains behind Tripolis.

We received this morning numerous visits from our Beirout friends. The governor, Habib Barbara, a Maronite prince, our neighbour in the country, who has shown us since our arrival, and especially since our bereavement, the affection of a sincere friend; M. Bianco, the Sardinian consul; and M. Borda, a young and amiable Piedmontese, attached to that consulate in the deserts of the East by a strange destiny, whilst his information, his tact, and cha-

racter, would render him a distinguished diplomatist in the most polished capital of Europe; M. Laurella, Austrian consul; Mr Farren, consul general, and Mr Abbot, special consul for England in Syria; a young French merchant, M. Humann, whose society has been equally profitable and agreeable since our arrival here; M. Caillé, a French traveller; M. Jorelle, first dragoman to the consulate, a young man educated in France, taken at an early age into the East, and who is as perfect master of the Turkish and Arabian languages as of his mother-tongue—a man of the strictest probity, active, intelligent, and obliging from instinct, who conceives it a favour to ask a service from him; in fine, M. Guys, French consul in Syria, the respectable representative of the national faith in countries where his character is held in veneration, but whose very recent arrival did not permit us to see so much of him as his colleagues. We bear with us the names of all those who have overwhelmed us with civility and sympathy, during a year's sojourn amongst them, in order that we may for ever preserve for them, in different degrees, remembrance, interest, and gratitude. If I had not received yesterday's letter, if I had not an aged father, whose recollection is incessantly urging my return to France, if I had a place of exile to choose in the world wherein to finish my weary days, in the bosom of solitude and enchanting nature, I should remain where I am.

April 13.—Departed this morning at four o'clock with the same caravan which I had formed for Damascus; skirted the sea-coast as far as Cape Batroun, through localities already described; slept at Degebail in a khan out of the town, on an eminence commanding the sea. The town is remarkable only for a mosque of Christian architecture, and which was once a church, probably erected by the counts of Tripolis. It is surmised that Degebail is the ancient land of the Giblites, who furnished King Hiram with the blocks of stone intended for the building of Solomon's Temple. The father of Adonis had his palace there, and the worship of the son was the prevailing rite in all the neighbouring districts of Syria. On the left of the town is a castle, remarkable for the elegance and construction of its different styles of fortification. We descended into the town, to inspect the little harbour, in which some Arab ships were swinging. The town is almost exclusively inhabited by Maronites. A very handsome Arab lady, loaded with finery, came to visit my wife in the caravanserai, to whom we made some trifling presents.

On the following day we continued to skirt the coast, and the foot of the mountains of Castravan, which are washed by the sea. We slept under our tents, on a beautiful site on the borders of the territory of Tripolis. The road quits the coast, and turns abruptly to the right, diving into a narrow valley, watered by a rivulet. About a league from the sea the valley is drawn completely together, and closed by a rock 100 feet high, and 500 or 600 feet in circumference. This block, either placed by nature, or hewn out of the sides of the mountain which grazes it, is surmounted by a Gothic castle in good preservation, a habitation for jackals and eagles. Steps cut in the

rock lead, by a succession of terraces, covered with towers and battlements, to the highest flat, on which a donjon, bored with ogived windows, is reared. Around the castle, the towers, and the battlements, vegetation has sprung up; large sycamores have taken root in the halls, and throw out their wide branches above the ruinous roof; creeping-plants, matted in huge clusters, ivy clinging to the windows and doors, weeds partially concealing the stones, give to this fine monument of the middle ages the appearance of a castle of moss and ivy. A beautiful fountain spouts at the foot of the rock, overshadowed by three of the most splendid trees that can be seen; they are species of elms, and one of them sufficed to cover, with its shade, our tents, our thirty horses, and the scattered groups of Arabs.

The following day we ascended by a steep track along a white and slippery hill, where the horses could scarcely keep their feet. From the summit we had a boundless view of all the western sea-board of Syria, as far as the Gulf of Alexandretta and Mount Taurus, and a little to the right, of the plains of Aleppo, and the hills of Antioch with the course of the Orontes. Three hours' march led us to the gates of Tripolis; we were expected, and, a league from the town, we met a cavalcade of young Frank merchants of different nations, and some officers of Ibrahim's army, who came out to welcome us.* The son of M. Lombart, a French merchant established at Tripolis, offered us hospitality in the name of his father. We were apprehensive of putting him to expense, and therefore went to the convent of the Franciscan friars. A single monk was the solitary tenant of this large abode, and he gave us accommodation. We passed two days at Tripolis; dined with M. Lombart, and found great pleasure in meeting a French family, in which every countryman is received with open arms. We passed an hour in the evening at the house of the Messieurs Katchiflisse, Greek merchants and Russian consuls, of a family established from time immemorial at Tripolis, where it possesses a magnificent palace. Madame and the Misses Katchiflisse are the three most celebrated ladies in Syria for their beauty and accomplished manners, the latter presenting a piquant blending of Asiatic reserve with the graceful freedom of the Greeks, and the finished good-breeding of the most refined ladies of Europe. They received us in an immense saloon, lighted by a dome, and cooled by a basin of gushing water. They were seated on a semicircular divan, which ran round the bottom of the room, and was entirely covered with rich carpets, the latter being strewed with hookahs, pipes, and vases of flowers, and of sherbet. These three females, decked in Oriental costume, presented the most agreeable picture, each in her individual style of beauty, that the eye could contemplate. We passed a delightful evening in their company, and promised to visit them again on our return.

* [Tripoli, or Tripolis, is a sea-port on the coast of Syria, situated on a plain at the foot of the branches of Mount Lebanon, at the distance of seventy-five miles north-west of Damascus. It contains about 16,000 inhabitants. This Tripoli must not be confounded with Tripoli in Barbary, near Tunis and Algiers.]

The scheik of Eden, the last inhabited village on Lebanon, was maternal uncle of M. Mazoyer, my interpreter. Apprised by his nephew of our arrival at Tripolis, the venerable scheik came down from the mountains, with his eldest son and a part of his followers. He paid me a visit at the Franciscan convent, and invited me to his house at Eden. It is not more than three hours' march from Eden to the cedars of Solomon, and if the snow, which was still lying upon the mountain, could be passed, we might proceed from there to visit those secular trees which have always formed the glory of Lebanon, and were contemporary with the great monarch. We accepted his invitation, and our departure was fixed for the morrow. At five in the morning we were on horseback. The caravan, now more numerous than before, was headed by the Eden scheik, an estimable old man, whose elegant manners, noble and easy politeness, and splendid dress, were far from bespeaking a mere Arab chief; he seemed a patriarch marching in the van of his tribe. He was mounted on a mare of the desert, whose dark-bay colour and streaming mane would have rendered her a courser worthy of a hero of 'The Jerusalem;' his son and chief followers caracolled on splendid stallions around him. We came next; and the rear was brought up by the long file of our moukres and saïs.

The route out of Tripolis affords a most agreeable prospect. It winds along the banks of a river enclosed by two hills, and shaded by the most beautiful trees and orange groves. A kiosk, or café, built beneath those trees, offers its perfumed terrace to promenaders, who resort there to smoke and take coffee, and enjoy the coolness of the flowing stream. From there, a vista allows a sight of the sea, which is half a league from the town, of the handsome square towers, built by the Arabs on the flanks of the harbour, and of the numerous vessels lying in the roads. We traversed a wide plain, cultivated and planted with olives. On the first acclivity which rises from this plain towards Lebanon, in the midst of a forest of olives and fruit-trees of all sorts, we encountered a prodigious concourse of men, women, and children, lining the road. They were the inhabitants of a large village, embosomed in this forest, which belongs to the scheik of Eden. He passes the winter in this village on the plain, and the summer at Eden. These Arabs saluted their chief with great respect, and offered us refreshments, whilst a certain number of them proceeded in company with us, to drive the sheep and calves, and assist us in clearing the mountain precipices. For the four subsequent hours we marched, sometimes in deep valleys, sometimes on the brows of sterile mountains, and we came to a halt on the edge of a torrent, which falls from the heights of Eden, bringing with it heaps of half-melted snow. The scheik had ordered a large fire to be kindled under shelter of a rock, and we breakfasted and rested our horses in this place. The ascent afterwards became so rapid over bare rocks, smooth as polished marble, that it is not possible to conceive how the Arab horses succeed in climbing up, and much more in coming down them. Four Arabs on foot surrounded each of

our horses, and assisted them with their hands and shoulders. Notwithstanding this aid, several slipped down the rock, but without receiving any serious injury. This frightful road, or rather this almost perpendicular wall, conducted us, after two hours' toil, to a rocky table-land, whence the view fell upon a wide inner valley, and the village of Eden, which is built at its highest extremity, and in the snowy region. Above Eden there is only an immense pyramid of naked rock, the ultimate peak in this district of Lebanon, on which is a small chapel in ruins. The blasts of winter keep continually gnawing this rock, and detaching huge blocks from it, which roll even to the village; all the fields in the vicinity are strewed with them, and the castle of the scheik himself is encompassed with them on all sides. This castle, to which we were drawing near, is of complete Arab architecture; the windows are double-ogived arches, separated by their spiral columns of elegant workmanship; the gateway is arched, and flanked by two elevated settles of carved stone, and the posts even of the gate are covered with arabesques. The scheik was the first to dismount, to be ready to receive us at the portal of his residence. His youngest son, with a silver perfuming-pan in his hand, burnt spices before our horses, and his brothers sprinkled our hair and clothes with scented essences. A magnificent repast awaited us in the hall, where whole trees were crackling on the hearth. The finest wines of Lebanon and Cyprus, and a prodigious quantity of game, gave zest to the banquet. Our Arabs fared as sumptuously in the court of the castle. In the evening we strolled through the environs of the village; the snow still covered part of the fields. On all sides we discerned the marks of careful culture; the smallest spot of vegetable earth, between the rocks, had its vine or its walnut. Numberless springs gushed up from the soil, and artificial canals conducted the water into the fields. Some fields on a slope were supported by terraces constructed of immense blocks. We descried a monastery below the rock on our left, and several villages, quite close to each other, on all the sides of the valley.

Same date.—The scheik despatched three Arabs on the road to the cedars, in order to ascertain if the snow would allow our reaching those trees. They reported on their return that access is impracticable, there being fourteen feet of snow in a narrow valley which must be passed to get at the cedars. Wishing to get as near them as possible, I begged the scheik to give me his son and some horsemen. I left my wife and caravan at Eden, and mounted the most powerful of my horses, Scham, and we set off at sunrise. We proceeded for three hours on the crests of mountains, or in plains swamped with melting snow, and arrived on the margin of the Valley of the Saints, a profound gorge into which the eye plunges from the elevated rock, a valley more closed in, more gloomy and solemn, than even that of Hamana. At the head of this valley, where, by a continued ascent, it reaches the snows, a magnificent sheet of water falls a height of 100 feet, stretching a width of 200 or 300 yards. The whole valley resounds with this fall, and the whirl of the torrent it feeds; the foam

streams on all parts of the rock on the mountain-sides. Almost out of sight, at the bottom of the ravine, we spied two villages, the houses in which were scarcely distinguishable from the rocks hurled forward by the torrent. The branches of the poplars and mulberries appear in the distance like tufts of rushes or long grass. We descended to the village of Bescherai by a path hewn in the rock, and so steep, that it seems inconceivable that men should hazard themselves upon it. Many fatal accidents occur. A stone thrown from the crest we were winding down would fall on the roofs of these villages, which we did not, however, reach in less than an hour's continued descent. Above the cascade and the snow immense fields of ice undulate like vapours of alternate green and blue; and about a mile to the left, in a sort of semicircular vale, formed by the highest cliffs of Lebanon, we perceive a large black spot on the snow: it is the renowned group of cedars. They crown, like a diadem, the brow of the mountain, and look down upon the outbranchings of the numerous large valleys which fall from it: the sea and the sky are their horison. We urged our horses through the snow, to come as near as possible to the group, but when within 500 or 600 yards of it, our horses sank up to their shoulders, convincing us that the report of the Arabs was true, and that we must renounce the project of touching with our hands those relics of centuries and of nature. We got off horseback, and seated ourselves on a rock to contemplate them.

These trees are the most celebrated natural monuments in the universe. Religion, poetry, and history, have equally consecrated them. The Holy Scriptures celebrate them in several places. They form one of the images which the prophets use with especial preference. Solomon was desirous to devote them to the adorning of the temple he erected to the only God, doubtless on account of the fame for magnificence and sanctity which these prodigies of vegetation possessed at that era. These are certainly they, for Ezekiel speaks of the cedars of Eden as the most beautiful on Lebanon. The Arabs of all creeds have a traditional veneration for these trees. They attribute to them not only a vegetative vigour which gives them an eternal existence, but also a soul, which endows them with marks of sagacity and foresight, similar to those arising from instinct in animals, or from intellect in men. They know beforehand the seasons, they move their vast branches like limbs, they stretch them out, or draw them in, raise them to the heavens, or bend them to the earth, according as the snow is about to fall or to melt. They are divine beings in the form of trees. This is the only spot on the chain of Lebanon where they grow, and here they take root far above the region where all considerable vegetation ceases. All this strikes with astonishment the imagination of people in the East, and I am not quite sure that science itself would not be surprised.

But, alas! Bassan languishes, Carmel and the flowers of Lebanon are fading. These trees are diminished every age. Travellers formerly counted thirty or forty, afterwards seventeen, and at a later date but twelve. There are not more than seven which, from their

massiveness, can be presumed contemporaries of the biblical era. Around these aged witnesses of times past, who know the history of the earth better than history herself, who would tell us, if they could speak, of so many empires, religions, and human races swept away, there still remains a small forest of younger cedars, which appear to me to form a group of 400 or 500 trees or bushes. Every year in the month of June the inhabitants of Bescherai, Eden, Kanobin, and the other villages in the neighbouring valleys, mount to the cedars, and celebrate mass at their feet. How many prayers have resounded under these branches! And what more sublime temple, what altar nearer the heavens! What fane more majestic and holy, than the loftiest level of Lebanon, the trunks of the cedars, and the canopy of those sacred branches which have shaded, and still shade, so many human generations, pronouncing the name of God, in different syllables, but acknowledging him everywhere in his works, and adoring him in the manifestations of nature! And I also prayed in sight of these trees. The melodious breeze which was sounding through their echoing branches played in my hair, and congealed on my eyelids tears of sorrow and adoration.

We again mounted our horses, marched three hours on the table-lands which command the valleys of Kadiska, and descended to Kanobin, the most celebrated of all the Maronite monasteries, situated in the Valley of the Saints. We had a sight of the monastery of Deir-Serkis, now abandoned to one or two monks. Burckhardt, in 1810, found there an old Tuscan hermit, who was come to finish his days there, after having been a missionary in India, Egypt, and Persia. Our first view of the monastery of Kanobin was from the summit of a cliff which projected into the valley like a promontory. I gave my horse to the Arabs, and I lay down on the ground at the point of a rock, whence the eye plunged perpendicularly into the abyss of the Vale of Saints. The river Kadiska rolled at the foot of this rock; its bed was one continued stream of foam, but it was at such a height that its roar did not reach me. Kanobin was founded, say the Maronite monks, by Theodosius the Great. The entire Valley of the Saints resembles a huge natural nave, whose arch is the heavens, its pillars the crests of Lebanon, and its chapels the innumerable cells of the anchorites hollowed in the flanks of the rock. These hermitages are suspended over precipices which seem unapproachable. They are like swallows' nests, at all elevations in the walls of the valley. Some are mere grottos scooped out of the stone, others are small huts built amongst the roots of trees growing on the projecting cornices of the mountain. The great convent is below, on the bank of the torrent. It is peopled by forty or fifty Maronite monks, who are occupied in the labours of husbandry, and in printing elementary books for the education of the people. Excellent men, the sons and fathers of the people, not living on the sweat of others, but working night and day for the advantage of their brethren; simple men, who desire no wealth, no fame in this world! To labour, pray, live in peace, die in grace, and unknown

of men—therein is comprised the whole ambition of the Maronite monks.

Same date.—Yesterday I was the guest of the scheik of Eden, a Maronite Arab village, situated under the sharpest-pointed cliff of the mountains, on the extreme verge of vegetation, and uninhabitable except in summer. The respectable old man had come to seek me, with his son and some of his servants, even as far as Tripolis, and had received me in his castle of Eden with the dignity, kindness of heart, and elegance of address, that one might imagine would have been displayed by an old lord of the court of Louis XIV. Whole trees were consumed on the large hearth; sheep, kids, and deer were heaped in piles in the vast halls, and bottles of the golden wine of Lebanon, a hundred years old, were drawn for us and our escort. After delaying some time to study these enchanting Homeric manners, poetical as the places where we found them, the scheik gave me his eldest son and some Arab horsemen to conduct me to the cedars of Solomon, the renowned trees which still render sacred the highest peak of Lebanon, and which have been venerated for ages as the last evidences of the glory of Solomon. I will not describe them here. On our return from this excursion, so memorable for a traveller, we got entangled in the windings of the rocks, and in the numberless high gorges with which this group of Lebanon is splintered in all directions, and we suddenly found ourselves on the margin of an enormous precipitous wall of rock, sinking some thousand feet in depth, and hemming in the Valley of Saints. The sides of this granite rampart were so perpendicular that even mountain-goats could not have scaled them, and our Arabs were obliged to crawl on their hands and knees, and stoop over the abyss to perceive its base. The sun was sinking, and we had toiled many hours, and several more were required to retrace our lost route, and regain Eden. We dismounted from our horses, and giving ourselves up to a guide who knew, at a little distance, a path of the rock cut by the Maronite monks, the immemorial occupants of this valley, we clung for some time along the edges of the cornice, and at last descended over the slippery steps to a platform, detached from the rock, which commanded the whole prospect.

The valley, at its highest extremity, sank from the foot of the snows, and from the cedars, which formed a black cloud upon them, by wide and gentle slopes, rounding into swards of yellow and delicate green, like that on the high croups of Jura or the Alps: a multitude of foaming rivulets, issuing on all sides from the dissolving snow, ploughed these grassy banks, and united in a single body of whirling waves at the foot of the lowest declivity. There the valley fell, all at once, 400 or 500 feet deep; and the torrent was precipitated with it, in a wide volume, now covering the rock, as if with a liquid and transparent curtain, now leaping and shooting into arches, and falling at last on large, sharp-pointed blocks of granite, hurled from the summit, where it was broken into floating shreds, and roared like everlasting thunder. The blast of the fall reached even

us, carrying with it the spray of a thousand tints, like a vapoury mist, throwing it over the whole valley, or hanging it like dew upon the leaves of the shrubs and the rough points of the rock. Advancing towards the north, the Valley of Saints dived more and more, and expanded into greater width, when, about two miles from where we were standing, two bare and frowning mountains gradually approached towards each other, scarcely leaving an opening of a few yards between their two extremities, where the valley was terminated and lost amid its green banks, hanging vines, poplars, cypresses, and milky torrent. Above these two mountains that thus strangled it we could perceive, at the horison, what seemed a lake of deeper blue than the sky—it was a portion of the Syrian Sea, enclosed in a curiously-formed gulf by other mountains of Lebanon. This gulf was twenty leagues from us, but the transparency of the atmosphere brought it, as it were, to our feet; and we distinguished even two ships under sail, which, hanging between the blue of heaven and that of ocean, and lessened by the distance, seemed two swans gliding on the horison. This spectacle seized us so irresistibly at first, that we did not dwell upon the details of the valley; but when the first dazzling shock was over, and our eyes could pierce the floating vapours of evening and the waters, a scene of another description opened by degrees before us.

At each winding of the torrent, where the gurgling stream left a point of land, a Maronite convent stood out, with its walls of red-tinted brown, from the ashy gray of the rock, and sent its spiral smoke amongst the branches of poplars and cypresses. Around the convents, small enclosures, won from the rock or the torrent, were cultivated like the well-tilled gardens of our country-houses, and, straggling here and there, we perceive the Maronites themselves, with their black cowls, returning from the labours of the field—some with the spade on their shoulder, some leading Arab colts, and others, again, holding the handle of the plough, and directing their oxen amongst the mulberry-trees. Several of these habitations of prayer and labour were suspended, with their chapels and grottos, upon the projecting cliffs of the two mountains; some were hollowed out, like the caves of wild beasts, in the rock itself: we could only discern the doorway, surmounted by an open ogive, where a bell was hung, and some narrow terraces, hewn under the canopy of the rock, where the aged and infirm monks came to breathe the air, and enjoy a little sunshine. To some of the precipitous ledges the eye could discover no access, but on even those were a convent, an oratory, or a hermitage, and some anchorites winding amid the rocks and shrubs, working, reading, or praying. One of these convents contained an Arab printing-press, for the instruction of the Maronite people; and we saw on the terrace a crowd of monks moving to and fro, and spreading out upon bunches of reeds the white sheets of damp paper. Nothing can describe, unless it be the pencil, the concourse and picturesque effect of these retreats: each stone seemed to have become a cell, and every grotto to have its hermit;

every spring was full of movement and life; every tree had its anchorite under its branches: wherever the eye fell, it saw the valley, the mountain, and the precipices grow, as it were, into animation under its gaze, and a spectacle of existence, prayer, and contemplation stand out from the eternal masses, or mingle with them, giving sacredness to all around. But in a little while the sun drooped, the labours of the day ceased, and all the black figures scattered in the valley retreated into the grottos or the monasteries. The bells sounded on all sides the hour for congregating to the evening service; some ringing with the force and vibrating tone of a high wind upon the seas, and others tinkling like the chirpings of birds in a field of corn, plaintive and indistinct as sighs in the desert. The bells answered each other from the two opposite sides of the valley; and the thousand echoes of the grottos and precipices multiplied them in confused and reverberating murmurs, mingled with the roar of the torrent, and the numberless resounding falls of the springs and cascades with which the mountain-sides were furrowed. Then came a moment of silence, and a fresh echo, more soft, melancholy, and solemn, filled the valley: it was the chant of psalms, which, rising all at once from every monastery and church, from every oratory and rocky grotto, mounted to us in a confused and vast murmur, resembling one single melodious lament uttered by the whole valley, as if it had just found a soul and a voice. A perfume spread through the air, which angels might have breathed: we stood mute and overjoyed like those celestial spirits, when, hovering over the globe they believed a desert, they heard ascend from these same regions the first prayer of mankind. We felt how the voice of man can give life to nature in her deadest aspect, and what song will be at the end of time when all the emotions of the human heart, concentrated in the single sentiment of poetry, shall be here below but one hymn of adoration!

April 12.—Returned to Tripolis with the scheik and his tribe. I gave his son a piece of silk to make a divan. Passed a day in going over the delightful environs of Tripolis, and then started for Beirout by the sea-coast. Consumed a few days in embarking our luggage on board the brig I had chartered, 'The Sophia.' We made preparations for a visit to Egypt, and uttered our adieus to our Frank and Arab friends. I gave away several of my horses, and sent off six of the most beautiful under the conduct of an Arab equerry, and three of my best saïs, by the route of Syria and Caramania, to meet me on the 1st of July on the shore of the Gulf of Marci, opposite the Isle of Rhodes, in Asia Minor. At sunrise, on the 15th April, we left the house where Julia embraced us for the last time, and quitted us for heaven. We kissed the pavement of her chamber a thousand times, and steeped it with our tears. This house was for me like a consecrated relic. I looked at it again on all sides; on the birds, the doves, her horse, the garden, the two young Syrian girls who came to play with her, and who lived under our windows in the garden. They had arisen before daylight, and, dressed in their

richest apparel, were weeping. They stretched out their hands towards us, and plucked the flowers from their hair. I gave each of them, as a memento of foreign friends whom they would never again behold but in their thoughts, a necklace of pieces of gold, to be worn on their marriage. One of them, called Anastasia, was the most beautiful female I had seen in the East.

The sea was like a mirror. The boats which contained our friends who accompanied us on board followed ours. We weighed anchor with a light breeze from the east. The coasts of Syria, lined with their fringe of sand, disappeared with the heads of the palm-trees. The white peaks of Lebanon were in view for a long time. During the night we doubled Cape Carmel, and at sunrise we were off the heights of Saint Jean d'Acre, with the Gulf of Caypha before us. The sea was beautiful, and its waves were ploughed by a host of dolphins sporting round the vessel. Everything in nature wore an appearance of gladness and joy, as well as on the waves around that bark which bore hearts dead to all joy and serenity. I passed the night on deck—with what thoughts! My heart knows!

We skirted the low coasts of Galilee; Jaffa glittered like a rock of chalk in the horison, on its beach of white sand. We made towards it, intending to remain there some days, as my wife, and those of my friends who could not accompany me in my journey to Jerusalem, were unwilling to pass so near the sacred tomb without bearing to it some additional groans. In the evening the wind freshened, and we cast anchor at seven o'clock in the stormy roadstead of Jaffa. The sea was too high to hoist a boat out, and it was not till the next day that we all disembarked. A caravan was prepared by the care of my old friends, the Messieurs Damiani, the French agents at Jaffa. It started at eleven to proceed as far as Ramla, and there pass the night. I was left alone in the house of M. Damiani. I passed five days in wandering alone through the environs. The Arab friends with whom I had formed an acquaintance in my two first visits took me to the gardens they had around the town. I have already described these gardens. They are groves of oranges, citrons, pomegranates, and figs, trees as large as walnuts in France, surrounded on all sides by the Desert of Gaza. A family of Arab peasants resides in an adjoining cabin, and there are cisterns or wells, a few camels, goats, sheep, pigeons, and chickens. The ground is strewed with oranges and lemons fallen from the trees; a tent is fixed on the margin of one of the irrigating canals, and carpets are laid out. The tent is open towards the sea to receive the breeze, which prevails from ten in the morning until the evening, which contracts a perfume as it passes under the orange branches, and scatters showers of orange-flowers. The tops of the minarets of Jaffa are seen from there, as well as the vessels sailing between Asia Minor and Egypt. I should have wished to remain here. Jaffa, shut out from the whole world, on the edge of the great Egyptian desert, whose sand forms white banks around these orange groves, beneath a sky always pure and warm, would be an admirable abode for a

man sick of life, and who desires but one spot under the sun. The caravan returned. I asked of Madame de Lamartine some account of Bethlehem and the surrounding localities, which the plague had prevented me from visiting in my first journey. The relation she gave me I shall insert here.

NARRATIVE OF MADAME DE LAMARTINE.

'On leaving the gardens of Jaffa, we spurred our horses to a gallop over an immense plain, then covered with yellow and blue thistles. Large flocks, tended by an Arab trooper, armed with a long lance, as in the Pontine Marshes, were cropping at intervals the scarce provender amongst the grass that the sun had not entirely scorched. Farther onwards to our right, and the same as at the entrance to the desert of El-Arisch, some lumps of mud, covered with dried grass, were stuck in the ground, like haycocks drenched in the storm before the husbandman could secure them: it was a village. As we drew near, we saw naked children issue from the cones which served as habitations; and some women, their hair streaming, partially clad in a deep-blue chemise, quitted the fire they were kindling on two stones to prepare their food, and mounted to the top of their huts to see us defile past. After a four hours' march we arrived at Ramla, where we were expected by the agent of the Sardinian consulate, who had the kindness to lend us his house, females not being received in the Latin convent. In the evening we visited an ancient tower a quarter of a mile from the town, called the Tower of the Forty Martyrs, now inhabited by turning dervishes. It was a Friday, the day of ceremony for their rites. We remained to witness them. About twenty dervishes, dressed in long robes and peaked caps of white felt, were squatted in a circle, within an enclosure, surrounded by a low balustrade; he who appeared to be the chief, a venerable person, with a long white beard, was placed, as a mark of distinction, on a cushion higher than the others. An orchestra, composed of a *nâhi*, or bassoon, a *shoubabe*, a species of clarionet, and two small conjoined drums called *nacariate*, played airs utterly discordant to our European ears. The dervishes got up one by one, with great gravity, passed before the superior, saluted him, and commenced to swing themselves round, with their arms extended, and their eyes raised to heaven. Their motion was slow at first, but grew quicker by degrees, assumed an extreme rapidity, and finished by forming, as it were, a whirlpool, by which the eye was confused and dazzled. As long as we could observe them, their countenances seemed to express great exaltation, but at last we could distinguish nothing. How long this strange waltz continued I cannot precisely tell, but it was for a time that seemed to me incre-

dible. By degrees, however, the number of turners diminished; exhausted with fatigue, they leant against each other, and sank back into their original attitudes. Those who continued last seemed striving to turn as long as possible; and I experienced a painful sensation at witnessing the efforts made by an old dervish, panting and staggering at the end of the trial, to keep it up longer than the rest. During this exhibition our Arabs talked to us of their superstitions. They asserted that a Christian, by continually reciting the Belief, could force a Mussulman to turn, by an irresistible impulse, until he died; that there were many examples of it, and that upon one occasion the dervishes having discovered the person who was employing this spell, compelled him to recite the Belief backwards, and thus destroyed the charm at the moment the turner was about to expire. We fell into a train of sad reflections upon the imbecility of human reason, which gropes in blindness for the route to heaven, and so often misses the way. These grotesque extravagances, which degrade in some degree the human understanding, had nevertheless a design worthy of respect, and a noble motive. It was man wishing to honour God; it was the imagination striving to exalt itself by physical movement, and to reach, as is effected by opium, that divine reverie, that complete annihilation of feeling and of self, which allows it to believe that it is lost in the infinite unity, and that it is in communion with God! It was originally perhaps a pious imitation of the motion of the stars turning before God; it was perhaps the produce of that same enthusiastic and impassioned exaltation which, at a former period, made David dance before the ark of the Lord. Some of us imitated the wife of the royal poet, and were tempted to deride the dervishes. They seemed to them out of their senses, as to men who were ignorant of the fundamental part of our creed might appear some of the monkish observances, the mendicity of our friars, and the flagellations of certain of the ascetic orders. But however absurd a religious practice may be to the cold eye of reason, a more profound and exalted reflection always finds in it something to respect—the motive which inspires it. Nothing which concerns the idea of God is ridiculous. It is sometimes atrocious, often insensate, but always serious. The conscience of the dervish is at peace when he has accomplished his pious waltz, and he believes that his twirlings have done honour to the divinity. But if we do not look upon him as ridiculous, we are sometimes disposed to regard him with pity, and I am not sure that we are not equally wrong in both cases. Where would we ourselves be without the lessons of Christianity which have illumined our reason? would we be more rational than this man? History can supply the answer. We find one Plato for tens of thousands of idolaters.

'On coming out of the tower, we entered into the galleries of a ruined cloister, which led to a subterranean church. We descended by several steps under an elliptic arch, supported by a handsome colonnade. The appearance of an underground church has always struck me with an effect at once imposing and affecting. The mys-

terious darkness, and the solitude of these silent vaults, carry back the imagination to the first era of the creed, when the Christians retreated into deep caverns, to conceal their mysteries from profane eyes, and to shelter themselves from persecution. In the East the majority of these churches appear built to embellish these primitive asylums, and to adorn, with all the richness of architecture, the humble retreats in which the faith was so long entombed, as if to revenge, by a brilliant reparation, the humiliations and sufferings imposed by pagan domination. But the period of persecution must have revived for the unfortunate Christians, since the name of this monument, the Forty Martyrs, would lead to the conclusion that it had been used as a refuge by the faithful without being successful in protecting them; and now all is in ruins. The naves and colonnades, built by emperors, have not commanded more respect from the conquerors than the humble grottos of the first disciples of the Cross; the arches are used for stables, and the cloisters for barracks. There were still some tombs of the time of the Crusades, but the night prevented us from tarrying any longer: we were obliged to return to our lodging, and prepare our caravan for the morrow. The aga of Ramla gave us an escort, and ordered the *cawass* in chief not to leave my side for an instant in the defiles of the mountains we were about to enter, and to follow my directions in all particulars. The respect of the Mohammedans for European females forms a singular contrast to the dependent state in which they keep their own. We had every reason to be gratified at the extreme attention and solicitous politeness of this janissary. Keeping his eye constantly on the Arab mare I was riding, he seemed alarmed when I ventured to urge it forward, and was lost in surprise that I could preserve my equilibrium in the precipitous roads we had to scale. He was of great utility to us afterwards, when we met in the midst of these gorges a host of pilgrims returning from Jerusalem, who blocked up the passage. He compelled them to yield us the least difficult part of the road, among the blocks of granite and the roots of shrubs which lined the ravine, and prevented us from rolling over the precipice. Without his authority, the long file of the procession might have tumbled us headlong down if the rear had given impetus to the head of the column.

'Quitting Ramla, the route continues through the plain for two leagues. We stopped at Jacob's well; but not having a pitcher to draw up the water, which was far down, we continued our way. This whole region preserves such vivid traces of the biblical times, that we are not at all surprised at, or find the least difficulty in admitting, the traditions which gave the name of Jacob to a well which still exists, and we expect to see the patriarch watering the flocks of Rachel, rather than entertain any doubt of his identity. It is only after reflection that we are seized with astonishment or doubt, when the lapse of 4000 years, and the various phases which humanity has undergone, present themselves to the imagination, and cause one's faith to stagger; but, on the other hand, in a plain where water is

found at long intervals of three or four hours, a well or a spring must have been as important an object in past ages as at present, and thus its name may have been as religiously preserved as that of the towers of David or the cisterns of Solomon. We shortly entered upon the mountains of Judea; the road became difficult, sometimes along the edge of a precipice, leaving to the horses just room enough for their feet: sometimes fragments of rock, rolled and heaped across the path, formed a rough staircase, which Arabian horses alone are capable of clearing. But however toilsome the track, it presented no danger comparable to that incurred on the route to Hamana. At the summit of the first peak, we turned round for an instant to enjoy a magnificent view over all the country that we had just traversed, as far as the shore beyond Jaffa. Although all was still around us, the horison on the sea, red and lowering, announced to an experienced eye the coming tempest; already portentous waves were heaving the ships in the roadstead; we attempted to distinguish ours, and thought of those who had remained on board. My sad forebodings were far from chimerical. On the following day several vessels were thrown on this dangerous coast, and ours, after having for a long time dragged its anchor, snapped its cable in the midst of a frightful squall. After this momentary halt, we descended the other side of the mountain to have others again to scale, sometimes over avalanches of stones, which slide from under our horses' feet, and at other times along the margin of a narrow cornicing. The hills on both sides were often well wooded; the bright green of the beautiful clusters of strawberry bushes and wild laurels formed a strong contrast to the meagre foliage of the mastics and olives. Water is frequently the only ingredient wanting to render the landscape complete. But a spectacle of a different complexion was in wait for us. A procession of numberless pilgrims of all nations, returning from Jerusalem, was defiling immediately in front of us, from the top of a dry and naked mountain, and winding down to the gorge which we were traversing. No words can describe the picturesque effect of this scene, the variety of colours, of costumes, of attitudes; from the rich Armenian to the poorest mendicant monk, everything contributed to embellish it. After admiring the general effect, we had full leisure to examine the details, during the two hours that elapsed in our mutually passing each other. Now was a Greek patriarch in his handsome dress, majestically seated on a red and golden saddle, the bridle of his horse held by two saïs, and followed by a crowd on foot, a cavalcade resembling the triumphal march of a papal legate in the middle ages; then came a poor family, the father of which, with his pilgrim's staff in his hand, led a mule loaded with little children; the eldest, perched on the neck of the animal, held a cord by way of bridle, and a taper as a standard. The other children, crowded in panniers slung on each side, were gnawing the remains of consecrated bread; the mother, pale and attenuated, kept up with difficulty, suckling an infant fastened to her breasts by a broad girdle. A long file of neophytes followed, each holding an enormous paschal taper, according

to the Greek form, and chanting psalms in a nasal and monotonous tone. Further on were Jews with red turbans, long black beards, and penetrating and sinister-looking eyes, seeming internally to curse a creed which had disinherited them. How came they amongst this crowd of Christians? Some of them had taken advantage of the caravan to visit the tomb of David or the valley of Tiberias, and others were speculating on making money by furnishing the multitude with provisions. The crowd on foot was interspersed at intervals by camels loaded with enormous bales, and accompanied by their moukres in the Arab costume, a vest and wide pantaloons of brown cloth streaked with blue, and a yellow kerchief on the head. Next appeared the Armenian families; the women, concealed under the large white veil, were travelling in a *tactrewan*, a sort of cage borne upon two mules; the men, in long robes of a deep colour, their heads enveloped with the great square calpack of the inhabitants of Smyrna, were leading their sons by the hand, whose grave, reflective, and calculating aspect gave no appearance of the sprightliness of childhood. Greek sailors, and the captains of pirate vessels, who had come from the ports of Asia Minor and the Archipelago, with shiploads of pilgrims, as a slaver with negroes, were swearing in their energetic tongue, and urging on the march to get their human cargoes re-embarked as quickly as possible. A sick child was carried on a litter, with its parents by its side, weeping their disappointed hopes of the miraculous cure which they had anticipated from their pious pilgrimage. Alas! I also wept: I had hoped and prayed like them; but, more unfortunate than they, I had not even uncertainty as to the extent of my misfortune.

'At the end came a crowd of wretched ragged Copts, men, women, and children, dragging themselves along, as if just discharged from an hospital. The whole troop, scorched by the sun, and panting with thirst, were struggling to keep up with the caravan, and to avoid being left behind in the defiles of the mountains. I blushed at seeing myself on horseback, escorted by janissaries, encompassed by devoted friends, who secured me from every danger, every difficulty, whilst a faith so lively had led such a multitude of individuals to brave fatigues, maladies, and privations of all sorts. They were indeed true pilgrims. I was but a traveller. Between this first chain of mountains and the last heights which command Jerusalem are the pretty vale and village of Jeremiah. We had just passed before the old Greek church, which, like many others, is now a stable, when we saw about fifty Arabs, disposed semicircularly on the side of the hill, and squatted under beautiful olive-trees. In the middle of the circle, and on a small elevation above the rest, sat the chief, the famous Abougosh. Standing by his side we saw his brother and his son, loaded with their arms, and holding pipes: their horses, tied to the trees behind them, completed the picture. On the appearance of our caravan, he sent his son to speak with our dragoman, who marched in front. Having learnt that the escort was conducting to Jerusalem the wife of the Frank emir whom he had seen six months before, he sent to beg us to stop

and take coffee. We were in no mood to refuse the invitation, and having distributed provisions for the halt to our cawass and moukres, we suffered ourselves to be conducted to a short distance from the group of Arabs. There our dignity required that we should stop, until they in their turn moved towards us. Abougosh rose, and came to accost M. de Parseval. After honouring us with many marks of politeness, and offering us coffee, he requested a private conversation with me. I caused my companions to retire a few paces, and by the medium of the interpreter, he communicated to me that one of his brothers was a prisoner of the Egyptians, and that, as he understood M. de Lamartine had great weight in the councils of Ibrahim Pacha, he begged me to solicit his intervention on his behalf, so that he might recover his liberty. We were certainly very far from enjoying the credit that he imagined; but chance so willed it that I had it in my power to render him service by getting his cause pleaded before the commander of the Egyptian army.

'On drawing near to Jerusalem, the sight of the walls was intercepted by a large encampment of troops belonging to Ibrahim Pacha. The sentinels came forward, examined us, spoke to our dragoman, and then opened the passage for us through the camp. We soon found ourselves in front of the general's tent. The curtains being drawn back, we discovered him stretched on a divan of cashemire, surrounded by his officers, some standing, and others seated on Persian carpets. Their garments of glaring colours, lined with beautiful furs, and embroidered with gold, their glittering arms, the black slaves who were presenting them coffee in silver cups, formed for us a brilliant and novel spectacle. Around the tents saïs were walking some splendid Arab stallions about, to allow the foam to dry on their shining skins. Others fastened with shackles were neighing impatiently, pawing the ground, and darting fiery glances on a squadron of cavalry about to depart. The Egyptian troops, composed of young conscripts, miserably clad in a scanty red uniform, half European, half Asiatic, formed a striking contrast to the Arabs, enveloped in their ample draperies. Yet it was these short, ugly, ill-made Egyptians who were marching from conquest to conquest, and making the sultan tremble at the gate of Constantinople!

'We entered the holy city by the Bethlehem gate, turning immediately to the left to reach the quarter of the Latin convent. Females not being received in that establishment, we took possession of a house generally uninhabited, but which serves for strangers when the convent of the Holy Land is full. We stretched our mattresses upon benches arranged for that purpose, hoping to repose ourselves after the emotions of the journey, and to recover strength to support the new and more exciting ones in store. But, assailed by thousands of insects, mosquitos, fleas, and bugs, which had doubtless been long out of pasture in these deserted chambers, or, what was far worse to suppose, had been left there by some of those ragged pilgrims whom we had met on the road, all hope of sleep was banished, and the night passed over in vain attempts to shield our-

selves from attack, by continual change of place. One of our travelling companions, disregarding our exhortations to patience, fled for refuge to the convent. The principal came to see us, and told us that if he had been apprised of our situation, he would have made arrangements for a more comfortable lodging, and promised to have everything in order for the following night. I apologised to him, assuring him that we needed nothing, and I had reason to blush for our susceptibility before this humble apostle of poverty and self-denial. The principal was a Spaniard of a superior mind, endowed with a profound knowledge of men and things. During our residence at Jerusalem, I had particular occasion to appreciate his indulgent kindness, his merit, and the great utility of his influence in the convent of the Holy Land. But his career of trial here below was soon to finish by martyrdom, at the moment perhaps when he flattered himself that he should enjoy some repose in his native country. Having embarked shortly after our departure, to return into Spain, he was massacred, with fifteen other monks, by some Greek sailors, not far from the coasts of Cyprus. A Mohammedan boy, who alone escaped from the carnage, followed and denounced the assassins, who were arrested in Caramania. The principal was scarcely fifty years of age.

'On the following day, as soon as the sun rose, we commenced our visit to the sacred places. But I must here stop, and be silent on the deep emotions that these spots caused in me, because they are all personal to myself. Nor will I speak of the appearance of the streets of Jerusalem, which are already described by my companions. I shut up within my own bosom all the sensations of my mind; I needed not to write them down, for they are too profound ever to be effaced from my recollection. If there be any localities in the world which have the mournful power of arousing all that is sad and sorrowful in the human heart, and of responding to internal anguish by, so to express myself, a material lamentation, they are those where I pondered. Every step that is taken echoes in the depths of the soul like the voice of wo, and every look falls on a memento of holy grief, which absorbs our individual sorrows in those ineffable agonies of humanity which were here suffered, expiated, and consecrated.

'We departed from Jerusalem at five in the morning, in order to arrive at Bethlehem at the hour at which they repeat mass in the grotto of the Nativity; an old Spanish monk, with a long beard, wrapped up in a *mashlah*,* with wide black and white stripes, his feet trailing on the ground, being mounted on a very diminutive donkey, led the way, and served as a guide. Although it was the month of April, an icy wind blew with violence, and threatened to overturn both me and my horse. It was a squall from the tempest on the Sea of Jaffa, which reached even here. The dust which was whirled about almost blinded me: I abandoned the reins of my mare to the

* The large mantle of the Bedouin Arab is so called.

Arab saïs, and drawing my mashlah around me, I buried myself in the reflections to which the route I was traversing, and the objects consecrated by tradition, naturally gave rise. But these objects are all too well known for me to linger on their description; the olive of the prophet Elias, the fountain where the star appeared to the magi, the site of Rama, whence issued the voice of wo that was echoed in my own bosom, all excited in me sensations too profound for transmission to paper. The Latin convent of Bethlehem had been closed for eleven months by the plague, but for some time there had been no fresh victims; and when we presented ourselves at the small low gate which serves as an entrance to the monastery, it was opened for us.* After having passed, one by one, stooping under the narrow doorway, our first emotion was that of surprise at finding ourselves in a majestic church; forty-eight marble columns, each of a single block, ranged in two rows on each side, formed five naves, surmounted by a massive frame of cedar-wood; but we looked in vain for the altar or the pulpit; all was broken, ruined, despoiled; and a wall, rudely cemented, divided this beautiful monument of the birth of the Cross, and thus concealed the part reserved for worship, the possession of which the different Christian sects still dispute amongst themselves. The nave belongs to the Latins, but it serves merely as a vestibule to the convent; they have walled up the large gate, and the low postern by which we had entered was constructed to protect these venerated relics from the profanation of the hordes of Arab brigands who used to penetrate on horseback even to the foot of the altar, to levy exactions on the monks. The superior received us with cordiality; his mild, calm, and contented countenance was equally distant from the austerity of the anchorite and the jovial indifference of which the monks are accused. He asked several questions respecting the country that we had passed on our way, and the Egyptian troops that were encamped so near them. Eleven months' seclusion had rendered him eager for news; and he was extremely rejoiced to learn that Ibrahim Pacha extended protection to the Christian population of Syria. After a few moments' rest, we got ready to hear mass in the Chapel of the Manger. They lighted a feeble lantern, and we descended, preceded by the brethren, to a

* [Bethlehem is a small village, situated a few miles south from Jerusalem, on the face of a rising ground, 'at the southern side of a deep valley, extending east and west. Standing upon an acclivity, the lower part of the rock is excavated, and usually serves as a stable for cattle. So much for the place of Nativity being under ground.'—*Robinson.* Over the cavern, pointed out by tradition as the scene of the birth of the infant Jesus, a convent and church have been erected, and the cavern itself forms a subterranean chapel, into which strangers are conducted by the monks attached to the establishment; it is called the Chapel of the Manger. 'The walls of the convent contain all that is most interesting in Bethlehem, but outside the walls also are places consecrated in Bible history. Standing on the high table of ground in front of the convent, one of the monks pointed out the fountain where, when David was thirsting, his young men procured him water; and in the rear of the convent is a beautiful valley, having in the midst of it a ruined village, marking the place where the shepherds were watching their flocks at night when the angel came down and announced to them the birth of the Saviour. The scene was pastoral as it had been eighteen hundred years before.'—*Stephens's Incidents of Travel.*]

long labyrinth of subterranean corridors, which we had to traverse in order to reach the sacred grotto. These vaults are full of tombs and memorials: here the tomb of St Jerome, there that of Santa Paula,* of St Eustachius, and the pit of the Innocents. But nothing could arrest our attention at this moment: the dazzling light from thirty to forty lamps, under a small arch at the end of the passage, showed us the altar raised on the place of the Nativity, and two steps lower, on the right, that of the Manger. These natural grottos are partially covered with marble, to protect them from the indiscreet piety of the pilgrims, who were wont to batter down the walls to carry away the fragments; but we could still touch the naked rock behind the slabs of marble with which it is lined; and the vault in general yet presents the irregularity of its primitive form. Ornaments have not here, as in some other sacred places, altered nature in such a manner as to induce doubts touching their identity, but serve merely to preserve the natural formation. On considering these arches and hollows in the rock, we immediately recognise that they must have served for stables to the flocks which the shepherds guarded in the plain, which is yet covered with green pastures, extending to a great distance beneath the rocky table-land, which the church and convent crown like a citadel. The outer opening of the vaults which communicated with the pasture-land has been closed up; but a few paces beyond, another cavern of the same kind can be visited, which undoubtedly was used for a similar purpose.

We assisted at the mass. The tone in which my mind unfortunately found itself renders me unable to express what these localities and ceremonies were so well calculated to inspire; everything within me was resolved into a deep and mournful emotion. An Arab woman, who came to have her newly-born baptised on the altar of the Manger increased my affliction. After mass we returned to the convent, not by the subterranean corridor, but by a wide and commodious staircase, which ended at the cross of the church, behind the wall of separation of which I have spoken. This staircase formerly belonged equally to the two Greek and Latin communions; at present the Greeks alone enjoy it, and the fathers of Bethlehem were vehement in their complaints to us of this usurpation. They wished to impose on us the task of giving effect to their remonstrances in Europe; and we could with difficulty convince them that, although French, we possessed no authority to compel a restitution of their rights. The two lateral naves, which give the form of a cross to the ancient church, are now turned into chapels, the one belonging to the Armenians, and the other to the Latins. In the

*[This was a noble Roman lady who founded several monasteries about Bethlehem, which are now in ruins. She was the mother of Eustachius. St Jerome, as is well known, translated the version of the Bible adopted by the Church of Rome, and called the Vulgate. The study in which he translated it is likewise shown in this passage, as also the spot where Joseph waited until the Virgin Mary was delivered of her son.]

centre is the chief altar, placed immediately above the grotto; the choir is separated from it by a grating and a wall of gilded wainscoting, which conceals the sanctuary of the Greeks. The Greek church, in the East, is much richer than the Roman; with the latter, all is lowly and meek—with the former, pomp and show. The rivalry which arises from their respective positions produces an extremely painful impression: it is grievous to behold wrangling and discord in places which should inspire only charity and love. The foundation of the church is attributed to St Helena, as well as of most of the other Christian edifices in Palestine. But it is objected that, having visited Syria at an advanced time of life, she could not have got so many structures completed; yet it is not a question of time or space, as it is quite evident that her creative will and pious zeal may have ruled the commencement of monuments which were terminated after her death.

On our return to the convent, an excellent repast was offered us in the refectory by the superior, whom we quitted with regret, wishing to avail ourselves of the hours that remained to visit the surrounding localities. On descending towards the plain, we were shown a grotto, where tradition alleges that the Holy Virgin was concealed before her departure for Egypt. On some heights which command Bethlehem we perceived the remains of towers which mark different encampments of the crusaders, and which still bear the names of those heroes. We passed them on the left, and descended by rugged and disagreeable roads. After an hour's march, we came to a small narrow and enclosed valley, watered by a limpid rivulet. It is the garden of Solomon, sung in the Song of Songs. In truth it is the only spot amidst the rocky summits which encompass it where any culture could flourish, and this valley must in all times have been a delightful garden, tilled with the greatest care, and presenting, with its lovely and humid verdure, the most striking contrast to the stony dryness of all around it. It is perhaps half a league long. We pursued the course of the meandering stream, shaded by willows, at times skirting its grassy banks, at others bathing the feet of our horses in its transparent waters upon the polished pebbles of its bed, and occasionally crossing from one bank to the other by a plank of cedar. We at length reached the foot of the rocks, which form the natural barrier of the valley. A peasant offered to serve as guide in conducting us up the ascent, but insisted upon the necessity of our dismounting, and giving our horses to his assistants, who, by taking a long round, would bring them to us at the top. We turned to the right, and continued a painful ascent for near an hour. When arrived at the summit, we found the most beautiful remains of antiquity that we had yet seen; three immense cisterns hollowed in the live rock, and following the slope of the mountain, one above the other, as on terraces. The walls are as clean, and the edges as sharp, as if they had been just finished. Their banks, covered with flags like a quay, echoed under the horses' feet. These beautiful basins, filled with transparent water on the

top of an arid mountain, astonish the mind, and give a high idea of the power which conceived and executed so vast a project: they are likewise attributed to Solomon. Whilst I was engaged in contemplating them, my companions measured them, and found each about 400 feet long, and 165 wide; the first is the longest, the last the widest, having at least 200 feet at the mouth, and enlarging to the top. Above the highest of these gigantic cisterns a small spring, concealed under some tufts of grass, is the signal fountain of the Bible, and is the sole feeder of the reservoirs which anciently poured into aqueducts conveying the water to the temple at Jerusalem: the remains of these aqueducts occurred frequently on our route. At a short distance old battlemented walls, probably of the crusading era, surrounded an enclosure, where tradition supposes that Solomon had a palace for his women. There scarcely remain any vestiges of it, and the place, covered with dung and filth, is now used as a yard to which the shepherds and the cattle retire in the night when staying on the mountains, in the pasturage season, as on the Alps in Switzerland. We returned to Jerusalem by an ancient road, wide and paved, called the Way of Solomon, which is shorter and more direct than the one we had taken in the morning: it does not pass by Bethlehem. The night was well advanced when we entered beneath the arched gate of the pilgrims.

On the 25th April, after having visited for the last time the holy tomb, we requested the ecclesiastic who accompanied us to lead us round the exterior of the church, to give us a right conception of the inequalities of the ground, which might explain the union of the sepulchre and of Calvary in the same monument. This circuit is difficult, because the church is encompassed with buildings which obstruct the communication; but by going through some courtyards and houses, we succeeded in satisfying ourselves upon the points which interested us. We afterwards mounted on horseback to go round the walls of the town, and visit the tombs of the kings. To the north of Jerusalem, going out by the Damascus gate, about half a league off, we found an excavation in the rock forming a court nearly twenty feet deep, closed on three sides by walls of rock cut with the chisel, offering the appearance as if carved with their sculptures out of the stone itself, representing doorways, pilasters, and friezes, of beautiful workmanship. We may presume that the gradual accumulation of soil has choked up several feet of this excavation, for the opening which exists on the left to enter into the sanctuary is so low, that we could only get through it by crawling. We succeeded in introducing ourselves with extreme difficulty, and in getting the torches lighted. Clouds of bats, aroused by our invasion, assailed us, and fought, as it were, to defend their territories; and if retreat had been easy, I believe we should have recoiled before them. By degrees the hubbub ceased, and we were enabled to examine these sepulchral chambers. They are excavated, and cut in the live rock. The angles are as acute, and the walls as glossy, as if the workmen had polished them in the quarry. We

visited five of them, communicating with each other by openings, in which were fixed, without doubt, blocks of stone, hewn in the form of doors, which were lying on the ground, giving rise to the conclusion that each chamber had been closed and sealed when the niches, hollowed in the sides to receive the sarcophagi or cinerary urns, were filled. Who were, or who were intended to be, the inhabitants of abodes prepared at such prodigious cost? It is a question still involved in doubt; their origin has been a subject of lively contest. The interior, which is simple, and of great size, may belong to the remotest antiquity; but there is nothing to assign a particular date. The exterior sculpture, of excellent workmanship, and of a very pure taste, seems to be of the distant epoch of the kings of Judea; but since I have seen Balbek, my ideas have been much modified as to the perfection to which the arts had arrived before ascertained eras.

We continued our excursion through some olive fields, and descending again to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, we ascended to the south by the walls of Sion. The tomb of David, the holy site of the Last Supper, and the Armenian church, in which is the stone rolled to the door of the holy sepulchre, determined us to re-enter by the gate *Bab-el-Daoud;* but when we wished to visit the subterranean vault in which tradition places the bones of the royal prophet, the Turks objected, and stated that access was absolutely forbidden. They imagine that immense riches were buried in this royal cave, and that strangers are acquainted with the secret, and come to find and carry them off. The place of the Last Supper is a large arched room, supported by columns, and blackened by time; if the ancient appearance of a building be considered any proof, it has all the marks of remote antiquity. Situated on Mount Sion, beyond the walls of the city at that time, it is quite possible that the disciples may have retired there after the resurrection, and were there assembled at the time of Pentecost, as the popular traditions assert. Yet the sack of Jerusalem by Titus left scarcely anything standing but the towers and a part of the walls; but on the other hand, the sites remained sufficiently well known, and the early Christians must have attached great importance to perpetuating their remembrance, by successive constructions on the identical spots, and often with the fragments of the old monuments. But details upon Jerusalem could be nothing but repetitions, and I quit with regret a subject to which my memory will unceasingly revert. I will say but one word, quite apart from religious impressions, on the aspect of the village of tombs (Siloa), which, like a beautiful picture, is still present to my mind. The population of savage Arabs, dwelling in the sepulchral caves and grottos, would offer to a painter a scene of the most original nature. Let him figure to himself the deep valley of Siloa, with caverns presenting their openings like the mouths of ovens, scattered one above the other on the side of the rock, and living beings—men, women, and children—issuing out of these sepulchral caves like phantoms from the house of the dead. I am not aware

whether this subject has been treated, but it appears to me to offer to the pencil all the charms of contrast and harmony.

On the 26th April we cast our last look upon Jerusalem, and resumed in sadness the route to Jaffa. On entering the Valley of Jeremiah, the sounds of a savage music attracted our attention, and we perceived in the distance a whole tribe of Arabs defiling on the side of the hill. I sent the dragoman forward, and he returned to tell us that the crowd was assembled for the interment of a chief, and that we might advance without fear. He informed us afterwards that this chief had suddenly died the day before whilst hunting, from having inhaled a venomous plant; but the character of the Arabs of Naplous, whose costume these people wore, induced us to believe that he had fallen a victim to the hatred of some rival chief. Notwithstanding their warlike habits and imposing manners, the credulity of this simple race resembles that of children; the recital of anything marvellous delights them, and never raises the least doubt in their minds. One of our Arab friends, a man of good information and judgment, has frequently assured us, with every mark of internal conviction, that a scheik on Lebanon possessed the secret of the magic words which had been employed in primitive times to move the gigantic blocks of Balbek, but that he was too good a Christian ever to make use of them, or to divulge them. We pressed our horses forward, and joined the funeral procession. In the middle was the bier, borne on a litter, hid under rich draperies, and surmounted with the turban of the Osmanlis; Arab women, naked to the waist, their long black hair streaming over their shoulders, their breasts bruised, and their arms extended in the air, went before the body, uttering cries, singing doleful ditties, wringing their hands, and tearing their hair; musicians, striking a sort of large drum and tambourins, accompanied the voices with a continued and monotonous roll. At the head of the procession marched the brother of the defunct; his horse, covered with beautiful angora skins, and adorned with red and gold buttons, swinging on the head and chest, was capering to the sounds of the discordant music. Priests, in rich habiliments, were waiting for the cavalcade before the door of a tomb, surmounted with a dome, supported by an open colonnade; immediately opposite them was a ruined church, whose terraced roof was covered with women in long white veils, resembling the priestesses at ancient sacrifices, or the lamenters at the monuments of Memphis. When the brother of the chief approached the tomb, he got off horseback, and threw himself into the arms of the principal priest with the most lively demonstrations of grief; the latter exhorted him to submit himself to the will of God, and to show himself worthy of succeeding his brother in the command of the tribe. In the meantime the cavalcade arrived, deposited the body, arranged itself round the little temple, and the songs were shouted with more vehemence than ever. These mournful performances, this funeral pomp, these hymns of despair uttered in a strange tongue, with strange rites, seemed to us a living memento of those lamentations

with which Jeremiah had filled this identical valley, and which still echo through the biblical world.

DEPARTURE FROM JAFFA.

We embark in a high sea, whose enormous waves come like hills of foam against the reef of rocks; we wait a moment under lee of these rocks until the wave has passed, and then pull with all our force into the open sea; but the waves return, and lift us like a cork upon their crests; we fall again as into an abyss, and see neither the ship nor the shore; we are again tossed up, and again tumble downwards, the spray pouring on us like a downfall of rain. We at length arrive at the ship's side, but its heavings were so great, that we dare not approach for fear of being struck by the yards dipping in the waves; we wait for an interval of hollow, a rope is fastened, and we reach the deck. The wind is contrary; we remain, drifting on our anchors, exposed every instant to shipwreck, if the prodigious motion of the billows succeeds in breaking them. We pass the hours in physical and mental anguish amid this frightful rolling. During the evening and the night the wind whistles, like the shrill pipings of an organ, amongst the masts and rigging; the vessel bounds like a bull striking the earth with his horns; the bowsprit plunges into the sea, and seems about to be altogether engulfed each time that the waves lift up the stern; we hear the cries of Arab sailors from some other vessels, which have brought poor pilgrims to Jerusalem. These small craft, some of them loaded with 200 or 300 souls, are striving to beat up against the wind, to avoid the coast; they pass close by us, the women utter shrieks, and stretch out their hands to us; huge billows intervene, and carry them to a distance. Many of these vessels succeed in getting off the coast, two are cast on the rocks in the roadstead on the Gaza side; our anchors snap, and we are driven towards the reef in the inner harbour, but the captain throws out another anchor. The wind moderates, and becomes more favourable for us; we sail towards the Gulf of Damietta in a gray hazy atmosphere; all sight of land is lost. During the day we made good way; the sea continues calm, but the portents of a storm attract the attention of the captain and mate. It bursts at sunset; the wind increases with every hour, the waves become more and more mountainous; the ship creaks and labours, the ropes whistle and vibrate in the gusts like fibres of metal; their shrill and plaintive echoes resemble the lamentations of the Greek women at the funerals of their dead. The sails are reefed, the vessel rolls from one abyss to another, and, as it heaves on its side, the masts seem to fall into the sea like uprooted trees, and the cleaved wave spouts up and washes the deck. Every one,

excepting the crew and myself, has gone below; we hear the moanings of the sufferers from sickness, and the rolling of the trunks and furniture clashing against the sides of the cabin. The brig itself, in spite of its strong joists, and the enormous beams which cross from one side of the hull to the other, cracks as if about to part: the blows of the sea upon the stern resound like the reports of cannon. At two in the morning the tempest increases in fury; I tie myself with a rope to the mainmast, to prevent myself being lifted from my feet and washed overboard when the deck lurches over almost perpendicularly. Wrapped up in my mantle, I survey the sublime spectacle; I descend from time to time down the gangway to reassure my wife, stretched in her hammock. The mate, in the midst of this frightful hurricane, quits the deck occasionally to visit the different cabins, and carry succour to the inmates as their occasions require—a man of iron nerve for danger, and of womanish heart for pity. The whole night is passed in this turmoil.

The rising of the sun, which casts a mere pale glimmering through the mingled waves and clouds, far from lessening the force of the wind, gives it additional impetus. As far as the eye can carry, we see mountains of foaming water advancing one behind the other. Whilst they are passing, the brig is knocked about in every direction; beaten down by one, lifted up by another; hurled this way by one wave, stopped by another which throws it in a contrary direction, it is tossed first on one side, then on the other; the prow dips in front, as if diving head-foremost into a gulf, whilst the wave, which strikes upon the poop, sweeps it from one end to the other. From time to time it is lifted up; the sea, knocked down by the blast, seems to have waves no longer, and to be but a field of whirling foam, or plains between enormous hills, which give the masts a momentary rest; but in a few moments we return to the region of billows, and are rolled afresh from precipice to precipice. Amid these horrible alternations the day passes away. The captain calls me to a consultation: the coasts of Egypt are low, and we may be cast upon them without seeing them; the coasts of Syria are without safe anchorage or harbours; we must submit either to put the sails aback, and heave to in the midst of this sea, or go before the wind, which blows towards Cyprus. There we should have a roadstead and an asylum, but we are more than eighty leagues from it. However, I give my voice for Cyprus, and the helm is instantly turned; the wind drives us nine knots an hour, but the sea does not fall. A few spoonfuls of cold broth refresh my wife and my companions, who are still extended in their hammocks. I myself eat a morsel of biscuit, and smoke a pipe with the captain and mate, always keeping my original position on deck, near the binnacle, and my hands passed through the ropes to sustain myself against the strokes of the sea. Then comes night, still more terrible; the clouds weigh upon the sea, the whole horison is torn with lightning, and all is on fire around us. The thunderbolt seems to stream from the crests of the waves confounded with the clouds. Thrice it falls

close upon us; once, at a moment when the brig is thrown upon her side by a colossal wave, the yards dip, the masts striking the water, and the spray, which spouts from the concussion, springing like a mantle of fire torn in shreds, which the wind disperses in coils of flame. The whole crew utters an involuntary shout; we seem in the crater of a volcano; the tempestuous effect is the most admirable that I witnessed during this long night. For nine hours the thunder roared without intermission around us; every minute we think the masts are on fire, about to fall upon us, and wrap the vessel in a conflagration. In the morning the sky is less loaded, but the sea resembles boiling lava; the wind, which is somewhat abated, and no longer sustains the vessel, renders the pitching more tremendous. We must be thirty leagues from the isle of Cyprus. At eleven o'clock we get a glimpse of land, which grows every hour more distinct; it is Limasol, one of the ports of the island. We put on a press of canvas, to get as soon as possible under lee of the shore; as we approach, the sea becomes less boisterous; we sail along the coast at two leagues' offing, and make for the roads of Larnaca, where we already perceive the masts of a great number of ships which have sought shelter like ourselves; the wind again gets up, and drives us there in a few minutes with such force, that we are afraid of snapping the cable in casting anchor. At last the anchor falls, trails a few fathoms, and holds. The swell is still heavy, but its waves rock us without peril. I see once more the flag-posts of the European consuls in Cyprus, and the terrace of the French consulate, whence our friend M. Bottu gives us signals of recognition. The whole party remains on board; my wife could not encounter, without agonizing recollections, that amiable and happy family, in which she had, herself then so happy, received hospitality fifteen months before.

I go ashore with the captain. I receive from M. and Madame Bottu, and Messieurs Perthier and Guillois, two young Frenchmen attached to the consulate, the touching exhibition of good-will and friendship which I expected from them. I visit M. Mathei, a Greek banker, to whom I am recommended; we send provisions of all sorts to the brig; M. Mathei adds a present of Cyprian wine and Syrian sheep. Whilst I take a walk round the environs of the town with M. Bottu, the lulled hurricane recommences; all communication with the ships in the roadstead is cut off; the waves dash over the quays, and throw their froth to the very windows of the houses. I pass a mournful evening and night on the terrace, or at the window of my room in the French consulate, observing the brig which contains my wife tossing in the billows, fearful every instant that she may part from her anchors, and be cast on the reefs, with all that remains to me of happiness in the world. At length, by the following evening, the sea is calm; we reach the brig, and pass three hours in the roads, waiting for a fair wind, and in conversation with M. Mathei and M. Bottu. This young and amiable consul was, of all the French agents in the East, he who welcomed his countrymen with the greatest cordiality, and did greatest honour to his nation.

I bear a weight of gratitude and a true friendly regard in the remembrance of his two receptions. He was happy, surrounded by a wife dear to his heart, and by children who constituted his whole happiness. I learnt that death had struck him a few days after our interview; his employment was the only fortune of his family, and this fortune he devoted to his consular duties. His poor widow and lovely children are now at the mercy of France, to which he did so much credit in all his appointments. May France think of them when she remembers him!

April 30. — Set sail; variable breezes; three days taken up in doubling the western point of the island, tacking in with the land. Mount Olympus, and Paphos, and Amathonte, in sight; the appearance of the coasts and mountains of Cyprus is perfectly ravishing from this side. This island would form the finest colony of Asia Minor; it has only 30,000 inhabitants, whilst it might support and enrich millions. Everywhere cultivable and fruitful, well wooded and watered, with roadsteads and natural harbours on all its coasts: situated between Syria, Caramania, the Archipelago, Egypt, and the coasts of Europe, it might be the garden of the world.

May 3.—In the morning perceived the first peaks of Caramania; Mount Taurus in the distance, its crests indented and covered with snow, like the Alps seen from Lyons; the wind soft and changeable; the nights refulgent with stars. Entered during the night into the Gulf of Satalie: the appearance of this gulf resembles an inward sea; the wind is hushed; the vessel sleeps as on a lake. On whatever side the look is turned, it falls on the mountainous enclosure of the gulf; ranges of mountains, of all forms and heights, stretch one behind the other, occasionally leaving between their unequal peaks high valleys, where the silvery light of the moon floats; white vapours cling upon their flanks, and their crests are wreathed in a pale purple mist. Behind, the angular summits of Taurus rise with his fangs of snow; low and wooded capes project at intervals into the sea; and little islets, like vessels at anchor, lie detached here and there from the shores. A profound silence reigns both on sea and land; we hear only the noise of the dolphins as they leap from time to time from the bosom of the water, and frisk like lambkins on the green sward. The unbroken waves, veined with gold and silver tints, appear grooved like Ionian columns stretched on the ground; the brig experiences not the gentlest oscillation. At midnight a land-breeze springs up, which drives us slowly from the gulf, and bears us along the coasts of Asia Minor as far as the height of Castelrozzo; we enter all the gulfs, and almost touch the land. The ruins of this region, which formed several kingdoms—Pontus, Cappadocia, and Bithynia —now empty and deserted, stand out upon the promontories; the valleys and the plains are covered with forests, where the Turcomans come and pitch their tents during winter: in summer, all is solitary, except some points of the coast, such as Tarsous, Satalie, Castelrozzo, and Marmorizza, in the Gulf of Macri.

May.—The current, which sets in along the coast of Caramania,

drives us towards the extremity of that country and the mouth of the Gulf of Macri. During the night we tack out to sea, to get near the Isle of Rhodes; the captain, fearing the proximity of the Asian coast in the west wind which is getting up, pushes out to the open sea: we awaken almost in sight of Rhodes. We meet not far from us our consort the *Alceste;* the calm prevents us nearing her during the whole day; in the evening the wind freshens, and carries us to the Gulf of Marmorizza; at midnight the land-breeze returns, and at daylight we enter the harbour of Rhodes. We pass three days in rambling over the environs of Rhodes; there are delightful spots on the flanks of the mountain, looking towards the Archipelago. After walking two hours along the beach, I enter into a valley shaded with beautiful trees, and watered by a small rivulet. Following the banks of the stream, fringed with laurel roses, I arrive at a small table-land, which forms the last gradation of the valley. There is here a cottage inhabited by an impoverished Greek family, and almost entirely covered with the branches of figs and oranges. In the garden are the ruins of a small temple, dedicated to the nymphs, a grotto, and some scattered columns and capitals, half concealed by ivy and shrubs, upon a green bank 200 or 300 feet wide, with a spring, and two or three sycamores. One of these trees alone overshadows the whole bank: it is the sacred tree of the island; the Turks respect it; and the unfortunate Greek peasant having one day cut off a branch, underwent the bastinado by orders of the pacha. It is false that the Turks injure nature or works of art; they let everything alone; and their only mode of ruining is by never improving. Above the bank and the sycamores, the hills, which rise perpendicularly, are covered with clumps of firs, and riddled with small torrents, which work ravines in their sides; and finally the high mountains of the island command and overshadow the hills, the green bank, and the spring. From the margin of the fountain where I am lying I can see, through the branches of the firs and sycamores, the sea of the Archipelago of Asia, which resembles a lake studded with islands, and also the deep gulfs which lie imbedded between the lofty and sombre mountains of Macri, all crowned with snowy battlements. I hear nothing but the bubbling of the spring, the rustling of the leaves, the flight of a nightingale, alarmed by my presence, and the plaintive singing of the Greek peasant's wife, who is rocking her child on the roof of the cottage. How delightful I should have found this spot six months ago!

In a path on the high mountains of Rhodes I encounter a Cyprian chief, dressed in the European fashion, but wearing the Greek bonnet, and a long white beard. I recognise him; his name is Theseus; he is nephew of the patriarch of Cyprus, and had distinguished himself in the war of independence. Having returned to Cyprus after the pacification of the Morea, his reputation, spirit, and activity attached the Greek population of Cyprus to him. At the time of the rising, which had just taken place in the island, the peasants in the mountains ranged themselves under his orders; he employed his

influence to pacify them; and after having, in concert with M. Bottu, the French consul, obtained the redress of some grievances, he dispersed his troop, and took refuge in the French consulate, to escape the vengeance of the Turks. A Greek vessel has cast him on the coast of Rhodes, where he is not safe; I offer him a berth in one of my brigs, which he accepts with alacrity; I will transport him to Constantinople, Greece, or Europe, according to his desire. He is a man who has continually sported his life and fortune with fate; a man of wonderful spirit and audacity, speaking all languages, knowing all countries, possessing an inexhaustible fund of interesting topics, and equally prompt in action as in thought; one of those men whose impulse is from nature, and who soar, like birds in a tempest, with the tumult of revolutions, and subside with them. Nature casts few minds in this mould. Men of such a stamp are generally unfortunate; they are feared and persecuted; they would be admirable instruments if properly employed. I send a boat to Marmorizza with a young Greek, who will wait there for my horses, and give orders to my saïs to join me at Constantinople. We determine upon going there by sea, visiting the islands on the Asiatic coast, and the shores of the continent. Set sail at midnight with a light breeze: doubled Cape Krio on the evening of the first day; a delightful and calm navigation among the islands of Piscopia, Nisyra, and the enchanting Cos, the country of Æsculapius. After Rhodes, Cos appears to me the most smiling and graceful island in the Archipelago. Charming villages, shaded with beautiful plane-trees, line its shores, and the town is picturesque, and contains elegant structures. We got bewildered with our two brigs in a labyrinth of small uninhabited islands, covered to the water's edge with meadows of high grass, and beautiful rivulets running through them; in almost all of them are small bays, in which ships may anchor in safety. What charming abodes for men who complain of wanting room in Europe! They possess the climate and fertility of Rhodes and Cos; an immense continent is at a few leagues' distance. We make endless tacks between the mainland and these islands; we see the sun glittering on the great ruins of the Greek and Roman towns of Asia Minor. The following day we awake in the Straits of Samos, between that island and Ikaria; the high mountain, which almost forms of itself the island of Samos, is above our heads, covered with rocks and firwoods; we perceive women and children in the midst of these rocks. The population of Samos, at this moment in arms against the Turks, has sent the women for refuge upon the mountain, whilst the men are in the town and on the coasts, ready for action. Samos is like a mountain of Lake Lucerne, illumined by the sky of Asia; it almost touches the mainland at its base; a narrow channel is all we can see separating them. The wind carries us into the Gulf of Scala Nova, not far from the ruins of Ephesus; in the morning we enter the channel of Scio, and anchor in the road of Tchesmé, celebrated for the destruction of the Ottoman fleet by Orlof. The delightful island of Scio stretches like a verdant hill on the other side of a large

stream; its whitened houses, towns, and villages, grouped on the umbrageous slopes of its heights, gleam amid oranges and vine leaves, all bespeaking recent prosperity, and a numerous population. The Turkish sway, even with its servitude, had not been able to extinguish the active, industrious, commercial, and cultivating genius of the Greek inhabitants of these beautiful islands. I know nothing in Europe which presents an appearance of greater abundance than Scio —it is a garden sixty leagues in circuit.

We pass a day strolling amidst the ruins and mineral waters of Tchesmé. The sea is still, and we set sail for Smyrna; a day is occupied in gliding gently along the coast of Scio with a variable breeze; the woods came down even to the sea; the gulfs have all their fortified towns, and their harbours filled with small craft; the least bay has its village; an innumerable crowd of tiny sails flutter along the shores, bearing Greek mothers and daughters to the churches. On all the acclivities, in all the hill gorges, we see a church or village glittering; we double the point of the island, and fall in with a wind which assists us into the Gulf of Smyrna. Up to the fall of night we enjoy the prospect of the beautiful forests and large villages which line the western shore of the gulf. In the night we are becalmed not far from the isles of Vourla, where we see the fires of the French fleet glimmering, which has been lying at anchor there for the last six months. In the morning we descry Smyrna at the bottom of the gulf, resting against an immense hill of cypresses; high embattled walls crown the upper part of the town, and finely-wooded fields stretch on the left as far as the mountains. There flows the river Melius; recollections of Homer hover on all the shores of Smyrna: I search with my eyes for that tree on the banks of the then unknown river, where the poor slave deposited her offspring between the reeds—that infant destined to cover with his own eternal renown the name of the river, the continent, and the islands. That poet, whom Heaven gave to earth, serves as an image to us of both sacred and profane antiquity: he was abandoned at his birth on the edge of a river, as the Moses of poetry; he lived in misery and blindness, like those incarnate deities of India who traversed the world in the habits of mendicants, and were not recognised for gods until their pilgrimage was over. Modern erudition affects to discover a type, and not a man, in Homer; it is one of those thousand learned paradoxes with which men strive to combat the evidence of internal instinct. To me, Homer is one single individual, a man who has throughout an identical tone of thought, the same emotions of the heart, and similar figures of speech; the admission of a race of Homers is more difficult to me than the admission of a race of giants. Nature does not create her prodigies in a series; she made Homer, and defies all ages to produce so perfect a concentration of reason, philosophy, sensibility, and genius.

I landed at Smyrna, and went round the town and surrounding country with M. Salzani, a banker and merchant at Smyrna, a man equally charitable, amiable, and well informed. I intruded upon his

goodness for three days, returning every night to sleep on board the brig. Smyrna is not what we expect to see an Oriental city; it is Marseilles on the coast of Asia Minor. The European consuls and merchants lead in their large and elegant counting-houses a Parisian or London life. The view of the gulf and city, from the height clothed with cypresses, is quite charming; and on descending from the mountain, we discover on the banks of the river, which I love to take for the Melius, a delightful spot not far from one of the gates of the town, where there is a bridge for the caravans. The river is a limpid stream gliding under the calm canopy of sycamores and cypresses; we seat ourselves on its banks, and Turks bring us pipes and coffee. If these waters heard the first screams of Homer, I delight in hearing them softly murmur amongst the roots of the trees; I lift them to my lips, and I bathe with them my heated brow. May there a man arise in the western world capable of composing the epopée of his history, his aspirations, his divine genius! Such a poem will be as the sepulchre of past ages, where the future may come to venerate extinct traditions, and eternise by its adoration the great acts and thoughts of humanity: he who performs it engraves his name on the pedestal of the statue which he erects to human nature, and he lives in all the images, with the ideas of which he has filled the world. This evening I paid a visit to an old man who lives alone with two Greek servants in a small house on the quay of Smyrna; the staircase, vestibule, and rooms are full of fragments of sculpture, of plans in relief of Athens, and pieces of marble and porphyry. It is M. Fauvel, our old consul in Greece. Driven from Athens, which had become his country, and whose dust he had all his life been collecting with filial love to rear its statue for the world, he now lives in poverty and obscurity at Smyrna; he has carried his gods with him, and renders them his homage at all hours. M. de Chateaubriand saw him in his youth, happy amid the admirable ruins of the Parthenon; I saw him in old age and exile, crushed by the ingratitude of men, but firm and gay in his misfortunes, and full of that natural philosophy which enables men to sustain adversity who have their resources in the heart. I passed an hour in delightful forgetfulness, listening to his agreeable chit-chat.

I met at Smyrna a young man of talent whom I had known in Italy, M. Deschamps, editor of the Smyrna Journal. The lingering remains of Saint-Simonism had been flung by the tempest to Smyrna, reduced to the last extremity, but supporting their reverses with the resignation and firmness of strong conviction. I received on board two remarkable letters from them. We ought not to judge of new ideas by the contempt they inspire at the time; all great conceptions are received as aliens in the world; Saint-Simonism has something true, great, and fruitful in it—the application of Christianity to political society, the code of human fraternity. In this point of view I am a Saint-Simonian: it is not the doctrine that was wrong in this eclipsed but not extinguished sect; nor was there a want of disciples; but what was needed, in my opinion, was a chief, a master, a regu-

lator. I have no doubt if a man of genius and virtue, a man combining religion and policy with just and extended views, had been placed at the head of this new-born idea, he would have turned it into a potent reality. Times of confusion in ideas are favourable seasons for the growth of vigorous and novel thoughts; society, in the eyes of the philosopher, is in the disorder of a retreat, without direction, aim, or leader: it is reduced to the instinct of self-preservation. A religious, moral, social, and political sect, possessing a symbol, a rallying word, a defined purpose, a leader, and a spirit, and marching in compact array straight onwards through these disordered ranks, would inevitably prevail. But it must conduce to the safety, and not the ruin of society; attack in it only what is injurious, and not what is beneficial; bring back religion to reason and love, and harmonise the science of government, Christian brotherhood, and the system of property, with universal charity and utility, its only titles and foundations. A legislator was wanting to these men, ardent in zeal, and hungering for an object of faith, but to whom the absurdest doctrines were thrown. The organisers of Saint-Simonism took for their first motto, 'War to the knife between us and the systems of family, property, and religion!' They deserved to perish. The world is not to be conquered by the strength of a phrase; it may be converted, moved, worked, and changed: as long as an idea is not practical, it is unfit to be presented to the social community; mankind proceed from the known to the unknown, but never from the known to the ridiculous. It will be taken as the underwork for great revolutions; we see signs on earth and in the heavens; the Saint-Simonians have been one of those signs; they will be dissolved as a body, and will become at a later date the generals and soldiers of the new army.*

May 15.—Leave the Gulf of Smyrna with crowded sails; reach the height of Vourla; in making a tack at the mouth of the gulf, the brig strikes a sandbank, through the bad seamanship of the Greek pilot; the vessel receives a jerk, which tumbles down the mast, and we remain aground three leagues from land; the rising waves break upon the ship's sides, and we all come upon deck. It

* [Saint-Simonism originated in the fanatical reveries of the late Claude Henri Count de Saint Simon (born 1760), a poor French nobleman, who seems to have entertained views of the social condition of mankind akin to those which have occasionally been propagated in England. He attempted to set on foot what he called the New Christianity, or the principle of a perfect and holy peace throughout the social organisation. Doctrinally, the principle was simply that of practical Christianity, and so far unobjectionable; but it was unfortunately associated with peculiar political dogmas, and also the project of a new and general distribution of property. Society was to be formed only of priests, savans or learned men, and labourers, and the government was to be composed of the chiefs of these classes. Intellectual capacity was to be the only ground of claim for a share of the common property, and all property at the death of the owner was to revert to the common stock. Children were to be educated to a certain point, and then each was to become a priest, a savan, or a labourer, according to the talents he seemed to possess, and to receive a share of property accordingly. Such were some of the visionary tenets of the Saint-Simonians, who for years afflicted France with their wild schemes of regeneration. They latterly quarrelled among themselves, and, as might have been expected, have dwindled into insignificance and contempt.]

is a moment of calm and solemn anxiety, that in which so many beings await the uncertain result of the manœuvres which are put in force: a perfect silence reigns; there is no mark of terror: man is great in great crises! After some minutes spent in useless efforts, the wind seconds our exertions, and backs the keel; the brig is disengaged, and no leak is discovered; we launch into the open sea, the Isle of Mitylene on our right.

A beautiful day: we draw near the channel which divides the island from the continent; but the wind slackens, the clouds collect on the sea, and at the fall of day the wind bursts from these clouds with lightning. Then comes a furious tempest, with total darkness; the two brigs hang out signals of recognition, and make for the road of Foglieri, the ancient Phocæa, between the rocks which form the northern point of the Gulf of Smyrna. In two hours the force of the wind propels us ten leagues along the coast; every moment the thunder falls and growls on the waves; the sky, the sea, and the echoing rocks of the coast are illuminated by flashes of lightning, which supply the want of day, and show us our course from time to time. The two brigs almost touch, and we tremble lest they strike together. At last a manœuvre—a bold one at night-time—sets us in the narrow mouth of the road of Phocæa; we hear on both sides of us the roar of the waves breaking on the rocks; a wrong turn of the rudder would cast us on them in tatters; we are all on the deck mute, and breathlessly expecting our fate to be determined; we cannot see our own masts, the night is so dark. In a moment we feel the brig gliding in smooth water; a few lights are glittering around us on the edges of the basin where we had most fortunately entered, and we cast out our anchor without knowing in what soundings. The wind roared all night in our masts and yards, as if it would carry them away; but the sea was motionless. We are in the delightful basin of the ancient Phocæa, half a league in circuit, hollowed out like a circular esplanade among the graceful hills covered with small houses painted red, cottages under olive-trees, gardens, creeping vines, and, above all, groves of magnificent cypresses, at the foot of which were sparkling the white tombs of the Turkish cemeteries. We go ashore, and visit the ruins of the city which gave birth to Marseilles. We are received with welcome and politeness in two Turkish houses, and pass the day in their orange gardens. The sea grows calm on the third day, and we leave at midnight the natural harbour of Phocæa.

May 17.—We have followed the channel of Mitylene, on which stood Lesbos, the whole day. A poetical reminiscence of the only woman of antiquity whose voice has had power to penetrate ages. A few verses of Sappho remain, but they are sufficient to establish her as a genius of the first order, as a fragment of the arm, or the trunk of a figure by Phidias, reveals to us the entire statue. The heart which has inspired the stanzas of Sappho must have been a very abyss of passion and imagery. The Isle of Lesbos is still more beautiful in my eyes than that of Scio. The groups of high

and verdant mountains, strewed with firs, are more elevated and more picturesquely clustered; the sea creeps more profoundly into its wide internal gulf; the crests of its hills, which hang over the sea, and look upon Asia so nearly, are more deserted and inaccessible; instead of those numerous villages, scattered in the gardens of Scio, we see but rarely the smoke from a Greek cottage, curling among the tops of the chestnuts and cypresses, and an occasional shepherd on the point of a rock guarding flocks of white goats. In the evening we double the northern extremity of Mitylene with a continually fair wind, and we perceive on the horison before us, in the roseate mist of the sea, two dark spots, Lemnos and Tenedos. It is midnight; the sea is unruffled as a mirror; the brig glides like a motionless shadow on its resplendent surface. Tenedos rises from the waves on our left, and intercepts the expanse of the waters; on our right, and quite near to us, the low and undulating shore of the plain of Troy stretches like a black reef. The full moon, which rises on the summit of Mount Ida, spotted with snow, sheds a serene and dubious light on the peaks of the mountain, on the hills, and on the plain; and then falls upon the sea, making it glitter to the hull of our vessel, like a refulgent way, where shadows may not cast themselves. We distinguish the *tumuli*, or small conical hills, which tradition assigns as the tombs of Patroclus and Hector. The large red moon, grazing the undulations of the mountains, resembles the bloody buckler of Achilles. There are no lights visible on the whole coast except a distant fire, kindled by the shepherds, on a hill-side of Ida; no noise but the flapping of the sail in the absence of wind, which the shaking of the masts causes to resound from time to time against the mainyard: all seems dead as the past in this sad and silent scene. Leaning on the shrouds of the vessel, I see these mountains, ruins, and tombs spring, like shades evoked from an extinguished world, from out the bosom of the sea, with its vaporous wreaths and indecisive outlines, amid the reposing and tranquil rays of the star of night, and vanish as it sinks behind the tops of other mountains. It is another beautiful page of the Homeric poem—it is the ending of every history and every poem—unrecognised tombs, ruins of no certain appellation, a naked and gloomy land, lighted confusedly by the immortal stars—and new spectators pass in indifference before these shores, and repeat for the millionth time the epitaph of all things earthly: Here lies an empire, a town, a people, or a hero! God alone is great!—and the thought which seeks and adores him is alone imperishable.

I feel no desire to visit more nearly, and by daylight, the doubtful relics of the ruins of Troy. I like better this nocturnal aspect, which permits the thought to repeople these deserts, illumined only by the pale torch of the moon, and the poetry of Homer. Besides, what signify to me Troy, and its gods and heroes? This book of the heroic world is closed for ever. The land-breeze begins to rise; we take advantage of it to draw nearer to the Dardanelles. Already several large ships, seeking, like ourselves, this difficult strait, ap-

proach us; their wide, grayish sails float gently and in silence between our brig and Tenedos. I go below, and compose myself to sleep.

May 18.—I awake at daybreak. I hear the quick tracking of the vessel, and the rippling of the waves, sounding like the songs of birds, around the sides of the brig: I open the shutter, and see the castles of the Dardanelles with their white walls, their towers, and their wide openings for cannon, on a chain of low and rounded hills. The channel is scarcely a league broad in this place, and it winds like a beautiful river between the coasts of Asia and Europe, which are perfectly similar in appearance. The castles shut up this sea like the two folds of a door, but in the present state of Europe and Turkey it is easy to force a passage by sea, or to make a debarkation, and take the forts in the rear: the passage of the Dardanelles is impregnable only when guarded by the Russians. The rapidity of the current drives us like an arrow past Gallipoli, and the villages which line the channel; we see the isles of the Sea of Marmora frowning in front of us. We skirt the European coast for two days and nights, retarded by northerly winds. In the morning we perceive the Isles of the Princes at the bottom of the Sea of Marmora, in the Gulf of Nicæum, and on our left the Castle of the Seven Towers, and the aërial peaks of the innumerable minarets of Constantinople, which stretch over the seven hills of the city. Every tack nearer we discover some new object. At this first appearance of Constantinople I experienced a painful emotion of surprise and disappointment. 'What!' said I to myself, 'are those the seas, the shores, the marvellous town, for which the masters of the world abandoned Rome and the coasts of Naples? Is that the capital of the world, seated on Europe and on Asia, for which all conquering nations have fought by turns, as the symbol of supremacy in the earth? Is that the town which painters and poets imagine as the queen of cities, hovering upon its hills and double sea, girt by its gulfs, its towers, its mountains, and enclosing all the treasures of nature and of Eastern luxury? Is this what they compare to the Gulf of Naples, hollowed into a vast amphitheatre, and bearing in its bosom a city glittering with whiteness?—with Vesuvius losing its gilded crest in clouds of smoke and purple—the forests of Castellamare, dipping their sable foliage into the blue sea, and the isles of Procida and Ischia, with their volcanic summits and their flanks, yellowed with leafy vines, and whitened with villas, closing the immense bay, like gigantic moles thrown out by God himself at the mouth of that harbour?' I see nothing to compare with that spectacle, which will ever be impressed on my vision. I sail, it is true, on a lovely and delightful sea, but the shores are flat, or rise in monotonous and rounded hills; the snows of the Thracian Olympus, which blanch the horison, are but a white cloud in the sky, and are not near enough to impart solemnity to the landscape. At the bottom of the gulf I see only the same hills rounded at the same level, without rocks, bays, or slopes, and Constantinople, which the

pilot points to with his finger, is but a white and circumscribed town, on an extensive eminence on the European coast. Was it worth the trouble to come so far to be thus disenchanted? I would look no longer. But the endless tacks of the vessel brought us sensibly nearer; we grazed the Castle of Seven Towers, an immense block of the harsh style of the middle ages, which flanks towards the sea the angle of the Greek walls of the ancient Byzantium, and we let go our anchor under the houses of Stamboul, in the Sea of Marmora, in the midst of a fleet of ships and boats, kept, like ourselves, out of the harbour by the violence of the north wind.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon, the sky was serene, and the sun brilliant; I began to lose my contempt for Constantinople. The outer walls of this part of the city, picturesquely built from the remains of ancient walls, and surmounted by gardens, kiosks, and small houses of red-painted wood, formed the first feature in the picture; above, house-terraces without number rose in pyramids like landings on a staircase, interspersed with the branches of orange-trees, and with the sharp and sable points of cypresses; yet higher, seven or eight great mosques crowned the hill, and, flanked by their open-sculptured minarets and Moorish colonnades, reared into the air their gilded domes, reddened by the refraction of the sun: the walls of these mosques, painted a delicate blue, and the leaden coverings of the cupolas, which rose around their circuit, gave to them the appearance and transparent gloss of monuments of porcelain. Cypresses, centuries old, accompanied these domes with their motionless and gloomy tops, and the variously-tinted paintings of the houses of the city made the vast hill glitter with all the colours of a garden of flowers. No noise issued from the streets, no grating of the innumerable windows was opened, no movement bespoke the dwellingplace of so great a multitude of people; all appeared sunk in sleep under the burning heat of the sun; the gulf alone, ploughed on all sides, by sails of all forms and proportions, gave signs of life. We saw every instant, turning out of the Golden Horn (the opening of the Bosphorus), from the real harbour of Constantinople, vessels in full sail, which passed alongside of us, sailing towards the Dardanelles; but we could not perceive the mouth of the Bosphorus, nor even recognise its position. We dined on deck, in front of this magic spectacle. Turkish caïques (little boats) came to ask us questions, and sell us provisions; the boatmen told us that there were scarcely any remains of the plague. I sent my letters to the city, and at seven o'clock M. Truqui, Sardinian consul-general, accompanied by the officers of his legation, came to pay us a visit, and offer us hospitality in his house at Pera. There was no possibility of procuring a lodging in the town, which had suffered from a recent conflagration. The obliging cordiality of M. Truqui, and the favourable impression which he made upon us at first sight, induced us to accept his invitation. The wind still continuing foul, the brigs could not weigh anchor this evening, and we slept on board.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

May 20.—At five in the morning I am on deck; the captain has a boat lowered; I get into it with him, and we proceed towards the entrance of the Bosphorus, skirting the walls of Constantinople, which are washed by the sea. After half an hour's sail through a multitude of ships at anchor, we reach the walls of the Seraglio, which form a continuation with those of the city, and compose, at the extremity of the hill on which Constantinople stands, the angle separating the Sea of Marmora from the channel of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, or great inner port of Constantinople. It is here that God and man, nature and art, have placed or created in concert the most wonderful view which the human eye can contemplate on earth. I uttered an exclamation of involuntary admiration, and forgot for ever the Gulf of Naples and all its enchantments: comparing anything to this magnificent and superb prospect, taken as a whole, is to outrage the creation! The walls which sustain the circular terraces of the immense gardens of the grand Seraglio were a few paces from us on the left, separated from the sea by a narrow pavement of stone slabs which the waves unceasingly lash, and on which the perpetual current of the Bosphorus forms murmuring ripples, blue as the waters of the Rhone at Geneva; these terraces, which rise by insensible slopes to the palace of the Sultan, the gilded domes of which we see through the gigantic stems of the planes and cypresses, are themselves planted with cypresses and enormous planes, whose trunks soar above the walls, and their branches overleaping the gardens, hang over the sea in leafy canopies, and shade the caïques beneath them, as the rowers linger at intervals below the umbrageous shelter. These groups of trees are divided at certain distances by palaces, pavilions, kiosks, sculptured and gilded gates, opening on the sea, or batteries of brass and bronzed cannon, of fantastic and antique shapes. The grated windows of these marine palaces, which form part of the Seraglio, look upon the waves, and we can distinguish through the blinds the chandeliers and decorations of the ceilings. At every step, elegant Moorish fountains encrusted in the walls of the Seraglio fall from the garden terraces, and murmur in marble basins for passengers to drink from; a few Turkish soldiers are lying near the fountains, and dogs without owners are wandering along the quay, whilst some are crouched in the cannons of enormous calibre.

The farther the boat crept along the walls, the prospect before us expanded, the Asiatic coast drew nearer; and the mouth of the Bosphorus began to be traced by the eye, between hills of darkened verdure on the one side, and on the other seeming painted with all the hues of the rainbow. Here we stopped again to admire. The smiling coast of Asia, distant from us about a mile, stood out on our right

all broken by broad and lofty hills, whose summits were sable forests with tapering tops, their flanks fields encircled by rows of trees, and sprinkled with houses painted red, and the sides between them perpendicular ravines carpeted with verdant plants and sycamores with branches dipping into the water. At a greater distance these hills rose still higher, then sank again into green slopes, and formed a wide projecting tongue, on which was placed a seemingly large town: it was Scutari, with its huge white barracks, like a royal palace, its mosques surrounded with their glittering minarets, its quays and bays, lined with houses, bazaars, and caïques, lying under the shade of vine-arbours or plane-trees, and the sombre and deep forest of cypresses which crowns the town, through whose branches shone, as if with a mournful lustre, the countless white monuments of the Turkish burial-grounds. Beyond the point of Scutari, which is terminated by a small islet bearing a Turkish chapel, which is called *The Tomb of the young Maiden*, the Bosphorus, like a river between high banks, opened and seemed to shrink between the sombre mountains, whose projecting and retiring angles, ravines, and forests answered each other on the two margins; and at the foot of which we descried, as far as the eye could reach, an uninterrupted succession of villages, flotillas at anchor or under sail, little harbours, overshadowed by trees, isolated houses, and large palaces with their gardens of roses down to the sea. A few strokes of the oars brought us in front and to the point of the Golden Horn, whence we enjoyed at the same time the view of the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, and finally of the harbour, or rather the internal sea, of Constantinople. There we forgot Marmora, the Asiatic coast, and the Bosphorus, to contemplate with concentrated gaze the basin of the Golden Horn, and the seven cities suspended on the seven hills of Constantinople, all converging towards the arm of the sea, round which stands the unique and incomparable city, at once town, country, sea, harbour, gardens, wooded mountains, deep valleys, a throng of houses, a swarm of vessels and streets, tranquil lakes, and enchanting solitudes—a view such as no pencil could portray but by details, a prospect where every stroke of the oar brought to the eye and the mind a new appearance, an imposing and diversified impression. We pulled towards the heights of Galata and Pera; the Seraglio was left behind, and grew larger as we removed, when the eye could embrace more completely the vast outlines of its walls, and the aggregation of its banks, its trees, its kiosks, and its palaces. It would of itself form a large town. The banks of the harbour grew higher as we advanced; the water winded like a canal between the flanks of bending mountains, and expanded when we got farther within it. This harbour bears no resemblance to a port; it is rather a wide river, like the Thames, girded on the two sides by hills crowded with houses, and covered on both its shores with an interminable tier of vessels, grouped at anchor along the houses. We passed through this countless multitude of vessels, some at anchor, others, already under sail, turning towards the Bosphorus, the Black Sea, or the Sea of Marmora. These vessels were of all

builds, of all sizes, and of all flags, from the Arab bark, whose prow springs and rises like the beak of ancient galleys, up to the three-decker, with its sparkling coppered hull. Flocks of Turkish caïques, managed by one or two rowers with silk sleeves—small boats which serve as carriages in the marine streets of this amphibious town—were winding amongst these huge masses, crossing and knocking against each other, without upsetting, and elbowing each other, like a crowd in public places; and swarms of albatrosses, similar to beautiful white pigeons, arose from the sea at their approach to settle themselves farther off, and cradle in the wave. I will not attempt to give any computation of the ships, barques, brigs, schooners, and boats which lie or sail in the waters of Constantinople, from the mouth of the Bosphorus and the angle of the Seraglio, to the suburb of Eyoub and the delightful valleys of its Sweet Waters. The Thames at London is not to be compared with it. Let it suffice to say, that independently of the Turkish fleet and the European ships of war at anchor in the middle of the channel, the two shores of the Golden Horn are covered with vessels, two or three deep, for about a league. We could only get occasional glimpses through these lengthened files of bowsprits turned towards the sea, and all vision was lost at the bottom of the gulf, which grew narrower as it struck into the land, in the thick forest of masts.

We landed at the foot of the quarter of Pera, not far from a handsome barrack for engineers, the covered terraces of which were loaded with cannons and their frames. A beautiful Moorish fountain, constructed in the form of an Indian pagoda, with its marble chiselled and painted in glaring colours, cut like bone-lace on a silk bottom, poured its waters in the middle of a small open square. This square was encumbered with bales, merchandise, horses, dogs without owners, and Turks squatted and smoking in the shade. The boatmen of the caïques were seated in great numbers on the brim of the quay, waiting for their masters, or soliciting passengers; they are a fine race of men, and their costume adds to their appearance. They wear white drawers, with folds as wide as those of a petticoat; a sash of crimson silk binds them round the waist; they have on their heads a small Greek bonnet of red wool, topped with a long silken string, hanging behind the head; the neck and breast naked; a large shirt of raw silk, with wide hanging sleeves, covers the shoulders and the arms. Their caïques are narrow canoes, from twenty to thirty feet long, and two or three broad, made of walnut-wood, varnished and glossy as mahogany. The prow of these boats is as sharp as the iron of a lance, and cuts the sea like a knife. The narrow form of these caïques renders them dangerous and uncomfortable for Franks who are not accustomed to them: they upset at the least sway that an unskilful foot imparts to them. It is better to sit down at the bottom of the boat, like the Turks, and take care that the weight of the body is equally distributed between the two sides. They are of different sizes, capable of containing from one to four or eight passengers, but all are of the same build. They may be counted by thousands

in the harbours of Constantinople; and independently of those which are, like hackney-coaches, for the use of the public at all hours, each individual of good circumstances in the town has one of his own, the rowers of which are his domestics. Every man who has to go about the town on business is obliged to cross the sea several times in the day. On leaving the square, we entered the dirty and populous streets of the Pera bazaar. In almost every respect except costume they present the same aspect as the neighbourhood of our town-markets:—wooden stalls, where pies or meat are cooked for the populace; shops for barbers, tobacconists, vegetable and fruit sellers; a thick and eager crowd in the streets; all the costumes, and all the tongues, of the East assailing the eye and ear; and, beyond all, the barkings of numberless dogs, which fill the squares and the bazaars, and fight amongst themselves for the refuse that is thrown to the doors. From there we entered a long, deserted, and narrow street, which mounts by a steep acclivity to the hill of Pera: the grated windows allow not a single peep into the interior of the Turkish houses, which have an appearance of poverty and desertion: at intervals, the green top of a cypress shoots from an enclosure of gray and ruinous walls, and rises immovably into the transparent atmosphere. White and blue pigeons are scattered on the windows and roofs of the houses, and fill the silent streets with their melancholy cooing. At the top of these streets extends the beautiful quarter of Pera inhabited by the Europeans, ambassadors, and consuls. It is a quarter perfectly resembling a poor small town in the French provinces. There were some handsome palaces of the ambassadors, built on the sloping terraces of Galata; but we can see nothing now but columns stretched on the ground, sides of blackened walls and destroyed gardens: the flames of the fire have devoured all. Pera has neither character, originality, nor beauty; we cannot perceive from its streets the sea, or the hills, or the gardens of Constantinople; we must mount to the top of the roofs to enjoy the magnificent prospect with which nature and art have environed it. M. Truqui received us as his children. His house is large, elegant, and delightfully situated; he placed it entirely at our disposal. The richest furniture, the exquisite fare of Europe, the most affectionate solicitudes of friendship, the most soothing and amiable society, are substituted for the carpet or mat of the desert, the pilau of the Arab, the roughness and uproar of a maritime life. I was scarcely installed in his house when I received a letter from Admiral Roussin, French ambassador at Constantinople, who had the kindness to offer us hospitality at Therapia. These touching marks of interest and good-will, received from countrymen with whom we are unacquainted, a thousand miles from home, and amidst isolation and misfortune, leave a profound impression on the memory of travellers.

May 21, 22, *and* 23.—Passed in the unlading of the two brigs, in repose, and in receiving visits from the principal merchants of Pera; in the enjoyment of M. Truqui's intimate friendship, and in the society of himself and his friends; in excursions through Constantinople, and

taking a general view of the city; and finally, in paying a visit to the ambassador at Therapia.

May 23.—When we suddenly quit the ever-varying and stormy scene of the sea, the dark and restless cabin of a brig, the fatiguing roll of the waves; when we feel our footing sure on a friendly soil, surrounded by men, books, and all the comforts of life; when we have before us fields and woods to ramble through, and the whole existence of a land life to resume after a long disuse—we experience an instinctive and physical sense of enjoyment, which never cloys: any land whatsoever, even the most wild and far away, is like a native country that we have found again. I have experienced this twenty times on disembarking, even for a few hours, on an unknown and desert coast; a rock that shelters from the blast; a tree that gives shade with its stem or its branches; a ray of the sun which heats the sand on which we are seated; the lizards which crawl between the stones; the insects which buzz around; the bird approaching in distrust, and uttering a shriek of alarm—all this, so indifferent to a man dwelling on the land, is an entire world to the wearied navigator who has just been lowered down the side of a ship. But the ship is there swinging in the gulf on the rough swell, to which we must shortly again resort. The sailors are on the yards, engaged in drying or stitching the rented mainsail; the boat, which goes without ceasing to and fro between the ship and the shore, scales the waves, and disappears in their foaming hollows; it brings provisions to land, or carries fresh water from the watering-place to the vessel; the cabin-boys wash their coloured shirts, and hang them on the mastic-trees on the beach; the captain observes the sky, and awaits the turn of the breeze to recall the passengers by a cannon-shot to their life of misery, darkness, and motion. Although in a hurry to arrive at our destination, we put up secret vows that the opposite wind may not come too quickly, so that another day may be granted us through necessity to enjoy that inward delight which attaches man to the land. We make friends with the coast, and the small ridge of grass or shrubs which stretches between the sea and the rocks; with the spring hidden under the roots of some old holly-oak; with the weeds and small wild flowers, which the wind is incessantly shaking into the clefts of the ledge, and which we shall never again behold. When the shot of summons issues from the vessel; when the signal flag is hoisted on the mast, and the jolly-boat is despatched to bring us on board, we could almost weep on leaving this nameless corner of the world, where we have but stretched our cramped limbs for a few hours. I have often felt this innate love of man for any relief whatsoever, even on a solitary, unknown, and savage shore.

But here I experience two opposing sensations, the one sweet, the other painful. First, this pleasure which I have just described, of having a firm hold of the land, a bed which no longer gives way and falls to the ground, a floor which no longer throws one unceasingly from wall to wall, room to walk freely about, large windows to open or shut at pleasure without fear of being broken in upon by the lashing

waves; the rapture of hearing the wind rustling in the curtains without making the house lurch, the sails bellow, the masts creak, or the sailors run on the deck with a deafening clatter. Furthermore, agreeable intercourse with Europe, travellers, merchants, journals, books, all that puts man in communion of idea and life with man—that participation in the general movement of things and thought from which we have been so long severed; and, beyond all, the warm, attentive, and comfortable hospitality, I will say more, the friendship, of our excellent host, M. Truqui, who seems as happy to bestow on us his attentions, anticipating civilities, and all the comforts that he can procure for us, as we ourselves are happy to accept them. Excellent man! A man rarely to be found, whose like I have not a second time encountered in my long travelling career! His memory will be ever sweet to me, so often as I shall recall to my mind these times of pilgrimage, and my thoughts will pursue him to the coasts of Asia or of Africa, where fortune condemns him to conclude his days. But when we have enjoyed, almost unconsciously, these first ecstasies of a return to land, we are tempted to regret the uncertainty and perpetual agitation of the seafaring life. At least the thought has not leisure there to fold back upon itself, and to fathom the abysses of wo which death has hollowed in our hearts! Sorrow certainly is inseparably there, but it is every instant interrupted by some reflection which prevents its weight being so overwhelming: the noise and briskness which are around us; the ever-changing appearance of the deck of the vessel and of the sea; the waves which swell or subside; the wind which changes, freshens, or dies away; the sails which require to be trimmed twenty times a day; the sight of the manœuvres, in which we ourselves are often called upon in rough weather to lend a hand; the thousand accidents of a tempestuous day or night; the pitching, sails carried away, broken furniture rolling in the cabins; the dull, irregular strokes of the sea against the vibrating planks of the berths, where we are striving to sleep; the hurried steps of the men on watch running from one side to another above our heads; the fluttered chirping of the chickens, which the waves are drowning in their coops bound to the foot of the mast; the crowing of the cocks, as they descry the dawn at the end of a night of gloom and storm; the hissing of the cord, when the log is heaved to try the rate of going; the unexpected, unrecognised, fantastic appearance of some savage or graceful coast which was not thought of the evening before, and which we sail along at the rising of the sun, surveying the height of its mountains, or pointing out with our fingers its towns and villages, gleaming like heaps of snow amid plantations of firs—all this interests more or less the mind, gives a little relief to the heart, dissipates grief, and blunts agony, whilst the voyage continues; but the whole falls again upon the mind with all its weight as soon as we have touched the shore, and sleep in a tranquil bed has restored a man to the intensity of his impressions. The heart, which is no longer beguiled by outward objects, finds itself once more face to face with its bruised senti-

ments, its despairing thoughts, its annihilated future! We know not how we shall support the former life, the monotonous, empty life, of towns and society. It is this which I find so acutely now, as to desire an eternal sailing, a voyage without end, with all its chances and distractions, even the most difficult to be endured. Alas! it is what I read in the eyes of my wife, even more than in my own heart. The suffering of a man is nothing to that of a woman, of a mother; a woman lives and dies upon a single thought, a single sentiment; to a woman life consists in possessing a cherished object, death in losing it! Man lives on all, good or bad; God does not kill him at a single stroke.

May 24.—I have surrounded myself with the newspapers and pamphlets recently arrived from Europe, which the civility of the French and Austrian ambassadors sends me in profusion. After having read the whole day, I am confirmed in the ideas which I had borne with me from Europe. I see that affairs altogether progress according to the political foresight which historical and philosophical analogy enables one to exercise as to the course of events in this our age. The commotion of France is subsiding; Europe, uneasy, but timid, looks on with jealousy and hatred, but dares not interfere; it feels by instinct, a prophetic instinct, that it might possibly destroy the existing equilibrium by stirring. I never thought there would be war in consequence of the revolution of July; France must have been abandoned to the counsels of madmen to initiate attack; and France not aggressing, Europe could scarcely have thrown itself with any gaiety of heart into a revolutionary furnace, where it might be scorched whilst attempting to quench. The government of July has merited well of France and Europe from this solitary fact, of having restrained the impatient and blind ardour of the warlike spirit in France after the three days. Europe and France would have equally suffered. We had no armies, no public spirit, for there is nothing without unanimity; a foreign war would have instantly excited civil war in the south and west of France, persecution and spoliation would have followed on every side. No government could have maintained itself at Paris under the revolutionary throes of the centre of the kingdom. Whilst the shreds of armies, formed by a spontaneous patriotism without guide or check, were being swept away on the eastern frontiers, the south, as far as Lyons, would have mounted the white cockade, the west, as far as the Loire, would have been organised once more into Vendean guerillas; the manufacturing population of Lyons, Rouen, and Paris, exasperated by the misery into which an interruption of their labour must have plunged them, would have induced an explosion in the middle, and poured in undisciplined masses on Paris and the frontiers, choosing from themselves their chiefs of a day, and imposing their caprices as the plans of campaign. Property, commerce, industry, credit, all had perished at the same time; it would have needed violence to have made loans or collected taxes. Money concealed, and credit extinguished, despair had urged to resistance, and resistance to spoliation, to murder, and

sacrifices to the populace; once entered upon the shout for blood, there had no longer been any issue but anarchy, a dictatorship, or dismemberment. But all this again would have been rendered more complicated by the sudden and spontaneous movement in various parts of Europe; Spain, Italy, Poland, the banks of the Rhine, Belgium, all had taken fire together, or one after the other; the whole of Europe would have been dragged into a fluctuation of insurrections and forcible suppressions, which at every instant must have changed the face of affairs. We should have entered, ill prepared, into another thirty years' war. The genius of civilisation has willed it otherwise. All has occurred as it ought to have done. There will be no fighting until after preparation for the combat, until after the nations have reconnoitred, calculated, passed in review, and ranged themselves in order of battle; the conflict will be regular, and will have a certain and foreseen result; it will not be a skirmish in the dark. One judges these things better at a distance, because minor details do not impede the observation, and objects present themselves in important masses. It was on this account that the prophets and utterers of oracles lived in solitude, and far removed from the world; they were sages, investigating affairs in their general relations, without having their minds disturbed by the petty passions of the moment. A politician must often withdraw himself from the scene on which the drama of his era is played, if he would judge correctly, and anticipate the result. To prophesy is impossible, for knowledge of futurity belongs only to God; but to foresee is possible, for sagacity is one of man's possessions.

I often ask myself where this great movement in minds and affairs, which, taking its rise in France, stirs up the world, and drags all things by force or inclination into its vortex, will end. I am not one of those who see in this excitement the mere excitement itself—that is to say, the tumult and disorder of ideas, or who believe the moral and political world to be in those final convulsions which precede death and decomposition. It is evidently a duplex movement, embracing both decomposition and organisation; the creative spirit is at work as fast as the destructive spirit overthrows; one opinion replaces another, one form is substituted for another; wherever past institutions crumble, future ones, all prepared, rise up behind the ruins; the transition is difficult and rude, as is every change where the passions and interests of men are in strife during the progress, where the social orders and different nations advance with unequal steps, where some will obstinately retrograde whilst the mass push onwards. Confusion, tumult, ruin, obscurity, prevail at intervals, but the winds scatter the cloud of dust which conceals the route and the termination, and those who are on the heights distinguish the march of the columns, descry the land of the future, and perceive the sun, scarcely risen, lighting up vast horisons. I hear unceasingly repeated around me, and even here—'Men have no longer any creeds;* all is aban-

* [The word 'creeds' is here to be understood as embracing social and political, as well as religious systems.]

doned to individual reason: there is no longer a common faith in anything, whether in religion, government, or the social state. Creeds, a common faith—they are a mere broken spring; the whole machine is disarranged; there is only one mode of saving the nations; that of restoring them their creeds.' To restore systems, to resuscitate popular dogmas extinct in the consciences of populations, to re-establish what time has overthrown, is pure nonsense; it is to strive against nature and the tendency of things; it is to march in a path opposed to Providence, and the events which are the marks of his steps: we can only arrive at a conclusion by following in the way where God leads events and ideas: the course of time never goes back; we may guide ourselves and guide the world in its powerful current, but we can neither stem it nor make it recede. But is it then true that there is no longer either light in the human intellect, or common creed in the minds of nations, or inward and significant faith in the conscience of the human race? It is a belief repeated without being duly weighed; it has no meaning. If the world had no common idea, faith, or creed, it would not be so much in agitation; from nothing comes nothing; mind rears the monument. There is, on the contrary, a powerful conviction, a fanatical faith, a confused but undefined hope, an ardent love, a common symbol, although not yet digested, which urges, presses, moves, attracts, condenses, and draws to one focus all the intellectual powers, all the consciences, and all the moral vigour, of this epoch; these revolutions, concussions, falls of empires, repeated and gigantic movements in all the estates of old Europe; these echoings in America and Asia; this irreflective and resistless impulse, which imparts, in spite of individual inclinations, so much agitation and concentration to collective energies—all this is not an effect without a cause; it has a meaning, a profound and concealed meaning, but one palpable to the eye of the philosopher. It is precisely what you complain of having lost, what you deny in the existing world; it is a common idea, a conviction, a social law; it is a truth which, having involuntarily penetrated into all minds, and, even unknown to themselves, into the minds of the masses, labours to work itself out in events with the force of a divine truth—that is to say, an invincible force. On this occasion it is general ratiocination; words are its organ, the press is its apostle; it spreads itself over the world with the infallibility and intenseness of a new religion; it strives to reproduce in its own image religion, civilisation, society, and legislation, left imperfect or altered in the errors and ignorance of the dark ages they have passed through; it wishes to repose in religion—an only and perfect God for its dogma, eternal morality for its symbol, worship and charity for its rite; in political affairs—humanity above nationality; in legislation—the equality of man, the brotherhood of man, society as a fraternal exchange of reciprocal services and duties, regulated and guaranteed by law—legislation based on Christianity! It labours for this, and it effects it. Say no more that there are no systems, that there is no common faith in the men of these days!

Since the era of Christianity, never was so great a work accomplished in the world with means so weak. A cross and a press—such are the two instruments of the greatest civilising movements in the world.

May 25.—This evening I seated myself alone under the cypresses of the bank of the Dead, in a splendid moonlight, which was beating on the Sea of Marmora, and even on the violet outlines of Mount Olympus' eternal snows. These cypresses, which overshadow the numberless tombs of the Mussulmans, descending from the heights of Pera to the edge of the sea, are interspersed with pathways more or less steep, which mount from the harbour of Constantinople to the mosque of the turning dervishes. No one was passing at this hour, and I might have believed myself a hundred leagues from a large city, if the thousand noises of evening, borne along by the wind, did not come and die away under the rustling branches of the cypress-trees. All these noises, softened already by the lateness of the hour, the song of sailors from the ships, the strokes of the oars from caïques passing in the waters, the sounds of the savage instruments of the Bulgarians, the drums of the barracks and arsenals, the voices of women singing their children to sleep at the grated windows, the prolonged murmurs of the populous streets and bazaars of Galata; from time to time the cry of the muetzlims from the top of the minarets, or a cannon shot, a signal for return, coming from the fleet anchored at the mouth of the Bosphorus, reverberated by the mosques and hills, and falling into the basin of the Golden Horn, where it found an echo under the motionless willows on the calm waters—all these noises were confounded at moments into a single dull and indistinct buzzing, and formed, as it were, a harmonious music, in which the human noises, the suppressed respiration of a large city asleep were mingled, without being distinguishable, with the noises of nature, the distant beating of the waves, and the gusts of wind, which bent the tapering tops of the cypresses. This is one of those impressions the most infinite and oppressive that a poetical mind can encounter. All is commingled together, man and God, nature and society, mental agitation, and the melancholy repose of the thought. We know not whether we still take part in this great movement of animated beings, immersed in joy or suffering, amid this tumult of voices which arises, or in the nocturnal calm of the elements which are also murmuring, and which exalt the mind above cities and empires in sympathy with nature and God. The Seraglio, a vast peninsula, blackened by its plane-trees and cypresses, projected like a cape of forests between the two seas; the moon was gleaming on its numerous kiosks, and the old walls of the palace of Amurath sprang up like a rock from the dark green of the planes. I had beneath my eyes and in my thought the whole scene where so many unfortunate or glorious dramas had been performed in the course of ages. All these dramas appeared before me with their actors, and their tracks of blood or glory.

I saw a horde issue from Caucasus, propelled by that instinct of peregrination which God implanted in conquering tribes, as he has

given it to the bees, which leave the trunk of a tree to throw out fresh swarms. The great patriarchal figure of Othman, in the midst of his tents and his flocks, spreading his people in Asia Minor, advancing by degrees to Broussa, expiring in the arms of his sons, then his lieutenants, and saying to Orchan—'I die without regret, since I leave a successor such as thou art. Go and propagate the divine law, the idea of God, which has come to us from Mecca to the Caucasus. Be charitable and merciful as it: it is by such means that princes draw down on their nation the blessing of God! Leave not my body in this land, which is but a route for us, but lay my mortal remains in Constantinople, in the spot which I point out in dying.' A few years later, Orchan, son of Othman, was encamped at Scutari on those small hills which the wood of cypress now darkens. The Greek emperor Cantacuzene, coerced by necessity, gave him the beautiful Theodara, his daughter, as the fifth wife of his seraglio. The young princess crossed, amidst the playing of musical instruments, that arm of the sea where I now saw the Russian fleet riding, and went, like a victim to a useless immolation, to prolong for a few days the duration of the empire. Shortly, the sons of Orchan approach the shore, followed by a few valiant soldiers; in the night they construct three rafts, supported by bladders, and pass the strait under favour of the darkness. The Greek sentinels are asleep. A young peasant, going to his labour at break of day, meets the straying Ottomans, and points out to them the mouth of a subterranean passage which leads to the interior of the castle, and the Turks gain a footing and a fortress in Europe. Four reigns later, Mahomet II. answered the Greek ambassadors—'I am forming no enterprise against you; the empire of Constantinople is bounded by its walls.' But Constantinople thus limited prevents the sultan sleeping; he sends to arouse his vizier, and says to him, 'I demand Constantinople from thee; I can find no sleep on this pillow; God will deliver to me the Romans.' In his brutal impatience, he darts his lance into the waves which threaten to overwhelm his encampment. 'Go!' said he to his soldiers, the last day of the assault; 'I reserve for myself the town alone; the gold and the women are yours. The government of my largest province to him who shall first mount the ramparts.' The whole night the land and the water were illumined by innumerable fires, which supplied the place of day, until that day dawned which was to deliver to the Ottomans their prey. During that time, under the sombre cupola of St Sophia, the brave and unfortunate Constantine came on his last night to pray to the God of empires, and to receive the sacrament with tears in his eyes; at sunrise he went forth on horseback, amidst the shrieks and groans of his family, to meet death like a hero in the breach. It was the 29th May 1453.

A few hours afterwards the axe broke open the gates of St Sophia; old men, women, young girls, monks, and nuns, crowded that vast cathedral, whose courts, chapels, galleries, vaults, immense pulpits, domes, and platforms, could contain the population of a whole town. A last shriek arose to heaven as the yell of Chris-

tianity; in a few minutes 60,000 old men, women, and children, without distinction of rank, age, or sex, were bound in couples, the men with cords, the women with their veils or sashes. These coupled slaves were thrown into ships, carried to the Ottoman camp, insulted, exchanged, sold, or bartered, like beasts of burthen. Never were similar lamentations heard on the two banks of Europe and Asia; wives were separated for ever from their husbands, and children from their mothers, for the Turks drove this living booty, by different routes, from Constantinople into the interior of Asia. Constantinople was sacked for eight hours; then Mahomet II. entered by the Holy Roman gate, surrounded by his viziers, his pachas, and his guard. He descended at the outer gate of St Sophia, and struck with his yatagan a soldier who was breaking the altars. He wished nothing to be destroyed. He transformed the church into a mosque, and a muetzlim mounted for the first time upon that same tower, whence I heard him at this very hour chanting to summon the Mussulmans to prayer, and to glorify in another form the God who had been adored there the previous evening. From there Mahomet resorted to the deserted palace of the Greek emperors, and recited, on entering it, these Persian verses:—

'The spider weaves his web in the palace of the emperors, and the owl screeches at midnight on the towers of Erasiab!'

The body of Constantine was found that very day under heaps of slain. The janissaries had heard a Greek, magnificently clad, and struggling in agony, exclaim, 'Is there no Christian to be found who will rid me of life?' They had chopped off his head. Two eagles, embroidered in gold on his buskins, and the tears of some faithful Greeks, left no doubt that this unknown soldier was the brave and unfortunate Constantine. His head was exposed, in order that the vanquished might entertain no doubt as to his death, or hope of seeing him reappear; he was then buried with the honours due to the throne, heroism, and death. Mahomet did not abuse his victory. The religious toleration of the Turks was exhibited in his first acts. He granted to the Christians their churches, and the liberty of public worship; he maintained the Greek patriarch in his functions; he himself, seated on his throne, delivered the crosier and pastoral staff to the monk Gennadius, and gave him a richly-caparisoned horse. The fugitive Greeks saved themselves in Italy, and carried there the taste for polemical disputes, for philosophy and letters. The torch, extinguished at Constantinople, cast its sparks over the Mediterranean, and was rekindled at Florence and Rome. During the thirty years of a reign which was one continued conquest, Mahomet II. added to his empire 200 towns and 12 kingdoms. He died in the midst of his triumphs, and received the name of Mahomet the Great. His memory still hovers over the last years of the nation which he established in Europe, and which will shortly bear his tomb into Asia. This prince had the complexion of a Tartar, an agreeable face, sunken eyes, a deep and piercing look. He had all the virtues and all the vices which policy at different times required. Bajazet II.,

the Louis XI. of the Ottomans, threw his sons into the sea, and himself, driven from the throne by Selim, fled with his women and treasures, and died of poison administered by his son. This Selim, as an answer to the vizier who asked him where he should fix his tents, caused him to be strangled. The successor of the vizier put the same question, and met the same fate; a third pitched the tents without any interrogation towards the four points of the universe; and when Selim asked where his camp was, 'Everywhere,' answered the vizier: 'thy soldiers will follow thee in whatever direction thou turnest thy arms.' 'It is thus I should be served!' replied the terrible sultan. It was he who conquered Egypt, and who, seated on a magnificent throne raised on the banks of the Nile, caused to be led before him the entire tribe of the oppressors of that beautiful country, and had 20,000 Mamelukes massacred before his eyes. Their bodies were thrown into the river. All this was done without personal cruelty, but through that sentiment of fatalism which led him to believe in an especial mission; and feeling himself the instrument to accomplish the will of God, he regarded the world as his conquest, and men as the dust of his feet. That same hand, dyed with the blood of so many thousands of men, wrote verses full of resignation, mildness, and philosophy. A piece of white marble still subsists on which he engraved these sentences:—

'All comes from God; he gives at his pleasure, or refuses us what we ask of him. If any one on earth could accomplish anything of himself, he would be equal to God.' We read lower down—'Selim, the servant of the poor, has composed and written these verses.' Conquering Persia, he died with a command to his vizier to make pious restitutions to the Persian families whom the war had ruined. His tomb is placed by the side of Mahomet II., with this proud epitaph—'On this day Sultan Selim passed to an eternal kingdom, leaving the empire of the world to Soleyman.'

I saw from here, glittering amongst the domes of the other mosques, the resplendent cupola of the mosque of Soleyman, one of the most magnificent in Constantinople. He had lost his eldest son, Mahomet, whom he had by the celebrated Roxalana. This mosque recalls a touching evidence of the grief of this prince. To honour the memory of his son, he freed a multitude of slaves of both sexes, wishing thus to associate the sympathies of others with his own sorrow. In a short time, alas! the neighbourhood of this same mosque was the scene of a terrible drama. Soleyman, excited against a son by another wife, Mustapha, sent for the muphti, and asked him, 'What punishment does Zaïr deserve, the slave of a merchant in this city, to whom were confided by the merchant, during a journey, his wife, his children, and his treasures? Zaïr has deranged the affairs of his master, has attempted to seduce his wife, and has laid snares against the children; what punishment does Zaïr merit?'

'The slave Zaïr deserves death,' writes the muphti: 'God is great!'

Soleyman, provided with this answer, orders Mustapha to his camp.

He arrives, accompanied by Zeangir, a son of Roxalana, but who, far from partaking the hatred of his mother, bore the tenderest friendship for his brother Mustapha. When before the tent of Soleyman, Mustapha is disarmed. He advances alone into the first enclosure, where a complete solitude and mournful silence reign. Four mutes spring upon him, and attempt to strangle him; he throws them down, and is about to escape, and call to his succour the army which adores him, when Soleyman himself, who had observed the struggle between the mutes and his son, lifts up a corner of the curtain of his tent, and casts on them a look sparkling with fury. At his appearance the mutes get up, and succeed in strangling the young prince. His body is exposed on a carpet before the tent of the sultan. Zeangir expires from despair on the body of his brother, and the army contemplates with a terrified eye the implacable vengeance of a woman to whom love has subjected the unfortunate Soleyman. Mustapha had a son ten years old; an order for his death is got by surprise from the sultan by Roxalana. A secret envoy is charged to deceive the vigilance of the mother of this boy. A pretext is feigned to draw her to a country-house a short distance from Broussa. The young prince was on horseback preceding his mother's litter. The litter is broken, and the young prince proceeds in advance, followed by the eunuch charged with the secret order for his death. When scarcely entered into the house, the eunuch, stopping him on the threshold, presents to him the bowstring—'The sultan wills that you die this hour,' says he to him. 'That order is as sacred in my eyes as that of God himself,' replies the boy, and stretches out his head to the executioner. The mother arrives, and finds the palpitating body of her son on the threshold of the door. The insane passion of Soleyman for Roxalana filled the Seraglio with more crimes than the palace of Argos had witnessed. The Seven Towers recall to me the death of the first sultan immolated by the janissaries. Othman, dragged by them into this castle, fell two days afterwards under the dagger of Daoud, the vizier. The latter was himself shortly after conducted to the Seven Towers. They tore off his turban, made him drink at the same fountain at which the wretched Othman had slaked his thirst, and strangled him in the same chamber in which he had killed his master. The ada* of the janissaries, one of whose soldiers had laid hands on Othman, was broken; and even until the abolition of that corps, when an officer called the 65th ada, another officer answered, 'May the voice of that ada perish! may the voice of that ada be annihilated for ever!'

The janissaries, repenting of the murder of Othman, deposed Mustapha, and proceeded to the Seraglio to beg on their knees a boy of twelve years of age, to bestow on him the empire. Clothed in a robe of silver cloth, the imperial turban on his head, and seated on a portable throne, four officers of the janissaries lifted him on their shoulders, and promenaded the young emperor in the midst of the

* A division, or company.

people. It was Amurath IV., worthy of the throne, to which revolt and repentance had elevated him when a minor.

There finished the glorious days of the Ottoman empire. The law of Soleyman, which ordained that the sons of the sultans should be prisoners in the Seraglio, amongst eunuchs and women, enervated the Ottoman blood, and rendered the empire a prey to the intrigues of the eunuchs or the revolts of the janissaries. At intervals, some fine characters shine out, but they are without power, because they have been accustomed from infancy to be without will. Whatever may be said in Europe, it is evident that the empire is dead, and that even a hero could impart to it but a semblance of life. The Seraglio, now abandoned by Mahmoud, is nothing more than a splendid tomb. How full of dramatic and touching interest would be its secret history if its walls could relate it!

One of the most affecting and gentle personages of this mysterious drama is the unfortunate Selim, who, deposed and incarcerated in the Seraglio, from not having shed the blood of his nephews, became the instructor of the present sultan, Mahmoud. Selim was a philosopher and poet. The preceptor had been a king, the scholar was destined to be one likewise. During the long captivity of these two princes, Mahmoud, irritated by the negligence of a slave, fell into a passion, and struck him on the face. 'Ah! Mahmoud,' said Selim, 'when you have passed through the furnace of the world, you will not get thus excited. When you have suffered like me, you will learn to bear with annoyances, even with those from a slave.' The lot of Selim was unfortunate to the end. Mustapha Baraictar, one of his faithful pachas, having taken arms in his cause, arrived at Constantinople, and presented himself at the gates of the Seraglio. The Sultan Mustapha was immersed in pleasure, and at that moment was in one of his kiosks on the Bosphorus. The *bostanghis* defended the entrance, Mustapha returned to the Seraglio; and whilst Baraictar was forcing the gates with his artillery, demanding that his master Selim should be surrendered to him, that unfortunate prince fell under the poniards of the kislar-aga and his eunuchs. The Sultan Mustapha caused his body to be thrown to Baraictar, who fell upon the corpse, and covered it with kisses and tears. They sought for Mahmoud, concealed in the Seraglio: it was feared that Mustapha had shed the last drop of the blood of Othman; but they at length found him, hid beneath some rolled-up carpets, in an obscure corner of the Seraglio. He thought they were seeking him to kill him: he was placed on the throne; and Baraictar prostrated himself before him. The heads of Mustapha's partisans were exposed on the walls; his wives were sewed up in leathern sacks, and cast into the sea. However, a few days afterwards, Constantinople became a field of battle. The janissaries revolted against Baraictar, and again demanded Mustapha for sultan, whom the clemency of Mahmoud had spared. The Seraglio was besieged, a conflagration consumed the half of Stamboul; the friends of Mahmoud insisted upon the death of his brother Mustapha, as the only means of saving the life of the sultan and their

own; the sentence died upon his lips; he covered his head with a shawl, and fell back on a sofa. They profited by his silence, and Mustapha was strangled. Mahmoud, thus become the last and only scion of Othman's stock, was an inviolable and sacred being to all parties. Baraictar had been killed in the flames, fighting near the Seraglio, and Mahmoud began his reign. The open space of the Atmeidan, which stood gloomily out from here, behind the white walls of the Seraglio, witnessed the greatest act of the reign of this prince—the extinction of the janissaries. This measure, which was alone calculated to give fresh youth and life to the empire, has produced nothing but one of the most bloody and lamentable scenes that were ever recorded in a kingdom's annals. It is yet written on all the monuments of the Atmeidan in their fragments, and in the marks of bullets and fire. Mahmoud had made preparations for it like a profound politician, and he put it in execution like a hero. An accident stirred up the last revolt. An Egyptian officer struck a Turkish soldier; the janissaries gave the signal to revolt by exhibiting their kettles turned upside down; the sultan, informed of events, and well prepared, was with his principal counsellors in one of his gardens at Beschiktasch on the Bosphorus. He hastened to the Seraglio, and hoisted the sacred standard of Mahomet; the muphti and ulemas, congregated around the sacred banner, pronounced the abolition of the janissaries. The regular troops and the faithful Mussulmans armed themselves, and assembled at the voice of the sultan. He himself advanced on horseback at the head of the Seraglio troops; the janissaries, drawn up on the Atmeidan, received him with respect; he went several times through their mutinous ranks alone, his life every moment at risk, but animated by that supernatural courage which a decisive resolution inspires. That day was to be the last of his existence, or the first of his enfranchisement and power. The janissaries, turning a deaf ear to his intreaties, refused to return to their agas; they spread themselves over all the quarters of the capital to the number of 40,000 men. The faithful troops of the sultan, the artillery and the bostanghis, occupied the approaches to the streets bordering on the Hippodrome; the sultan ordered them to fire, but the artillerymen hesitated, when a determined officer, Kara-Dejehennem, ran to one of the cannons, fired his pistol in the touch-hole of the piece of ordnance, and mowed down with its grape-shot the nearest groups of the janissaries. The janissaries recoiled, the artillery played upon them from all points, their barracks were consumed by fire, and, hemmed in upon this confined space, they perished by thousands by the falling of the walls upon them, by the shot, and by the flames. The execution once commenced was not stayed until it had reached the last of the janissaries. 120,000 men enrolled in this corps, fell victims in the capital alone to the fury of the people and the sultan. The waters of the Bosphorus rolled their bodies to the Sea of Marmora. Those that were not killed were banished into Asia Minor, and perished on the road. Thus was the empire freed. The sultan,

more absolute than any prince ever was, has none but obedient subjects: he may at his pleasure take steps to regenerate the empire, but he is too late; besides, his genius is not equal to his courage. The hour of the fall of the Ottoman empire has struck; it has many points of resemblance to the former Greek empire, and Constantinople is now awaiting fresh decrees of fate. I see from here the Russian fleet, like a floating camp of another Mahomet II., pressing more and more around the city and the harbour, and I descry the fires of the Kalmuck bivouacs on the Asiatic hills. The Greeks return, under the name and in the garb of Russians, and Providence knows the day on which the last assault, given by them to the walls of Constantinople, which is at present the whole empire, will envelop in fire, smoke, and desolation, this resplendent city, now wrapped beneath my eyes in its last slumber.

The finest view of Constantinople is from above our apartments, from the top of a belvedere erected by M. Truqui on the terraced roof of his house. This belvedere commands the whole group of the hills of Pera, of Galata, and of the eminences which surround the harbour and its placid waters. We look over Constantinople and the sea, as if on the back of an eagle. Europe, Asia, the mouth of the Bosphorus, and the Sea of Marmora, are under the eye all at the same time. The city is at our feet. If we had but one glance to cast upon the earth, it would be from here it should be taken. I am unable to understand, every time that I ascend there—and I do so several times in the day, passing there whole evenings—how it is that of so many travellers who have visited Constantinople, so few have experienced the dazzling effect which this scene possesses in my eyes, and throws over my mind. How is it that none have described it? Is it because words have neither expansion, nor compass, nor colouring sufficient, and because the only language which the eye can speak is painting? But painting itself has given nothing of all this; it has presented but cold outlines, mutilated scenes, and lifeless colouring. But the countless gradations and varieties of the tints according to the sky and the hour, the harmonious mingling and colossal vastness of the outlines, the fleeting and entangled movements on its different horisons, the fluttering of the sails on its three seas, the buzz of life from the populations on the shores, the reports of cannon thundering and mounting from the ships, the standards which droop or float from the mast-heads, the multitude of caïques, the vapoury reflection of domes, mosques, and minarets on the smooth surface of the water—all these things, where are they described? Let us essay the task. The hills of Galata, of Pera, and three or four other hills, slope from my feet to the sea, covered with towns of different shades: some have their houses painted a blood-red, others black, with a throng of blue cupolas variegating the sable hues; between the cupolas spring up groups of verdure, formed by the planes, figs, and cypresses of the little gardens appertaining to each abode. Large vacant spaces between the houses are cultivated as fields and gardens, in which we perceive the Turkish women,

enveloped in their black veils, and playing with their children and their slaves, under the shade of the trees. Flocks of turtle-doves and white pigeons hover in the air above these gardens and roofs, and seem like white flowers poised by the wind, relieving the blue dye of the sea, which forms the bottom of the landscape. We distinguish the streets meandering as they descend towards the sea like ravines, and lower, the tumult of the people in the bazaars, encompassed by wreaths of light and transparent smoke. These towns, or quarters of towns, are separated from each other by verdant promontories crowned with palaces of painted wood, and kiosks of all the various shades of colour, or by deep gorges, where the eye is lost between the hill-sides, and whence we see only the tops of cypresses, and the tapering and glittering points of the minarets, rising up to view. Falling on the sea, the vision is bewildered amid the maze of vessels at anchor or under sail on its blue surface; the caïques, like waterfowls, gliding now in clusters, now alone upon the channel, cross each other in all directions, pulling from Europe to Asia, or from Pera to the point of the Seraglio. Some large ships of war pass in full sail out of the Bosphorus, salute the Seraglio with a broadside, the smoke from which envelopes them for an instant, as if with gray wings, whereout they again emerge with the brilliant whiteness of their sails, and double, appearing to touch, the lofty cypresses and broad plane-trees of the Grand Seigneur's garden, in order to enter the Sea of Marmora. Other ships of war, composing the entire fleet of the sultan, are riding, to the number of thirty or forty, at the entrance to the Bosphorus: their huge forms throw a gloom upon the waters on the land side: only five or six in the whole are visible, the hill and the trees concealing the others, whose lofty prows, masts, and yards, seeming entwined with the cypresses, form a circular avenue winding to the bottom of the Bosphorus. There the mountains of the opposite coast, or of the Asiatic shore, compose the back-ground of the picture; they rise higher and greener than those on the European side; thick forests crown them, and extend into the gorges which slopingly divide them; their banks, cultivated like gardens, bear solitary kiosks, terraces, villages, and small mosques, quite shrouded by the branches of the large trees; their bays are full of vessels at anchor, of caïques on the oar, or small boats on the wing; the town of Scutari stretches at their feet on a wide margin, surmounted by their umbrageous crests, and encircled by its sable forest of cypresses. An uninterrupted string of caïques and boats, loaded with Asiatic soldiers, with horses, or with Greek gardeners carrying vegetables to Constantinople, extends from Scutari to Galata, and is ever and anon severed, to give way to another file of large ships issuing from the Sea of Marmora.

Returning to the coast of Europe, but to the other side of the channel of the Golden Horn, the first object which the eye encounters, after clearing the blue basin of the channel, is the point of the Seraglio; it is the most majestic, varied, magnificent, and at

the same time wild locality that the eye of a painter could gaze upon. The point of the Seraglio advances, like a promontory or a flattened cape, into the three seas, immediately in front of Asia. This promontory, starting from the gate of the Seraglio, on the Sea of Marmora, and concluding at the grand kiosk of the sultan, opposite the shore of Pera, may be three-quarters of a league in circumference; it is a triangle whose base is the palace or the Seraglio itself, its angle projecting into the sea, and its longest side extending along the inner harbour to the canal of Constantinople. From the point on which I stand I command its entire compass. It is a forest of gigantic trees, whose trunks spring, like the shafts of columns, from the walls and terraces of the enclosure, and stretch their branches over the kiosks, the batteries, and the vessels on the sea. These forests, of a dark and glossy green, are interspersed with verdant lawns, flowering shrubberies, balustrades, marble terraces, cupolas of gold or bronze, minarets as slim as the masts of a vessel, and the wide domes of the palace, the mosques, and the kiosks which surround the gardens: a view almost similar to that presented by the terraces, the slopes, and the palaces of St Cloud, when we contemplate them from the opposite banks of the Seine, or from the hills of Meudon: but these rural sites are enclosed on three sides by the sea, and surmounted on the fourth by the cupolas of the numerous mosques, and by an ocean of houses and streets, which compose the true Constantinople, or the city of Stamboul. The Mosque of St Sophia, the St Peter of the Eastern Rome, lifts its massive and gigantic dome above and quite near to the outer walls of the Seraglio. St Sophia is a shapeless hill of heaped-up stones, crowned by a dome, which sparkles in the sun like a sea of lead; farther on, the more modern mosques of Achmet, Bajazet, Soleyman, and the Sultana, spring into the air, with their minarets divided by Moorish galleries; cypresses as high as the shafts of the minarets accompany them, and everywhere form a contrast with their sable foliage to the resplendent lustre of the edifices. At the summit of the flattened hill of Stamboul we perceive, amidst the walls of houses and the shooting minarets, one or two antique mounds, blackened by conflagrations, and bronzed by time; they are fragments of the ancient Byzantium, standing on the open space of the Hippodrome or Atmeidan: there also the vast outlines of several palaces belonging to the sultan or his viziers stretch out; the divan with its gate, which has given its name to the empire; and above this group of buildings, standing bluntly out on the azured horison of the sky, a splendid mosque crowns the hill, and looks upon the two seas; its gilded cupola, struck by the rays of the sun, seems the reflection of a vast burning, and the transparency of its dome and its walls, surmounted with aërial galleries, gives it the appearance of a monument of silver, or of blue-veined porcelain. The horison on this side finishes there, and the eye falls down again on two other large hills, completely covered with mosques, palaces, and painted houses, as far as the bottom of the harbour, where

the sea insensibly diminishes in breadth, and is lost to the vision beneath the trees in the Arcadian vale of Sweet Waters. If the eye ascends the channel, it floats over the masts, clustered on the margin of the bank of the arsenal, and under the forests of cypresses which cover the hill-sides; it beholds the tower of Galata, built by a Genoese, rising like the mast of a ship from out an ocean of house-tops, and gleaming between Galata and Pera like a colossal barrier between two towns; and it returns to finally repose on the placid basin of the Bosphorus, indistinctly gazing between Europe and Asia.

Such are the main features of the picture. But if you add to these principal traits which compose it the immense frame which encircles and brings it out from the sky and sea, the black outlines of the mountains of Asia, the low and fleecy horisons of the Gulf of Nicomedia, the crests of the Olympic mountains of Broussa, which appear behind the Seraglio beyond the Sea of Marmora, and which expand their vast snows like white clouds in the firmament; if you join to this majestic whole the infinite beauty and colouring of the countless details; if you figure to yourself in thought the varied effects of the sky, the breeze, the shifting hours of the day on the sea and town; if you imagine the fleets of merchant vessels wearing off from the point of the Seraglio's black forests to gain the middle of the channel, and fall slowly into the Bosphorus, with a continual change of groupings; if the rays of the setting sun come grazing the tops of the trees and minarets, and reddening, as if with the glare of a conflagration, the seas of Scutari and Stamboul; if the wind, which freshens or falls, smooths the Sea of Marmora into a lake of molten lead, or, slightly rippling the waters of the Bosphorus, seems to throw over it the sparkling meshes of a vast silver net; if the smoke of the steamboats rises and winds in the midst of the large flapping sails of the sultan's ships and frigates of war; if the cannon for prayer resounds in prolonged echoes from the decks of the vessels in the fleet even to the cypresses in the field of the dead; if the innumerable sounds from the seven towns and the thousands of ships rise in gusts from the city and the sea, and reach you, carried by the breeze, at the column whence you survey the scene; if you reflect that this sky is always thus deep and pure, that these seas and natural harbours are always tranquil and safe, that each house on these lengthy shores is near a bay where a ship can ride at anchor at all times beneath the very windows, where they construct and launch into the sea three-decked vessels under the very shadow of the plane-trees on the shore; if you recollect that you are at Constantinople, in that queen of Europe and Asia, at the precise point where these two divisions of the globe have met at various intervals either to embrace or struggle; if the night surprise you in this contemplation of which the eye never grows weary; if the lighthouses of Galata, of the Seraglio, and of Scutari, and the lights of the lofty poops of the ships, are illumined; if the stars come out one by one, or in clusters, from the blue firmament, and envelop

the sable peaks of the coast of Asia, the snowy crests of Olympus, the Isles of Princes in the Sea of Marmora, the sombre platform of the Seraglio, the hills of Stamboul, and the three seas, as if with a blue network, studded with pearls, in which this whole landscape of nature seems to swim; if the softer glare of the heavens, into which the rising moon mounts, leaves sufficient light to distinguish the grand masses in this picture, whilst the details are obliterated or softened down—you have at all hours of the day and night the most magnificent and ravishing spectacle that human eyes can embrace; there is an intoxication in the vision which is communicated to the mind, a dazzling both of the eyes and the thought; such is the spectacle that I have enjoyed every day and every night for some time.

The French ambassador having proposed to me to accompany him in the visit which all the newly-arrived ambassadors have the privilege of making to St Sophia, I found myself this morning at eight o'clock at one of the gates of Stamboul, which opens on the sea, behind the walls of the Seraglio. One of the principal officers of the sultan waited for us on the shore, and conducted us first of all into his house, where he had prepared a collation. The apartments were numerous, and elegantly decorated, but without any other furniture than divans and pipes. The divans were settled against the windows, which looked on the Sea of Marmora. The breakfast was served in the European style, but the dishes were national. They were plentiful and excellent, but all novel to us. After breakfast, the ladies went to visit the wives of the Turkish colonel, who were removed on this occasion to an inner chamber. It was the harem, or women's apartment, in which we had been received. We were all provided with slippers of yellow morocco to put on in the mosque, without which we should have been obliged to take off our boots, and proceed with naked feet. We entered the outer court of the Mosque of St Sophia through a file of guards, who kept off the crowd collected to see us. The countenances of the Osmanlis wore a gloomy and discontented expression. The zealous Mussulmans regard the introduction of Christians into their sanctuaries as a profanation. The gates of the mosque were closed after us. The great cathedral of St Sophia, built by Constantine, is one of the most prodigious edifices that the genius of Christianity has reared on the earth; but we feel, from the barbarous taste that has presided in the construction of this mass of stones, that it is the work of a period of corruption and decay in the arts. It is a confused and coarse memento of a taste which no longer exists, the rough draught of unskilled art. The temple is preceded by a long and wide peristyle, covered in and closed like that of St Peter at Rome. Columns of granite of great height, but encased in the walls, and making part of them, separate this vestibule from the court. A large door opens on the interior; the enclosure of the church is decorated on its sides with superb columns of porphyry, Egyptian granite, and the finest marble; but these

columns, differing in their size, proportions, and orders, are evidently remains borrowed from other temples, and placed there without symmetry and taste, as the barbarians support a hovel with the mutilated fragments of a palace. Gigantic pillars of vulgar masonry sustain an aërial dome like that of St Peter, the effect of which is at least equally majestic. This dome, which was formerly adorned with mosaics, forming pictures on its arch, was plastered over when Mahomet II. seized upon St Sophia to convert it into a mosque. Some portions of the plaster have fallen, and allow the ancient Christian decoration to reappear. Circular galleries, connected with immense pulpits, run round the cathedral to the height of the spring of the arch. The appearance of the edifice is beautiful from there; vast, sombre, without ornament, with its rugged arches and bronzed columns, it resembles the interior of a colossal tomb, the relics of which have been dispersed. It inspires awe, silence, meditation, on the instability of the works of men who build in honour of ideas which they believe eternal, and whose monuments succeeding ideas come, with a book or sword in hand, to dwell in or destroy. In its present state, St Sophia is like a large caravanserai of God. There are the columns of the temple of Ephesus, there are the likenesses of the apostles, with their golden glories, on the arch, looking on the lamps suspended from the *imaun*.

On quitting St Sophia, we went to visit the seven principal mosques of Constantinople; they are much smaller, but infinitely more beautiful. We feel that Mohammedanism had its peculiar style —its style all prepared and conformable to the luminous simplicity of its creed—when it raised these simple, regular, superb temples, without curtains for its mysteries, and without altars for its victims. These mosques are all similar, except in size and colour. They are preceded by large courts, encircled with cloisters, in which are the schools and the lodgings of the *imaums*. Magnificent trees overshadow these courts, and numerous fountains impart the murmur and delicious freshness of their waters. Minarets, of admirable workmanship, rise like four aërial barriers at the four corners of the mosque. They spring above their domes; small circular galleries, with a parapet of stone, of open sculpture like network, surround at different heights the slim shaft of the minaret; there the muetzlim, who cries the hour, and calls the city to the constant thought of Mohammedanism, the thought of God, places himself at the different hours of the day. A portico, opening on the gardens and courts, and raised a few steps, leads to the door of the temple. The interior is a square or round court, surmounted by a cupola supported by elegant pillars, or beautiful fluted columns. A pulpit is fixed to one of the pillars. The frieze is formed by verses of the Koran, written in ornamented characters on the wall. The walls are painted in arabesques. Strings of iron pass from one pillar to the other in the mosque, and bear a multitude of lamps, ostrich eggs, and bunches of ears of corn, or of flowers. Mats of rush and rich carpets cover the slabs of the court. The effect is simple and imposing. It is not a

temple where a God dwells: it is a house of prayer and contemplation, where men assemble together to adore the only and universal God. What is called religious ceremony does not exist in this religion. Mahomet preached to barbarous tribes, amongst whom ceremonies were used to conceal the Deity. The rites are very simple: an annual festival, ablutions and prayer at the five divisions of day—that is all. No dogmas, but belief in a creating and rewarding God. Images are suppressed, from fear lest they might tempt the weakness of human imagination, and convert a remembrance into culpable adoration. No priests—or at least every one of the faithful is able to perform the functions of the priest. The sacerdotal body was formed much later, and from corruption. Every time that I entered the mosques, on this or any other day, I found a small number of Turks, seated cross-legged or kneeling on the carpets, and praying with all the outward signs of fervour and complete mental absorption. In the court of the Mosque of Bajazet I saw the empty tomb of Constantine. It is a porphyry vase of prodigious size: it would contain twenty heroes. The lump of porphyry is evidently of the Grecian epoch. It is likewise some fragment torn from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. Ages lend their temples like their tombs, and mutually render them deserted. Where are the bones of Constantine? The Turks have enclosed his sepulchre in a kiosk, and do not permit its profanation. The tombs of the sultans and their families are in the gardens of the mosques which they have constructed, under kiosks of marble, overshadowed by trees, and perfumed with flowers. Water murmurs in jets near or in the kiosk; and the obligation of remembrance is so immortal amongst the Mussulmans, that I have never passed before one of those tombs without finding nosegays of flowers, freshly plucked, deposited on the door or on the windows of these numerous monuments.

I have just returned from an excursion up the canal of Constantinople to the mouth of the Black Sea. I wish to sketch for myself a few features of this enchanting scene. I did not believe that sky, earth, sea, and man, could in concert produce such ravishing landscapes. The transparent mirror of the sky or the sea can alone reflect them in full entirety: my imagination sees and preserves them thus, but my memory can hold and paint them only by a few successive details. Let us then describe view by view, cape by cape, bay by bay, at each stroke of the oar. It would take years for a painter to convey even one of the shores of the Bosphorus. The landscape changes at every glance, and every variation is equally beautiful. What can I tell in a few words? Conducted by four Arnaut rowers into one of those long caïques which cleave the sea like a fish, I embarked alone, at seven in the morning, with a pure sky and a brilliant sun. An interpreter, stretched in the boat, between the rowers and me, mentioned to me the names and objects. We skirted at first the quays of Tophana, with its artillery barrack: the quarter of Tophana, rising in gradations of painted houses, like bunches of flowers, grouped around the marble mosque,

died away under the lofty cypresses of the great field of the dead in Pera. That curtain of sombre forest terminates the hills on that side. We glide through a crowd of vessels at anchor, and of countless caïques rowing to Constantinople with the officers of the Seraglio, the ministers and their kiayas, and the families of the Armenians, whom the hour of labour calls to their counting-houses. These Armenians are a race of superb men, nobly and simply attired in a black turbán, and a long blue robe clasped to their body by a shawl of white cashemire. Their forms are athletic, their countenances intelligent, but commonplace; their complexions are tawny, eyes blue, and beards flaxen. They are the Swiss of the East; industrious, peaceable, and steady like them; but, like them, calculating and avaricious, they let out their genius for traffic to the sultan and his subjects for hire: there is nothing heroic or warlike in this race of men. Commerce is their calling, and they pursue it under all masters. They are the Christians who have the greatest sympathy with the Turks. They prosper, and accumulate the wealth which the Turks take no trouble about, and which has escaped the grasp of the Greeks and Jews: they have all things here in their own hands. They are the dragomans of all the pachas and viziers. Their women, whose features, equally regular, but more delicate, recall the calm beauty of the English females, or the peasants of the Helvetian mountains, are greatly to be admired, as well as their children. The caïques are full of them. They bring from their country-houses baskets of flowers, which are displayed on the prow. We begin to double the point of Tophana, and to glide under the shadows of the large vessels of war belonging to the Ottoman fleet, riding on the European coast. These enormous masses sleep there as if on a lake. The sailors, dressed like the Turkish soldiers, in red or blue vests, are lazily stretched on the shrouds or bathing around the hull. Great boats, loaded with troops, are going to and fro between the shore and the vessels; and the elegant barge of the capitan-pacha, propelled by twenty oars, shoots past us like an arrow from a bow. The admiral Tahir-Pacha, and his officers, are clothed in brown frock-coats, and their heads are covered with fez, large bonnets of red wool, which they draw over their foreheads and eyes, as if ashamed of having laid aside the noble and graceful turban. These men have a melancholy and resigned aspect, as they smoke their long amber-tipped pipes. There are about thirty ships of war, of admirable build, which seem quite ready for sea; but there are neither officers nor sailors, and this magnificent fleet serves merely as a decoration to the Bosphorus. Whilst the sultan is complacently surveying it from his kiosk of Beglerbeg, situate opposite to it on the Asiatic side, the two or three frigates of Ibrahim Pacha are in undisturbed possession of the Mediterranean, and the Samian schooners sweep the Archipelago.

At a short distance from these vessels, on the European bank, I pass beneath the windows of a long and magnificent palace belonging to the sultan, at present uninhabited. It seems a palace for

amphibious beings; the waves of the Bosphorus, whenever so little stirred by the breeze, lash the windows, and throw their spray into the rooms of the ground-floor. The front steps dip into the water; the grated doors give access to the sea, even into the gardens and courts. Here are provided boat-houses for the caïques, and baths for the sultanas, who can bathe in the sea under the shelter of the curtains of their saloons. Behind these marine courts, gardens of shrubs, lilacs, and roses, rise in successive terraces, bearing grated and gilded kiosks. These flowery lawns are continued to extensive woods of oaks, laurels, and planes, which cover the slopes, and rise with the rocks to the summit of the hill. The apartments of the sultan are open, and I see through the windows the richly-gilded mouldings of the ceilings, the crystal lustres, the divans, and the curtains of silk. Those of the harem are closed by thick gratings of elegantly-sculptured wood. Immediately following this palace is an uninterrupted succession of palaces, houses, and gardens, belonging to the chief favourites, ministers, or pachas of the Grand Seigneur. All repose on the sea as if to inhale its freshness. Their windows are open; the owners are seated on the divans in vast saloons, all glittering with gold and silk; they smoke, chat, and sip sherbet, as they look upon us passing. Their apartments open on successive terraces, surcharged with trellised arbours, shrubs, and flowers. The numerous slaves, in rich costumes, are generally seated on the steps of the stairs, which are washed by the sea, and the caïques, furnished with rowers, are at the edge of these stairs, ready to receive and bear away the lords of these dwellings. The harems everywhere form a wing, separated by gardens or courts from the apartments of the men. They are grated. I can only occasionally discover the head of a pretty boy, who presses against the interstices of the trellis-work, interwoven with creeping flowers, to get a glimpse of the sea, and the white arm of a woman, drawing the blinds apart or closer. All these palaces and houses are of wood, but very richly worked, with projecting eaves, galleries, and balustrades without number, and all drowned in the umbrageous canopies of large trees, in creeping plants, and in the clusterings of jessamines and roses. All are bathed by the current of the Bosphorus, and have inner courts, where the water of the sea penetrates and flows with a perpetual renewal, and where the caïques are under sheds. The Bosphorus is everywhere so deep, that we pass sufficiently near the margin to inhale the scented air of the flowers, and to refreshen our boatmen under the shade of the trees. The largest vessels also sail as close as we, and frequently the yard-arm of a brig or a ship gets entangled in the branches of a tree, in the trellis of a vine, or even in the blinds of a casement, and floats on, bearing with it shreds from the foliage or the house. These abodes are only separated from each other by clumps of trees on small projecting ridges, or by angular rocks, covered with ivy and moss, which descend from the crests of the hills, and advance a few feet into the waves. Occasionally, however, a deeper and wider bay is scooped out between two hills

divided and cleaved by the hollow bed of a torrent or a rivulet. Then a village stretches on the levelled banks of the creek, with its beautiful Moorish fountains, its mosque, with gilded or azured cupolas, and its slight minaret, confounding its peak with the lofty branches of the plane-trees. The small painted houses rise like an amphitheatre on the two sides and at the bottom of these little gulfs, with their façades and kiosks of a thousand dyes. On the top of the hills large villas are reared, flanked with hanging gardens and copses of wide-spreading firs, closing the horison.

At the foot of these villages is a beach or a granite quay, a few feet broad. The beaches are planted with sycamores, vines, and jessamine, forming bowers even on the sea, in which the caïques lie under shade. Multitudes of boats, and merchant galliots of all flags, are riding at anchor. They are moored in front of the house or the warehouses of the trader, and frequently a plank thrown from the deck of the vessel to the window of the building serves to transport the merchandise. A crowd of children, and venders of vegetables, dates, and fruits, flock upon the quays; it is the bazaar of the village and of the Bosphorus. Sailors, of every costume and language, are grouped in the midst of the Osmanlis, who are smoking, squatted on their carpets near the fountain, or around the trunk of a plane-tree. No view of the villages of Lucerne or Interlacken can give an idea of the exquisite loveliness and picturesqueness of these little bays in the Bosphorus. It is impossible to avoid tarrying a moment to contemplate them. These towns, harbours, or villages are met almost every five minutes on the first half of the European coast—that is to say, during two or three leagues. They become more rare afterwards, and the landscape assumes a harsher aspect, from the increasing height of the hills and the depth of the forests. I speak here only of the coast of Europe, because I will describe on my return that of Asia, which is still more beautiful; but it must be borne in mind, in order to form an exact idea, that this coast of Asia is but a few strokes of the oar from me; that often we are as near the one as the other, when holding the middle of the current in places where the canal narrows and bends, and that the same scenes which I am describing as in Europe, fascinate the eye every time it falls on the Asiatic shore.

But I return to the bank, which I am almost touching. There is a spot beyond the last of these natural harbours where the Bosphorus is enclosed, like a deep and rapid river, between two rocky capes which descend perpendicularly from the heights of its double mountains; the canal, in its windings, seems to the eye altogether hemmed in—it is only as we advance that we see it folding round and turning behind the European cape, when it expands and hollows out into a lake, bearing on its shores the towns of Therapia and Buyukdère. From the base to the top of these two capes of rocks, clothed with trees and scattered tufts of vegetation, half-ruined fortifications mount and throw out large white battlemented towers, with drawbridges and donjon-keeps, in the style of the most admired constructions of

the middle ages. These are the famous castles of Europe and Asia, whence Mahomet II. besieged and menaced Constantinople so long a time before he succeeded in carrying it. They rise like two white phantoms out of the sable bosom of the pines and cypresses, as if to scare approach to the two seas. Their towers and turrets hanging above the vessels in full sail, the long twigs of ivy, which droop like the mantles of warriors upon their half-ruined walls, the gray rocks which sustain them, their angles jutting out of the forest with which they are enveloped, and the huge shadows which they cast upon the waters, render their site one of the most characteristic points of the Bosphorus. It is there that it loses its exclusively lovely character, to assume an aspect by turns beautiful and sublime. Turkish cemeteries stretch at their feet, and the turbans, sculptured in white marble, gleam at intervals amid the clustering foliage, washed by the wave. Happy are the Turks!—they always rest in their most preferred locality, under the shade of the tree they have loved, on the edge of the stream whose murmur has charmed them, visited by the doves they nurtured when alive, embalmed in the flowers they have planted. If they possess not the earth during their lives, they hold it after death, and they do not shovel the remains of those whom they have loved into those human sewers, whence disgust repels the sacredness and piety of remembrance. Beyond the castles, the Bosphorus widens ; the mountains of Europe and Asia rise more savage and desert. The shores of the sea alone are still sprinkled here and there with white cottages and with small rustic mosques, perched on an eminence near a fountain, and under the canopy of a plane-tree. The village of Therapia, the residence of the French and English ambassadors, skirts the beach a little farther; the high forests which command it throw their shadows over the terraces and lawns of the two palaces; little valleys meander, shut in between rocks, and form the demarcation between the two powers. Two frigates, an English and a French one, lying at anchor in the canal, in front of each palace, are there to attend the orders of the ambassadors, and carry to the fleets of the Mediterranean messages of war or peace.

Buyukdère, a charming town at the bottom of the gulf which the Bosphorus forms, where it takes the bend before losing itself in the Black Sea, stretches like a curtain of palaces and villas on the flanks of two sombre mountains. A beautiful quay separates the gardens and the houses from the sea. The Russian fleet, composed of five ships, three frigates, and two steam-vessels, is anchored before the terraces of the Russian palace, and forms a town upon the waters, in front of the houses and delightful shady groves of Buyukdère. The boats which are bearing orders from one vessel to another; the detachments going towards land to get water at the fountains, or give the sick a walk on the shore; the yachts of the young officers, matched against each other like race-horses, their sails laid over by the wind, dipping into the sea; the firing of cannon, which re-echoes in the deep valleys of Asia, and announces fresh vessels entering from the Black Sea; a Russian camp, pitched on the sides of the

mountain of the Giant, opposite the fleet; the beautiful meadow of Buyukdère on the left, with its group of wonderful planes, one of which can overshadow a regiment; the magnificent woods appertaining to the Russian and Austrian palaces, which undulate on the brows of the hills; a multitude of elegant houses decorated with balconies, which line the quays, with roses and lilacs hanging in festoons from the edge of the terraces; Armenians with their children incessantly arriving or departing in their caïques, full of boughs and flowers; the arm of the Bosphorus getting more sombre and narrow as we see it stretching towards the misty horison of the Black Sea; other chains of mountains entirely despoiled of villages and houses, and rearing up into the clouds with their black forests, seeming the fearful limits between the storms of the sea of tempests and the luscious serenity of the waters of Constantinople; two forts fronting one another on each shore, crowning with their batteries, their towers, and their battlements the advanced heights of two gloomy capes; in fine, a double line of rocks, dotted with copses, dying away into the blue waves of the Euxine—such is the prospect of Buyukdère! Add to this the perpetual transit of a string of shipping coming to Constantinople, or issuing out of the canal, according as the wind blows from the north or the south; these vessels are so numerous at times, that one day, in returning with my caïque, I counted nearly 200 in an hour. They sail in flocks, like birds migrating to another climate; if the wind shifts, they tack from one shore to the other, veering under the windows or trees of Asia or Europe; if the breeze freshens, they heave to in one of the innumerable bays, or under the point of the small headlands of the Bosphorus; in a short time they again set all sail. The landscape, enlivened and modified by these fleets of vessels under sail or at anchor, and the different positions which they take up along the banks, changes every instant in its aspect, and renders the Bosphorus a wondrous kaleidoscope. Arrived at Buyukdère, I took possession of the delightful house on the quay in which M. Truqui has insisted upon offering me a double hospitality. We shall pass the summer there.

It would appear, after the description of this coast of the Bosphorus, that nature could not surpass herself, and that no landscape could bear away the palm from that with which my eyes are filled. I have skirted the Asiatic shore, on returning this evening to Constantinople, and I find it a thousand times more enchanting than the European. The coast of Asia owes scarcely anything to man; nature has accomplished all. There is no Buyukdère, no Therapia, nor ambassadorial palace, nor town of Armenians or Franks; there are only mountains, gorges separating them, small vales, carpeted with meadow grass, hollowed out between the roots of the rocks, rivulets winding in them, torrents whitening them with their foam, forests hanging upon their flanks, creeping into their ravines, and descending to the margins of the numerous gulfs on the coast; a variety of forms and tints, of foliage and verdure, such as the pencil of a land-

scape painter never delineated from imagination. A few isolated houses, inhabited by sailors or gardeners, scattered at irregular distances on the beach, or perched on the glades of a wooded hill, or clustered on the rocky headland, where the current wafts you, lashing itself into ripples blue as the sky of night; a few white fishing sails creeping into the deep bays, and gliding from one plane-tree to another, like a bleached damask folded by the laundress; countless swarms of white birds pecking on the borders of the meadows; eagles hovering from the mountain heights above the sea; unfathomable creeks, entirely closed in by rocks, and the trunks of gigantic trees, whose boughs, loaded with leaves, bend over the waters, and form alcoves on the sea, into which the caïques dive. One or two villages concealed in the shade of these creeks, with their gardens spreading behind them on the green slopes, and their clumps of trees at the foot of the rocks, with their boats cradled in the placid waters at their doors, their flocks of pigeons on the roofs, their women and children at the windows, their old men seated under the umbrageous plane at the foot of the minaret; husbandmen returning from the fields in their caïques; others filling their boats with green fagots, myrtle, or flowering heaths, to dry them for firing in the winter, so concealed behind these loads of pendent verdure, drooping over the sides, and dipping into the water, that we can perceive neither boat nor rower, and we believe we see a portion of the bank, detached from the land by the current, floating at hazard upon the sea with its foliaged boughs and its sweet-scented flowers. The shore presents this aspect as far as the castle of Mahomet II., which on this side also seems to close the Bosphorus, like a Swiss lake. Beyond, it changes character; the hills, less harsh, lower their crests, and hollow out more gently their narrow valleys; Asiatic villages extend, more beautiful and crowded; the calm waters of Asia, like a charming plain, overshadowed by trees, and sprinkled with kiosks and Moorish fountains, open to the eye; numerous Constantinople carriages—a sort of cage of gilded wood, placed on four wheels, and drawn by two oxen—are scattered on the lawns; Turkish women descend from them veiled, and seat themselves in groups at the foot of the trees, or on the banks of the sea, with their children and their black slaves; parties of men are reclining at a distance, taking coffee and smoking pipes; the various dyes of the men and children's garments, and the dusky colour of the women's veils, form beneath these trees a most fantastic mosaic of tesselated colouring to fascinate the eye; oxen and buffaloes for the yoke are grazing in the meadows; the Arab horses, covered with trappings of velvet, silk, and gold, are paraded near the caïques, which are landing in shoals full of Armenian and Jewish females; these latter seat themselves unveiled on the grass at the edge of the rivulet; they compose a link of women and young girls, in various costumes and attitudes; there are some of ravishing beauty, which the strange diversity of the head-dresses and apparel considerably heightens. I have often thus seen several women from the

Turkish harems divested of their veils; they are almost all of low stature, extremely pale, with pensive eyes, and an emaciated, sickly appearance. Speaking generally, the climate of Constantinople, notwithstanding all its apparent claims to salubrity, appears to me unhealthy; the women at least are far from meriting that reputation for beauty which they enjoy: the Armenian and Jewish women alone appear to me handsome. But still, how different from the beauty of the Jewesses and Armenians of Arabia, and especially from the indescribable charms of the Greek women of Syria and Asia Minor! A little farther on, completely on the margin of the waters of the Bosphorus, rises the magnificent new palace, at present inhabited by the sultan. Begler-bey is an edifice in the Italian taste, mingled with Indian and Moorish designs; an immense centre of several storeys, with wings and inner gardens: large parterres, planted with roses, and watered with spouting fountains, stretch behind the buildings between the mountain and the palace; a narrow granite quay separates the windows from the sea. I leisurely passed under this palace, where so many cares and apprehensions keep watch beneath marble and gold. I perceived the sultan seated on a divan in one of the kiosks on the sea; Achmet-Pacha, one of his young favourites, was standing near him. The sultan, attracted by the European costume, pointed us out to Achmet-Pacha, as if asking him who we were. I saluted the lord of Asia in the Oriental mode, and he very graciously returned my salutation. All the blinds of the palace were open, and we saw the rich decorations of this magnificent and delightful residence brilliantly sparkling. The wing inhabited by the women, or the harem, was closed; it is very extensive, but the number of the women who dwell therein is unknown. Two caïques, completely covered with gilding, and mounted with twenty-four rowers each, were at the palace gate on the sea; these caïques are an honour to the most exquisite taste in design as displayed in Europe, and to the sumptuousness of the East. The prow of one of them, which projected at least twenty-five feet, was formed by a swan of gold with expanded wings, which seemed as if it bore the golden bark on the waves; a silk pavilion, supported on columns of gold, formed the poop, and rich Cashemire shawls served as a seat for the sultan; the prow of the second caïque was an arrow of feathered gold, which seemed flying, as if struck from the bow, over the sea.

I lingered a long time out of sight of the sultan to admire this palace and these gardens. All appears arranged in perfect taste. I know nothing in Europe which presents to the eye more magnificence and magical effect in royal abodes: all seemed to spring from the hands of the artist entire, radiant with lustre and gorgeousness. The roofs of the palace were masked by gilded balustrades, and the chimneys even, which disfigure the outlines of all our public edifices in Europe, were columns gilded and fluted, whose elegant capitals added an architectural decoration to the building. I am attached to this prince, who passed his infancy in the gloom of the

Seraglio dungeons; menaced every day with death; instructed in misfortune by the sage and unfortunate Selim; elevated to the throne by the death of his brother; brooding for fifteen years in the silence of his own thoughts over the enfranchisement of the empire, and the restoration of Islamism by the destruction of the janissaries; executing his purpose with heroism and the calmness of fatalism; unceasingly braving the prejudices of his people to regenerate them; bold and unmoved amid peril; mild and merciful when he can consult his heart, but wanting support around him; without instruments to execute the good he meditates, unappreciated by his subjects, betrayed by his pachas, despoiled by his neighbours, abandoned by fortune, without which man can effect nothing; aiding by his own acts the ruin of his throne and empire; giving himself up in the end to pleasure, and hastening to enjoy in the voluptuousness of the Bosphorus his modicum of existence and his phantom of sovereignty! A man of good intentions and correct purpose, but a man of insufficient genius, and of too weak a purpose; resembling the last of the Greek emperors, whose place he occupies, and whose destiny he seems to represent; worthy of another people and a better era, and capable at least of dying like a hero! On one occasion he was a great man. History presents no page comparable to that which records the destruction of the janissaries; it was a revolution the most vigorously meditated, and the most heroically accomplished, of which I know any example. Mahmoud illustrates this page, but why is it the only one? The most difficult part was effected: the tyrants of the empire struck down, there needed but the will to follow up the blow, to invigorate the empire by civilising it. Mahmoud stopped short. Is it because genius is more rare than heroism? After the palace of Begler-bey, the coast of Asia again becomes woody and deserted as far as Scutari, which glitters like a garden of roses, at the extremity of a cape, at the entrance to the Sea of Marmora. Opposite, the verdant point of the Seraglio presents itself to the eye, and between the European coast, crowned with its three painted towns, and the quay of Stamboul, all radiant with its cupolas and minarets, expands the immense port of Constantinople, where the ships, moored to the two shores, leave only a wide thoroughfare to the caïques. I glide through this labyrinth of vessels, like a Venetian gondola under the shadows of palaces, and I step on shore at the bank of the dead beneath an avenue of cypresses.

May 29.—I have been conducted this morning by a young man of Constantinople to the market for slaves. After having traversed the long streets of Stamboul, which run side by side with the streets of the old Seraglio, and passed by several magnificent bazaars, encumbered with a countless throng of merchants and buyers, we mounted by small narrow streets to a miry square, from which the gate of another bazaar opened. Thanks to the Turkish costume in which we were attired, and to the perfection in the idiom of my guide, they permitted us to enter this human market. How many ages and successive revelations to the reason of man have been

needed in order that force should cease to be a right in his eyes, and slavery become a crime and a blasphemy to his intelligence! What a progress!—and how many does it not promise! How many things there are which shock not us, but which will be incomprehensible abominations in the eyes of our descendants! I thought on these things whilst entering into this bazaar where they sell life, soul, body, another's liberty, as we sell an ox or a horse, and where they look upon themselves as legitimate possessors of what they have thus purchased! How many conceded rights are there of this nature of which we take no account! They are legitimate, however, for we cannot ask of man more than he knows. His convictions are to him truths; he possesses none other. God alone has them all with him, and distributes them to us in proportion to, and according to the advance of, our progressive understandings. The slave-market is a vast uncovered court, surrounded by a roofed-in portico. Beneath this portico, round which runs a wall breast-high towards the court, doors open into the chambers where the merchants keep the slaves. These doors remain open, in order that the purchasers, as they walk about, may see the slaves. The men and women are kept in separate divisions; the women are unveiled. Besides the slaves shut up in these low chambers, there was a great number grouped in the gallery under the portico and in the court. We commenced by surveying these different groups. The most remarkable was a cluster of young Abyssinian girls, to the number of twelve or fifteen: leaning against each other, like antique figures of cariatides supporting a vase upon their heads, they formed a circle with all their faces turned to the spectators. Their visages were generally of great beauty. Their eyes were of the hue of almonds, their noses aquiline, their lips small, their cheeks of a delicate and oval contour, and their long black hair as glossy as the wings of ravens. The pensive, sad, and languishing expression of countenance perceptible on the Abyssinian females, renders them, in spite of the copper colour of their complexions, a race greatly to be admired: they are tall, slim in shape, and erect as the shoots of the palms in their beautiful country. Their arms are of ravishing mould. These young girls had no other garment than a long chemise of coarse yellowish cloth. They had on their legs circlets of blue glass beads. Seated on their heels, motionless, their heads supported on the palms of their hands, or on their knees, they looked at us with an expression as mild and pensive as the eye of the kid or the lamb which the peasant holds by a cord, and exposes in a village fair; sometimes one of them spoke a word, and then smiled. There was one who held a little infant in her arms, and who was weeping, because the merchant wished to sell it, without her, to a dealer in children. Not far from this group were seven or eight negroes, from eight to twelve years of age, pretty well dressed, with every appearance of health and happiness: they were playing together at an Eastern game, the instruments of which are little pebbles, which they dispose in different combinations in small holes made in the sand. Whilst so occu-

pied, the merchants and dealers were walking around them, taking them in turns by the arm, examining them with attention from head to foot, feeling them with their hands, and making them show their teeth to judge of the age and state of health, after which the boys, interrupted for a moment in their play, returned to it with eagerness.

I afterwards passed under the covered porticoes filled with a swarm of slaves and buyers. The Turks who drive this trade were walking about, superbly dressed in furred pelisses, and with long pipes in their hands, through the different groups, with unquiet and preoccupied countenances, and watching with a suspicious eye the slightest glance cast into the interior of their magazines of men and women; but taking us for Arabs or Egyptians, they durst not, however, interdict our access to any chamber. Itinerant venders of small cakes and dried fruits were going round the gallery selling the slaves a little nourishment. I slipped a few piastres into the hands of one of them, in order that he might distribute his basket amongst a group of little negro children, who eagerly devoured these confectionaries. I remarked an unfortunate negress, eighteen or twenty years old, singularly beautiful, but of a sad and chagrined aspect. She was seated on a bench in the gallery, richly attired, and her face unveiled, in the midst of a dozen of other negresses in rags, exposed for sale at very low prices: she was holding on her knees a fine little boy, three or four years of age, likewise very handsomely dressed. This child, who was a mulatto, had the most beautiful features, the most graceful mouth, and the most intelligent and haughty eyes, that it is possible to imagine. I caressed him, and gave him cakes and sugar-plums, which I purchased at a neighbouring stall; but his mother, tearing out of his hands what I had given him, cast it with anger and disdain on the pavement. She held down her head and wept; I thought it was from apprehension of being sold separately from her son, and touched with her melancholy fate, I begged M. Morlach, my obliging conductor, to buy her, with her boy, on my account. I would have taken them away together, and would have educated the child whilst leaving it with the mother. We addressed ourselves to a broker of M. Morlach's acquaintance, who entered into a negotiation with the owner of the beautiful slave and her child. The owner at first gave every token of being disposed to sell her, and the poor creature began to sob more violently, and the little boy commenced weeping, passing his arms round the neck of his mother. But this bargaining was a mere pretence on the part of the merchant; and when he saw that we gave without hesitation the high price which he put upon the couple, he took the broker aside, and confessed to him that the slave was not for sale; that she was the slave of a rich Turk, who was the father of the child; that she was of too haughty and intractable a disposition in the harem; and that, to correct and humble her, her master had sent her to the bazaar, as if to get rid of her, but with secret directions not to sell her. This mode of correction is often adopted; and when a Turk is displeased, his most ordinary

menace is the threat of sending to the bazaar. We therefore passed on. We looked into a great number of the compartments, each containing four or five women, almost all black and ugly, but with appearances of good health. The greatest part seemed indifferent to their situation, and even solicited purchasers: they chatted and laughed amongst themselves, making critical observations on the figures of those who were bargaining for them. One or two were weeping, and concealing themselves in the bottom of the room, and came forward with resistance to place themselves for examination on the bench, where they were in general seated. We saw several removed, who went in gaiety with the Turk who had bought them, taking their little bundle folded in a kerchief, and covering their faces with their long white veils. We were witnesses of two or three acts of mercy which Christian charity might envy the good Mussulmans. Turks come to purchase old slaves, rejected from the houses of their masters on account of their old age and infirmities, and take them away with them. We asked for what these wretched women could be useful. 'To please God,' replied the broker; and M. Morlach gave me to understand that several Mohammedans thus sent into the markets to buy up poor infirm slaves of both sexes, to support them from charity in their houses. The spirit of God never utterly abandons man.

The last chambers that we visited were half closed, and they disputed our entry for some time. There was only one female slave in each, under the guard of a woman. They were young and beautiful Circassians, fresh imported from their native land. They were dressed in white, with a remarkable elegance and vanity. Their beautiful features testified neither chagrin nor astonishment, simply a disdainful indifference. The charming white slaves of Georgia and Circassia are become extremely rare, since the Greeks no longer supply the seraglios, and Russia has forbid the traffic in women. However, the Georgian families still rear their daughters for this degrading commerce, and contraband dealers penetrate at intervals, and carry off cargoes of them. The price of these lovely creatures reaches 12,000 or 20,000 piastres (L.120 or L.200 sterling), whilst black slaves of ordinary beauty do not bring more than 500 or 600 francs (L.20 or L.25), and the most handsome 1000 or 1200 (L.40 or L.50.) In Arabia and Syria they may be had for 500 or 600 piastres (L.6 or L.8). One of these Georgians was of perfect beauty; the features delicate and sensitive, the eyes mild and melancholy, the skin of matchless whiteness and lustre. But the countenances of the females of that country are far from possessing the charm and purity of those of the Arabs; the North is perceptible in their visages. She was sold before our eyes, for the harem of a young pacha in Constantinople. We departed with afflicted hearts and moistened eyes from this scene, which is renewed every day and every hour in the towns of the East, and we returned in sadness to the bazaar of Stamboul. Behold the effect of stationary legislations! They consecrate ancient barbarisms, and give the stamp of antiquity

and legitimacy to all crimes. Those who cling fanatically to the past are equally culpable and equally disastrous to humanity as those who are fanatics as to the future. The first sacrifice mankind to their ignorant prejudices and recollections, the last to their anticipations and haste. If man acted, thought, and believed as his fathers did before him, all human nature would be reduced to fetichism and slavery. Reason is the sun of humanity; it is the infallible and perpetual revelation of divine laws applicable to societies. We must keep moving, to follow it, under the penalty of remaining in evil and darkness; but we must not go in advance of it, lest we fall down the precipices. To understand the past without useless regret, to bear with the present, endeavouring to ameliorate it, to hope for the future by making preparations for it—such is the rule of wise men and beneficent institutions. The sin against the Holy Ghost is the combat of certain men against all amelioration of things; a selfish and irrational effort to keep back the moral and social world, which God and nature are always propelling onwards. The past is the sepulchre of a humanity gone by; we ought to respect it, but we should not shut ourselves within it, and prefer it as our abode. The great bazaars for different articles of merchandise, and especially that for spices, are long wide arched galleries, lined with foot-pavements, and shops full of all sorts of commodities. Armouries, horse-trappings, jewellery, eatables, leather manufactures, Indian and Persian shawls, fabrics of Europe, carpets of Damascus and Caramania, essences and perfumes of Constantinople; hookahs and pipes of all forms, and different degrees of splendour; amber and coral carved after the fashion of the Orientals, to smoke through; packages of cut tobacco, folded like reams of yellow paper; stalls of pastry, inviting the appetite by its form and variety; handsome confectioners' shops, with a prodigious variety of sugar-plums, preserved fruits, and sweetmeats of all sorts; magazines of drugs, whence a perfume exhales which scents the whole bazaar; Arab mantles, wove with gold and goat-hair; women's veils, embroidered with spangles of gold and silver. In the midst of all this, an immense and incessantly-renewed throng of Turks with pipes at the mouth or in the hand, followed by slaves, of women enveloped in veils, accompanied by negresses carrying lovely children, of pachas on horseback, moving with a slow pace through this crowded and silent concourse, and of Turkish carriages, closed with gilded trellis-work, conducted by coachmen on foot with long white beards, and full of women, who stop from time to time to bargain at the doors of the jewellers' shops. Such is the picture of the whole of these bazaars. They would be several miles in length if they were united in a single arcade. As people are squeezed and elbowed against each other in these bazaars, and as the Jews hang out and sell the clothes of plague-patients in them, they are the most active instruments of contagion. The plague broke out a few days ago in Pera with five or six fatal cases, and we passed with uneasiness through this crowd, which to-morrow may decimate.

June 18.—The days are passed in our retreat at Buyukdère, with the Bosphorus and the Black Sea beneath our eyes, in study and reading. The evenings are devoted to excursions in caïques to Constantinople, to Belgrade and its incomparable forests, to the Asiatic shore, to the mouth of the Euxine, or to the valley of roses, situated behind the hills of Buyukdère. I often go there. This delightful valley is watered by a spring, where the Turks come to lull their senses with the murmur and refreshing coolness of the water, the perfume of roses, and the song of nightingales. Over the fountain are five immense trees, and a leafy café under their shade. Beyond, the valley contracts, and leads to a slope of the mountain, where two small artificial lakes, reservoirs for the water which falls from a spring, sleep under the vast arches of plane-trees. The Armenian females come in the evening with their families to sit on their banks and take supper. There are enchanting groups around the trunks of the trees; young girls dancing together; the Orientals, in the fruition of their decorous and placid pleasures—all gives token that the mind is luxuriating in its own contemplations. They feel nature with more ecstasy than we. In no region has the tree or the fountain more devout adorers. There is a profound sympathy between their souls and the beauties of the land, the sea, and the sky. When I return in the evening from Constantinople in my caïque, and skirt the banks of the European shore by the light of the moon, there is a chain, a league in length, of women, and young girls, and children, seated in silence by groups on the edges of the granite quay, or on the parapets of the garden terraces; they pass there hours of pure delight, contemplating the sea, the woods, the moon, and breathing the calm of night. Our populations have no feeling for these natural sensualities; they have palled their sensations; they need factitious pleasures, and vices alone can excite them. Those to whom nature still speaks sufficiently loud to be understood and adored, are dreamers and poets—those poor wretches whom the voice of God in his works, nature, love, and silent meditation, suffice. I meet at Buyukdère and Therapia several persons whom I had previously known amongst the Russians and diplomatists; amongst them Count Orloff and M. de Boutenieff, Russian ambassador at Constantinople, a charming moraliser, a philosopher, and a statesman. The Baron de Sturmer, Austrian internuncio, overwhelms me with civility. There is fresh political news from Europe. This is at present the important point. The Russians encamped in Asia, and at anchor under our windows—will they retire? For myself, I have no doubt of it. We are never in a hurry to seize upon a prey which cannot escape us. Count Orloff made me read an admirable letter yesterday which the Emperor Nicholas had written to him. The following is its purport:—'My dear Orloff—When Providence has placed a man at the head of forty millions of people, it is that he may give the world from his lofty station an example of probity and fidelity to his word. I am that man. I will show myself worthy of the mission which I have received from God. As soon

as the difficulties between Ibrahim and the sultan are smoothed, wait not a single day, but send back my fleet and army.' This is noble language, a position well assumed, a generosity fruitful in return. Constantinople will not fly away, and necessity will bring back the Russians, whom political probity withdraws for the moment.

June 20.—I have become acquainted here with an amiable and distinguished man, one of those men who are superior to their evil fortune, and who can avail themselves of the wave which threatens to overwhelm, to reach the shore in safety. M. Calosso, a Piedmontese officer, compromised, like many of his comrades, in the attempted military revolution of Piedmont in 1820, proscribed like the others, without asylum or sympathy in any quarter, came to Turkey. He presented himself to the sultan to drill his cavalry; he became his favourite and military guide. Honest, skilful, and reserved, he himself moderated a dangerous predilection which might expose him too much to envy. His modesty and frankness pleased the pachas of the court and the ministers of the divan. He has made himself friends on all sides, and knows how to preserve them by the merit which first gained them. The sultan has raised him to dignity without requiring his abjuration of his nationality or faith. He is now Rustem-bey with all the Turks, and an obliging and amiable Frank with all the Franks. He has visited me here, and offered all that his influence at the divan and the Seraglio can enable him to procure for me; unrestrained access, and the friendship of some of the principal officers of the court, facilities for seeing and learning everything, which no Christian traveller has ever been able to obtain, not even the ambassadors. I have made preparations, with his assistance, for a complete inspection of the Seraglio, where no one has penetrated since Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. We shall to-morrow make an attempt to survey together that mysterious abode, which he himself has not yet seen, but where he has connections with the first officers of the palace. We began by paying a visit to Namuk-Pacha, one of the young favourites of the sultan, who had invited me to breakfast at his quarters in Scutari, and who had placed his horses at my disposition to visit the mountains of Asia. Namuk-Pacha was this day on duty at the palace of the sultan, at Begler-bey, on the banks of the Bosphorus. We disembarked there. From the station and favour possessed by Rustem-bey, we were permitted to pass the guards, and examine the environs of the imperial residence. The sultan was preparing to proceed to a small mosque in a European village on the other side of the Bosphorus, in front of Begler-bey. His caïques, superbly equipped, were moored along the quay which borders the palace, and his Arab horses, of great beauty, were held ready in the courts by the saïs, for the sultan to mount in traversing the gardens. We entered a wing of the palace, separated from the main body of the building, in which the pachas, the officers on duty, and the staff of the palace, are quartered. We passed through vast saloons, where a crowd of military men,

clerks, and slaves, were moving about. All was in motion, as in a ministerial office, or in a European palace on a day of ceremony. The interior of this part of the palace was not furnished at all magnificently; divans, carpets, walls painted in fresco, and crystal lustres, were the sole decorations. The Oriental costumes, the turban, the pelisse, the wide pantaloons, the girdle, and the caftan of gold, being abandoned by the Turks for a miserable European costume, ill cut, and ridiculously worn, has changed the grave and imposing aspect of this people into a wretched parody on the Franks. The diamond star which glitters on the breasts of the pachas and the viziers is the only decoration which distinguishes them, and which recalls their former magnificence.

We were conducted through several saloons crowded with people to a small apartment which looks on the outer gardens of the palace. There Namuk-Pacha came and joined us, sat down with us, caused pipes and sherbet to be brought, and introduced us to several of the young pachas, who possess with himself the favour of the sultan. Some colonels of the Nizam, or regular troops of the guard, came in and took part in the conversation. Namuk-Pacha, who had recently returned from his embassy to St Petersburg, spoke French with taste and fluency. His manners, formed on the Russian model, were those of an accomplished European diplomatist. He appeared to me of a sprightly and subtle intellect. Kalil-Pacha, who was then Capitan-Pacha (High Admiral), and who has since married the daughter of the sultan, spoke French equally well. Achmet-Pacha is also a young well-bred Turk, who has all the manners of a European. Nothing in this palace reminded me of an Asiatic court except the black slaves, the eunuchs, the grated windows of the harem, the delightful shades, and the blue waters of the Bosphorus, on which our eyes fell when they wandered over the gardens. We conversed with discreetness, but with freedom, on the state of the negotiations between Egypt, Europe, and Turkey; on the progress made, and to be made, by the Turks in tactics, in legislation, and in gaining weight in the political views of the different powers relatively to Turkey. Nothing in the conversation drew us to the reflection that we were talking concerning those who are called barbarians with barbarians, and that the ear of the Grand-Seigneur himself, that shadow of Allah, might be struck by the murmur of our discourse. There could not have been more close reasoning, more profound views, or more elegant language, displayed in a saloon in London or Vienna. These young men, eager for information and advancement, spoke of their position and of themselves with a noble and touching modesty. The hour of prayer drawing nigh, we took leave of our hosts, adjourning till another occasion the request for our presentation to the sultan in person. Namuk-Pacha gave us in charge to a colonel of the imperial guard, whom he directed to guide and introduce us into the outer court of the mosque which the sultan intended to visit. We crossed the Bosphorus accordingly, and were posted near the door of the small mosque on the steps leading up to it. A few minutes afterwards, we heard

the report of the cannons from the fleet and the batteries, which announce to the capital every Friday that the sultan is going to the mosque, and we saw the two imperial caïques put off from the Asiatic coast, and shoot across the Bosphorus like arrows. No luxury in horses and carriages can approach the Oriental sumptuousness of these gilded caïques, whose prows spring, like eagles of gold, twenty feet in front of the body of the caïques, and the twenty-four rowers in which, raising and lowering with a simultaneous movement their long oars, represent the flapping of two huge wings, and raise at every stroke a foaming swell, which lashes up against the sides of the caïque; and finally, the splendour of the silken pavilion, decorated with gold and plumes of feathers, the curtains of which are drawn back to allow a sight of the Grand Seigneur seated on a throne of Cashemire shawls, with his admirals and pachas at his feet. On reaching the shore, he sprang briskly to his feet, supporting his hands on the shoulders of Achmet and Namuk-Pachas. The band of his guard, drawn up opposite to us, on the square of the mosque, struck up a flourish of drums and trumpets, and he advanced with rapid steps between two rows of officers and spectators.

Sultan Mahmoud is about forty-five years of age, of middle height, and of an elegant and stately figure. His eye is blue and mild, his complexion dark and dusky, his mouth graceful and intellectual; his beard, black and glossy as jet, falls in thick folds upon his breast. It is the only remnant of the national costume that he has preserved; in other respects, except the want of a hat, he might be taken for a European. He wore pantaloons and boots, a brown surtout, with a collar embroidered with diamonds, and a small bonnet of red wool, surmounted by a cluster of precious stones. He rather limped in his gait, and his look was uneasy. Something had annoyed him, or had strongly engaged his attention, for he spoke with vehemence and ill-humour to the pachas who accompanied him. He slackened his pace when he was near us on the steps of the mosque, cast on us a gracious glance, and slightly moved his head, commanding Namuk-Pacha at the same time, by a gesture, to take the petition which a Turkish woman in a veil stretched out to him. He then entered the mosque, where he remained about twenty minutes. The military band played during the whole time portions of Mozart and Rossini's operas. When he came out of the mosque his countenance was more open and serene, he bowed to the right and left, walked slowly towards the sea, and jumped with a smile on his lips into the caïque. In the twinkling of an eye we saw him touch the Asiatic shore, and re-enter the gardens of Begler-bey. It is impossible to avoid being struck with the physiognomy of Mahmoud, and offering up secret vows for a prince whose features bespeak such a masculine determination and profound sensibility. But alas! these vows fall coldly back on the heart when we reflect on the gloomy future which awaits him. If he were in reality a truly great man, he might avert his destiny, and vanquish the fatality which encompasses him. There

is yet time: so long as a nation is not utterly extinct, there remains in it, in its religion and its nationality, a principle of energy and resurrection which an able and powerful intellect may render fruitful, stir up, regenerate, and guide to a glorious transformation; but Mahmoud is a great man only in heart. Intrepid in facing danger and death, the mainspring of his determination relaxes when it becomes necessary to act and reign. Whatever may be his lot, history will pity and honour him. He has attempted great things; he felt that his people were extinguished if he did not regenerate them; he has applied the axe to the dead branches of the tree, but has not known how to give sap and life to what remained standing of the healthy and yet vigorous trunk. Is it his fault? I think it is. What remained to accomplish was nothing compared to the destruction of the janissaries: nothing could resist him in Turkey. Europe, timid and blind, favoured him by its cowardice and inertness. Favourable circumstances are now lost; the time is past. The audacious Ibrahim has worked to his own advantage the unpopularity of the sultan; Russia has been accepted as protector; this disgraceful protection from a natural enemy against a revolted slave has irritated Islamism, and Mahmoud has nothing now to depend upon but his personal courage. Surrounded by parasites and traitors, an insurrection may hurl him from the throne, and involve the empire in its final anarchy. Turkey hangs upon the life of Mahmoud; the empire and he will perish on the same day. He is a prince of a grand and fatal destiny, who thus involves with him the two fairest portions of Europe and Asia!

June 21.—At eleven o'clock we landed on the bank of the old Seraglio, and entered the streets which encompass it. I visited, in passing, the Divan of the Porte, a vast palace occupied by the *vizariat*, where political discussions relative to the empire are held. There is nothing remarkable about it but the impression of the scenes of which it has been the theatre—nothing in the character of the edifice recalls so many sanguinary dramas. It is a large building of painted wood, with an outer staircase, and covered with a projecting roof, carved after the manner of the Indians or Chinese. The rooms are bare, and covered with mats. We descended into the place where the redoubtable porte (door) of the Seraglio opens so often to vomit forth the bleeding heads of viziers, and even of sultans. We met with no obstacle in passing this door. The public has admission into the first court of the Seraglio. This immense court, planted with clumps of beautiful trees, slopes towards the left to the magnificent Hall of the Mint, a modern building without anything of the Oriental character. The Armenians, who have charge of the coinage, received us, and showed us the coffers in which the jewels they fabricated for the Seraglio were kept. Numberless pearls and diamonds, the silly wealth that ruins an empire! As soon as a state becomes civilised, these ideal representations of riches are exchanged for the sterling and productive wealth wrought from agriculture and commerce. I stayed here only a few minutes, and we advanced into the last court

of the Seraglio, which is inaccessible to every one except those employed in the Seraglio, and the ambassadors on the days of their presentation at court. It is lined with several wings of palaces, and with kiosks, separated from each other; lodgings for the eunuchs, the guards, and slaves: fountains and trees distribute shade and coolness. When arrived at the third gate, the soldiers on guard under the arch obstinately refused to let us enter. It was in vain that Rustem-bey explained to the Turkish officer in command who he was; the latter answered by opposing the trust with which he was charged, and by the allegation that his head would be in jeopardy if he allowed me to pass. We accordingly turned upon our heels with much chagrin, in order to retrace our steps, when we were happily accosted by the *kesnedar*, or grand treasurer, who was returning from the Mint to his own apartments in the interior of the Seraglio. As he was a friend of Rustem-bey, the occasion of our embarrassment was explained to him, when he told us to follow him, which having with alacrity obeyed, we were introduced without any difficulty into the court of the *icoglans*. This court, which is not so large as the others, is formed by several small palaces in the form of kiosks, with very low roofs, which project seven or eight feet beyond the walls, being supported by small columns, or Moorish pillars, of painted wood. Indeed the columns, the pillars, the walls, and the roofs, are all of carved wood, painted of various colours. The courts and gardens which stretch in the intervals between the kiosks, irregularly scattered over the ground, are planted with trees of great beauty and age without order, their branches waving over the edifices, and shrouding the roofs and terraces. The right wing of these buildings contains the kitchens, a huge erection, whose numerous chimneys and smoky walls give token of the purpose for which it is destined. We may have some idea of the vastness of this building when we learn that the sultan feeds all the individuals attached to the court and the palace, and that the number of mouths is at least 10,000 daily. A little in front of the kitchens is a delightful little palace, surrounded by a gallery or portico, on the ground-floor, which is appropriated to the pages, or icoglans, of the Seraglio. It is here that the sultan causes the sons of the court families to be reared and educated, as well as young slaves destined for the occupations of the Seraglio or the empire. This palace, which was formerly the residence of the sultans themselves, is decorated both within and without by a profusion of carvings, sculptures, and gilded mouldings, executed in pretty good taste. The ceilings are as rich as those of the most superb palaces in France or Italy, and the floors are in mosaic. It is divided into several saloons of nearly the same size, lined on both sides with niches and stalls of carved wood, bearing considerable resemblance to those stalls of beautiful workmanship which are found in the choirs of our ancient cathedrals. Each of them forms a chamber for an icoglan. At the bottom is an alcove, where he folds up his cushions and carpets, and hangs, or locks up in his chest of gilded wood, his various garments. Above these

stalls runs a sort of gallery, projecting, divided, ornamented, and decorated, which contains as many stalls as the lower room. The whole is lighted by cupolas, or small windows, at the top of the edifice. The young icoglans, who had all formerly been pupils of Rustem-bey, received him with such joy and demonstrations of attachment as were truly affecting. A father who had been long expected could not have been more affectionately greeted upon his coming. The excellency of heart displayed by these youths touched him even to tears: I was myself much moved at so spontaneous and frank an outburst of affection and gratitude. They took hold of his hands, they kissed the hem of his surtout: 'Rustem-bey! Rustem-bey!' exclaimed they to each other, and then all ran up to their friend, panting and colouring with delight. He could not extricate himself from their caresses, they addressed to him such charming phrases: 'Rustem-bey, why have you not come to see us for so long a time? You were our father, and we languish in your absence. All that we know we owe to your instructions. Allah and the sultan have sent you to make men of us, when we were but slaves, and the sons of slaves. The name of the Osmanlis was a reproach and a byword in Europe; now we know how to defend it and render it honourable; but pray tell the sultan that he must send you to us again, as we are pining in listlessness and melancholy.' Five or six of these young people, with mild, open, intelligent, and handsome features, took us by the hand, and led us everywhere. They subsequently took us to their room for recreation: it is a kiosk surrounded with gushing fountains, which fall from the walls into marble basins, divans running round it, and a staircase concealed in the thickness of the walls conducting to the offices, where numerous slaves for the service of the icoglans keep always ready for them fire for their pipes, coffee, sherbet, and iced water. They play at all sorts of games in this saloon: several were engaged at chess. They ordered us sherbet and ices, and stretching ourselves on the divans, we conversed a long time concerning their studies and advancement in knowledge, concerning the political state of Europe and the destinies of the empire. They talked wonderfully; they shuddered with indignation at the present state of the nation, and offered up prayers for the success of the sultan in his schemes of innovation. I have never witnessed a more lively ardour for the regeneration of a country than that which lighted up the eyes and warmed the words of these young men. The young Italians to whom one speaks of independence and enlightened ideas do not burst into more enthusiasm. Their countenances were radiant with animation whilst we discoursed with them. The oldest might be twenty or twenty-two years of age, and the youngest twelve or thirteen. Except at the military hospital for orphans of sailors at Greenwich, I have never beheld faces more calculated to excite admiration than those of some of these youths. They were extremely unwilling to let us leave them, and accompanied us, as far as it was permitted them to go, into the gardens, courts, and kiosks around. The eyes of one or two

of them were moistened with tears when they took leave of Rustem-bey.

The kesnedar, whilst we were thus engaged, had gone to give orders to the eunuchs and guards of the gardens and palaces not to interfere with our rambles, and to let us penetrate wherever we desired. At the bottom of the court, a little beyond the hall of the icoglans, a large palace shut up the view and the passage. It was the one which the sultans themselves inhabit, and was surrounded, like all the kiosks and edifices that we had visited, by a gallery covered by a prolongation of the eaves. The numberless doors and windows of the apartments opened on this gallery. The palace was only one storey high. We entered into the large saloons which serve as a vestibule, and give access to the different apartments. These rooms are irregular, forming a labyrinth of pillars, supporting the roof and ceilings, and arranged into vast circular corridors. The pillars, ceilings, and walls are of wood, painted and carved in Moorish ornaments. The doors of the imperial apartments were open; we saw several of them, all nearly similar in arrangement, and the decoration of the mouldings and gildings of the ceilings. Cupolas of wood or marble, pierced with small openings in arabesque, through which a soft and subdued light stole upon the walls; wide low divans running round the sides; no furniture or seats, but carpets, mats, and cushions; windows down to within half a foot of the floor opening on the courts, the galleries, the terraces, and the gardens: this was the whole. On the side of the palace opposite to that whereby we had entered stretched a terraced platform, built of stone, and paved with slabs of marble. A beautiful kiosk, where the sultan seats himself when he receives the ambassadors, is separated from the palace a few yards, and reared a few feet in elevation upon this platform; it resembles a small Moorish chapel. A divan goes round it, and windows are on all sides, whence the view of Constantinople, the harbour, the Sea of Marmora, and the Bosphorus, is unrestrained, and perfectly admirable. Marble fountains gush and spout in jets upon the open gallery between the kiosk and the palace. It is a delightful spot. The shrubs and rose-bushes of the small gardens, which cover the lower terraces, creep on the balustrades and carvings, spreading their perfume around. A few pictures in marble and wood are suspended on the walls, representing views of Mecca and Medina. I examined them with great curiosity. They are, as it were, plans without perspective, perfectly conformable to what Ali-bey reports of Mecca, the kaaba, and the disposition of the different sacred monuments of the holy town. They prove that that traveller really went and visited them. What he says of the circular gallery which surrounds the area of the different mosques, is attested by these paintings. There is a portico which reminds one of that at St Peter's in Rome.

Pursuing the platform of the palace to the left, along a narrow balcony supported by high terraces, is the harem, or palace of the sultanas. It was closed: there remained in it only a few odalisques.

We did not approach very near this abode forbidden to the gaze. We saw nothing but the grated windows and the delightful balconies encircled with trellis-work, and blinds interspersed with flowers, where the women pass their days contemplating the gardens, the city, and the sea. Our eyes fell upon a multitude of flower-plots, enclosed with marble walls, watered by spouting fountains, and symmetrically planted with all sorts of scented flowers and odoriferous herbs. These small gardens, to which the descent is by staircases, and which run from one to the other, have sometimes elegant kiosks in them. It is in these charming localities that the women and children of the harem stroll and enjoy nature.

We had reached the slope of the Seraglio, which commences to fall towards the harbour and the Sea of Marmora. This is the most elevated spot of this matchless site, whence the eye takes in all the hills and all the seas of Constantinople. We lingered a long time surveying the prospect. It is the converse of the view which I have described from the belvedere of Pera. Whilst we were upon this terrace of the palace, the hour for meals struck, and we saw a great number of slaves pass, bearing on their heads large pewter trays, which contained the dinners of the officers, the clerks, the eunuchs, and the women of the Seraglio. We partook of some of these dinners. They comprised pilaus, fowls, koubés, small balls of rice and hashed meat, pieces of roasts on a vine leaf, cakes of bread like wafers, and a pitcher of water. Wherever the slave met his master, he deposited the dinner—sometimes in the corner of a room in the palace, sometimes on the terrace under the projecting roof, or in the gardens under a tree in the vicinity of a fountain. The kesnedar came in search of us, and conducted us into the kiosk where he slept, in front of the treasury of the Seraglio. This treasury, in which are buried the incalculable riches collected since the founding of the empire, is a large stone building, preceded by a covered portico. It is not very high above the ground, the doors being low, and the chambers subterranean. Immense coffers of red-painted wood contain the gold and silver coins. A certain number is extracted every week for the service of the empire. There were several of them standing under the portico. We did not ask admission to it, but we were told that, independently of the gold and silver moneys, this kesné contains heaps of pearls and diamonds. This is very probable, as it is the custom of the sultans to make continual deposits, and to draw out only upon the last extremities of the state. But as the value of these precious stones is only conventional, if the sultan wished to make use of them by bringing them into the market for sale, he would lower the price by the excessive supply; and this resource for recruiting his finances, which appears so immense, might in reality prove a very precarious one. The kesnedar, a frank, lively, and intellectual personage, took me into the apartment which he occupies. I found there, for the first time in Turkey, some degree of luxury in the furniture and conveniences of Europe. The divans were high, and covered with silk cushions; there were tables and

wooden shelves around the room, and upon these shelves registers, books, charts, and a terrestrial globe. We were served with sweetmeats and sherbet. We conversed upon the arts and sciences of Europe, compared to the state of knowledge in the Ottoman empire. The kesnedar appeared to me as well informed and as free from prejudices as a European. He understood all that was going on: he desired the success of Mahmoud in his attempts at amelioration; but being old, and having passed his life in the confidential employments of the Seraglio under four sultans, he seemed to entertain little hope, and to resign himself with philosophic indifference to the future. He led a quiet and solitary life in the depths of this abandoned Seraglio. He subjected me to a long interrogation upon all topics: philosophy, religion, poetry, the popular creeds of Europe, the governments of the different states, whether monarchical or republican, systems of politics and tactics—all was passed in review by him, with a correctness of judgment, and appropriate and sensible reflections, which showed me that I had to do with one of the most distinguished men of the empire. He brought me a sphere and a terrestrial globe, and desired that I would explain to him the motions of the stars and the divisions of the earth. He took notes of everything I said, and appeared quite enchanted. He begged me to stay supper with him, and to pass the night. We had great difficulty in resisting his intreaties, and we could only overcome his urgency by telling him that my wife and friends, knowing I was in the Seraglio, would be in terrible alarm if they did not see me reappear. 'You are, in fact,' said he to me, 'the first Frank who has ever entered it, and that is a good reason why you should be treated as a friend in it. The sultan is great, and Allah is for all!' He accompanied us to the inner staircase, which descends from the platform of the sultan's palace into the maze of little gardens appertaining to the harem, of which I have spoken, and delivered us to the care of a chief of the bostanghis, who conducted us from kiosk to kiosk, from parterre to parterre, all covered with flowers, and all watered by spouting fountains, as far as the gate in a high wall, which separates the interior gardens of the Seraglio from the extensive outer lawns. There we found ourselves at the foot of enormous plane-trees, which rise more than a hundred feet high, opposite the walls and elevated balconies of the harem. These trees form a forest cut into groups by verdant glades, and beyond them are fruit-trees and large vegetable gardens cultivated by negro slaves, who have their cabins under the branches. Rivulets of water irrigate these cultivated tracts. Not far from the harem is an old and magnificent palace of Bajazet abandoned to ivy and owls. It is of stone, and of an admirable Arab architecture. They might easily restore it, and it of itself would be worth the whole Seraglio together; but tradition bears that it is peopled by evil spirits, and no Osmanli ever penetrates into it. As we were alone, I entered into one or two subterranean vaults of this beautiful palace, which were choked with fragments and stones; the walls and staircases which I had time to

inspect seemed of the most elegant workmanship. Having reached one of the gates in the outer walls of the Seraglio, we retrograded, still under a forest of planes, sycamores, and cypresses, the largest that I have ever seen, and we made the tour of the exterior gardens. They brought us back to the borders of the Sea of Marmora, where are two or three superb palaces which the sultan occupies during the summer. The apartments open on the stream of the canal, and are perpetually cooled by the breeze. Farther on, grassy hills bear small mosques, kiosks, and sheets of water enclosed by marble parapets, and shaded by gigantic trees. There we seated ourselves, amongst the flowers and the jets of murmuring water. The high walls of the Seraglio were behind us, upon a sloping lawn terminating at the sea; between the sea and us a fringe of cypresses and planes, lining the exterior wall; through this curtain of foliage, the waters of the Sea of Marmora, the isles of Princes, vessels under sail, their masts gliding from tree to tree, and Scutari, reddened by the rays of the setting sun. The gilded peaks of the Mount of Giants, and the snowy summits of the mountains of Phrygia, formed the frame of this divine picture. Such, then, is the interior of this mysterious abode, the most beautiful on earth, the scene of so many bloody dramas, where the Ottoman empire was cradled and grew to maturity, but where it will not die, for since the massacre of the janissaries Mahmoud no longer inhabits it. A man of mild manners, and prone to enjoyment, these blood-stained events of his reign have disgusted him. Perhaps, also, he does not find himself quite safe in the midst of the fanatical population of Stamboul, and prefers having a foot on Asia and his fleet, amid his thirty palaces on the banks of the Bosphorus. The general character of this admirable residence consists not in its vastness, nor its convenience, nor its magnificence, for it is a series of tents of gilded wood pierced with holes. The character of the palace is in accordance with that of the Turkish people—a feeling and love for nature. The instinct for beautiful sites, glittering seas, umbrageous shades, springs of water, extensive prospects, closed by the snowy peaks of mountains, is the predominant one of this people. We perceive in it the recollections of a pastoral and agricultural race, which loves to recall its origin, and whose tastes are all simple and instinctive. These people have placed the palace of their sovereigns, the capitol of their imperial city, on the slope of the most beautiful hill in the empire, and perhaps in the whole world. This palace has neither the internal luxury nor the shrouded voluptuousness of a European palace; it has only vast gardens, where trees grow free and eternal, as in an untraversed forest, where waters murmur, where doves coo; chambers, pierced with numerous windows, always open; terraces hovering over the gardens and the sea, and grated kiosks, where the sultans, seated behind their blinds, can enjoy both solitude and the enchanting prospect of the Bosphorus. It is the same throughout Turkey: rich and poor, high and low, have but one want, one feeling, in the choice and arrangement of their dwellings—to enjoy the view of a

beautiful landscape; or if the situation and poverty of their house cannot afford it, to have at least a tree, birds, a sheep, and pigeons, in a plot of ground around the cabin. Thus, wherever there is an elevated, sublime, or agreeable site in the landscape, a mosque, a santon, or a Turkish hovel is found there. There is not a situation in the Bosphorus, an eminence, or a smiling bay, on the European or Asiatic coast, on which a vizier or a pacha has not laid out a villa and a garden. To sit under the shade, in front of a magnificent prospect, with beautiful foliage above their heads, a fountain near at hand, the country or the sea before the eyes, and there to pass hours and days in vague and listless contemplation—such is the enjoyment of the Mussulmans. This explains the choice and arrangement of their houses, and likewise why these people remain inactive and silent, until passions rouse them and restore them to their native energy, which they allow to slumber, but never to be extinguished. They are not loquacious, as the Arabs; they attach little importance to the pleasures of display and society; those of nature satisfy them: they dream, meditate, and pray. They are a nation of philosophers; they draw all from nature, and refer all to God. *God* is for ever in their thoughts and in their mouths, not as a cold idea, but as a palpable, clear, and practical reality. Their virtue lies in the perpetual adoration of the divine will; their dogma is fatalism. With this faith they conquered the world, and they lose it with the same facility and the same tranquillity. We issued by the gate which opens on the harbour, and I entered the beautiful kiosk on the quay, where the sultan seats himself when his fleets depart or return from an expedition, and fire salutes to their master.

June 22.—Two of my friends quit me, and depart for Europe; I remain alone at Buyukdère, with my wife and M. de Campas.

June 25.—We have passed two days at Belgrade, a village in the midst of the forest of that name, four leagues from Constantinople; an immense forest of oaks, which covers the hills situated between the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora, at an equal distance from each, and stretches almost without interruption to the Balkan. The scene is as wild and graceful as in any of the forests of England, with a beautiful Greek village seated in a wide vale in the middle of the forest; Arcadian meadows, and a river flowing through the trunks of the oaks. There are magnificent artificial lakes formed in the basin of the elevated ridge to retain the waters, and feed the fountains of Constantinople. We were entertained at the house of Monsieur and Madame Aléon, French bankers, established from father to son at Constantinople, who possess a delightful villa at Buyukdère, and a shooting-box in the village of Belgrade—a charming family, uniting elegance of manners, dignity of sentiment, and cultivation of mind, with the affectionate grace and simplicity of the East. I met at Constantinople a perfect Frenchman, in the person of M. Salzani, the brother of my banker at Smyrna, an honest, amiable, and intelligent man, who treated us as countrymen and friends. In general, the Frank society of Constantinople, composed

of the members of the embassies, of the consulates, of the families of the dragomans and merchants of the different European nations, is considerably above the reputation it gains. Constituted as if in a small town, it has all the faults usually found in confined societies—scandal, and silly jealousies; but there is probity, information, elegance, and a graceful and cordial hospitality for strangers. They are equally versed in the affairs of Europe as the saloons of Vienna or Paris; they strongly participate in the activity of life which urges on the West. There are men of merit, and women of great accomplishments and virtues, in this society. I have seen saloons in Pera, Buyukdère, and Therapia, which we might have taken for the most distinguished assemblies of our large cities in Europe, if we had not cast our eyes on the Bosphorus, or on the Golden Horn, which was glittering at the foot of the gardens amongst the foliage of the trees.

June 29.—We make excursions in the Sweet Waters on the European side. At the bottom of the harbour of Constantinople, the hills of Eyoub, and those upon which Pera and Galata are situated, draw insensibly together, and leave merely a narrow bay between their shores. On the left extends the suburb of Eyoub with its mosque, where the sultans, on their accession to the throne, go to gird on the sabre of Mahomet, an act of religion in the Moslem despotism serving as a coronation of blood, and a consecration of force. This mosque rises gracefully in a pyramidal form above the painted houses of the suburb, and the tops of its minarets are mingled at the horison with the lofty and crumbling Greek walls of Constantinople. On the banks of the channel, a beautiful palace of the sultan stretches along the waters. The windows are on a level with the stream, and the wide-spreading clustering branches of the trees in the garden surmount the roof, and are reflected in the sea. Beyond, the sea is nothing but a river passing between two lawns. Gardens and woods cover these lovely slopes. A few Bulgarian shepherds play on the pipes, seated upon the rocks, guarding the horses and goats. At length the river becomes nothing but a rivulet, the sides of which are touched by the oars of the caïques, and where the roots of superb elms, growing on the edges, impede the navigation. An immense meadow, shaded with clumps of plane-trees, extends on the right; to the left, wooded and verdant slopes rise up; and in front, the eye is lost between the leafy and irregular avenues of the trees which hang over the rivulet, and meander with it. Thus ends the beautiful harbour of Constantinople; thus ends the vast, the lovely, and the stormy Mediterranean. You run aground in an umbrageous creek at the bottom of a gulf, on a grassy and flowery bank, far from the noise and commotion of the sea and the city. Oh! the life of a man thus finished would end well! May God grant such an end to the life of my friends, who now take part and shine in the human strife! Silence after uproar, mild twilight after the glare of day, repose after agitation! A rest in the shade and in solitude to reflect upon the past life, and to die in

peace and goodwill with nature and mankind. For myself I put up no prayer; I ask not even that; my solitude will be neither so sweet nor so calm. Having landed from the caïque, I followed the banks of the stream, to a kiosk which I saw gleaming amid the trees. At every step I discovered a group of Armenian and Turkish women taking refreshments under the trees, and surrounded by their beautiful children playing on the sward. Saddle-horses superbly caparisoned, and *arabas* (Constantinople carriages) yoked with oxen, were scattered on the meadow. The kiosk is fronted and encircled by a rivulet, and by pieces of water where swans were floating. The gardens are small, but the whole meadow is a garden. The present sultan often came here formerly to pass the hot season. He loved this charming residence, because it pleased a favourite odalisque. Love had found a place in that heart after the massacres of the Atmeidan. In the midst of the voluptuousness of the harem, the beautiful odalisque died here. Since that event, Mahmoud has abandoned the place. The tomb of the odalisque is often, they say, visited by him, it alone consecrating the gardens of the deserted palace. The day was passed in the retreats of the valley under the shade of the trees. I wrote verses to V——.

July 3.—I embarked this morning for Constantinople. I ascended the Bosphorus, and entered the Sea of Marmora; and after following for two hours the exterior walls which separate Stamboul from this sea, I disembarked at the foot of the castle of Seven Towers. We had neither *teskerê* nor guide. The Turkish soldiers, after many difficulties, permitted us to enter the first court of this fortress of blood, where the dethroned sultans were dragged by the populace, to await the death which is not long delayed when the people are both judges and executioners. Six or seven imperial heads have rolled on the steps of this staircase. Thousands of more vulgar heads have covered the battlements of the tower. The keeper refused to let us penetrate farther. Whilst he went to ask the orders of the commandant of the castle, the door of a low and arched room in the tower moved on its hinges. I made a few steps, and heard a growl which made the vault vibrate; I found myself face to face with an enormous chained lion. The lion sprang towards a beautiful greyhound which followed me, but it eluded his grasp, and crouched between my legs. The lion reared on his hind paws, but his chain kept him against the wall. I went out, and shut the door. The keeper came to tell me that his head would be unsafe on his shoulders if he introduced me into the interior. I therefore retired, and issued from the enclosure of the town by a gate in the ancient walls which opened into the country.

The walls of Constantinople commence at the castle of the Seven Towers, on the Sea of Marmora, and extend to the summits of the hills above the suburb of Eyoub, at the extremity of the harbour, and to the Sweet Waters of the European shore, thus encircling all the ancient city of the Greek emperors, and the town of Stamboul of the Turkish sultans, on the only side of the triangle which is not

protected by the sea. On this side there is nothing to defend Constantinople but the gentle slopes of its hills, which fall and die away into a beautiful cultivated plain. There was constructed that triple row of walls where so many assaults miscarried, and behind which the miserable Greek empire so long deemed itself invulnerable. These astonishing walls still exist, and they are, after the Parthenon and Balbek, the most majestic ruins that can attest the seat of an empire. I followed their base along the outer side this morning. They are stone terraces of fifty to sixty feet in height, and in some places from fifteen to twenty feet broad, covered with hewn stone of a grayish-white colour, and often entirely white, seeming as if just finished by the tools of the workmen. The ancient moats still divide you from them, choked with ruins and a luxuriant vegetable soil, where trees and wall-plants have taken root for ages, and form an impenetrable glacis. It is a wild forest, thirty or forty yards wide, crowded with birds' nests and reptiles. Sometimes this forest entirely conceals the sides of the walls and of the square towers with which it is flanked, and allows only a glimpse of the elevated battlements. At intervals, the wall reappears in its full height, and reflects with a dazzling lustre the rays of the sun. It is broken from the top by breaches of all varieties of form, in which vegetation springs as in the ravines of mountains, and falls confounded with the verdure of the moat. Almost everywhere its summit is crowned with a vegetable growth, which projects and forms a padding of plants, capitals of twisted and matted weeds and ivy. Here and there, from the centre of the towers, heaped with stones and dust, springs a plane or a cypress, which throws out its roots through the fissures of this pedestal. The weight of the boughs and leaves, and the gusts of wind with which these aërial trees are unceasingly struck, cause their trunks to incline towards the south, and they hang like uprooted trees with their vast branches strewed with a countless multitude of nests. Every 300 or 400 paces we encounter a double tower of splendid architecture, with enormous arches over the gateway between the towers. The greater number of these gates are now walled up, and the vegetation which has enveloped all, walls, gates, battlements, and turrets, composes in these places the most fantastic and engaging conjunctions with the ruins and workmanship of man. There are curtains of ivy which fall from the top of the towers like the folds of prodigious mantles; there are canes forming verdant bridges, with a span of fifty feet from one breach to another; there are plots of wallflowers scattered on the perpendicular walls, which the wind shakes like waves of blossoms; thousands of shrubs form undulating battlements of foliage in all varieties of tint. Out of all this issue swarms of birds, when one throws a stone against the sides of the carpeted walls, or into the choked abysses at one's feet. We saw also a great number of eagles, which roost in the towers, and hover in the air all day above the eyries where their young are deposited.

July.—The same solitary life at Buyukdère. In the evenings on

the sea or in the Valley of Roses. M. Truqui pays visits every week. Kind hearts are the only things which possess the virtue of consoling. God has gifted them with the only balm which there is for the incurable wounds of the heart—sympathy. Yesterday, Count Orloff, commanding the fleet and army of Russia, and ambassador extraordinary from the Russian emperor to the Porte, celebrated his success and his departure by a military fête given to the sultan on the Bosphorus. The gardens of the Russian embassy at Buyukdère cover the wooded flanks of a hill which closes the gulf, the sea washing its base. From the terraces of the palace there is a view of the Bosphorus, in its double course towards Constantinople and the Black Sea. The whole day the cannon of the Russian fleet, lying at the foot of the gardens before our windows, was firing minute guns, its masts streaming with flags, confounded to the eye with the green leaves of the large trees on the two shores. The sea was covered from the morning with small vessels and caïques, bearing from Constantinople 15,000 or 20,000 spectators, who spread themselves into the kiosks, the meadows, and on the rocks in the vicinity. A great number remained in the caïques, which, filled with Jewish, Armenian, and Turkish women, dressed in brilliant colours, floated, like clusters of flowers, here and there on the sea. The camp of the Russians, on the flanks of the Mountain of Giants, half a league from the fleet, stood out, with its white and blue tents, from the sombre verdure and scorched declivities of the mountain. In the evening, the gardens of the Russian embassy were illuminated by thousands of lamps suspended on the branches of the woods. The vessels, also illuminated on all their masts, yards, and rigging, resembled fireships whose batteries have been sprung. Their sides kept vomiting streams of flame, and the camp of the disembarked troops, lighted by huge bonfires, on the capes and eminences of the Asiatic mountains, was reflected in luminous streaks in the sea, and cast the glare of a conflagration upon the whole bed of the Bosphorus.

The Grand Seigneur arrived in the midst of this sparkling scene in a steamboat, which drew up under the terraces of the palace, to enjoy the spectacle which was offered him. He was seen on the deck of the vessel, surrounded by his vizier and his favourite pachas. He remained on board, and sent the grand vizier to partake of Count Orloff's supper. Immense tables, laid out under the long avenues of plane-trees, and other tables, placed in all the arbours of the gardens, were covered with gold and silver, which multiplied by reflection the blaze from the illuminated trees. At the darkest moment of the night, a little before the rising of the moon, a display of fireworks, exhibited on the water from a raft placed in the middle of the Bosphorus, at an equal distance from the three shores, sprang into the air, flew over the waves, and spread a reddened glare upon the mountains, on the fleet, and on the innumerable crowd of spectators in the caïques which covered the sea. Never did a more beautiful spectacle strike upon the eyes of man; one might have

imagined that the arch of night was torn asunder, and gave a glimpse of some fairy world, with elements, mountains, seas, and skies, of unknown form and hues, and thousands of vapoury and fleeting shadows stealing over waves of light and fire. Then all returned into silence and darkness. The lamps, extinguished as if by a breath of wind, disappeared from all the yardarms and portholes of the ships, and the moon, rising from an elevated valley between the crests of two mountains, spread its milder light upon the sea, and set in relief, upon a background of pearls, the huge black masses of the vessels, and the spectral forms of their masts, yardarms, and shrouds. The sultan took his departure in the small steamboat, whose column of smoke trailed along the sea, and vanished in silence, like a shade come to witness the destruction of an empire. It was not Sardanapalus illumining the ruins of his subverted throne with the blaze of his funeral pile: it was the master of a tottering empire, driven to ask from his enemies support and protection against a revolted vassal, and witnessing their glory and his own humiliation. What could the old Osmanlis think when they saw the lights from the camp of the barbarous Christians, and the blaze of their bonfires burst on the sacred mountains of Asia, fall on the domes of their mosques, and beat on the very walls of the old Seraglio? What thought Mahmoud himself, under the assumed smile upon his lips? What adder was gnawing his heart? Ah! there was something within profoundly sad, something to break the heart, enough to turn his heroism into remorse! And there was also something profoundly consoling for the thought of the philosopher who recognises Providence and loves mankind. It was that progress of time and events which was causing an immense empire to crumble into ruins, an obstacle to the civilisation of half the East, and which was bringing, step by step, towards these beautiful regions a race of men less worn out, a government more humane, and a religion more progressive.*

July.—I have dined to-day at the house of Baron Sturmer, in the company of the prince royal of Bavaria, who is returning from Greece, and is staying a few days at Constantinople. This young prince, eager for information, and possessing the good sense to forget, in appearance, the throne which awaits him, seeks the conversation of men who have no interest to flatter him, and judges for himself after hearing them. He himself is very brilliant in conversation. 'The king my brother,' said he to me, 'still hesitates in the choice of his capital. I should like to hear your opinion.' 'The capital of Greece,' I replied to him, 'is pointed out by the very na-

* [It is certainly a melancholy circumstance to find M. de Lamartine a dupe of the high-sounding pretences and theatrical flourishes with which Europe has been nauseated since the reign of Elizabeth of Russia, concerning the *magnanimity*, the probity, the humanity, and other exalted virtues of that most subtle and encroaching power. But, from Voltaire downwards, French philosophers seem singularly disposed to crouch in sycophancy before power and wealth, and have their minds taken captive by bombast and flattery, in dealing out which the Russian government acts upon the pure French model.]

ture of the event which has reconstructed it a country. Greece is a resurrection. When we resuscitate an object, we must reproduce it with its form and name, with its complete individuality. Athens, with its ruins and its recollections, is the symbol of recognition of Greece. She must rise again at Athens, or she will never be anything more than she is now—an impoverished tribe scattered upon the rocks of the Peloponnesus and the Isles.'

July.—The Russian fleet and army have departed. They now know the road, and they have accustomed the eyes of the Turks to see them. The Bosphorus remains deserted and inanimate. My Arab horses arrive through Asia Minor. Tadmor, the most beautiful and high-spirited of them all, perished at Magnesia, near the end of the route. The saïs wept for him, and still weep whilst giving me the account of his death. He had excited the admiration of all the towns of Caramania through which he had passed. The others are so thin and worn out, that they would need a month's rest before they were in a state to undertake the journey through European Turkey and Germany. I have sold the two best to M. de Boutenieff for the stables of the emperor of Russia, and the three others to different individuals in Constantinople. I will always regret Tadmor and Saïde. I have concluded a bargain with some Turks of Stamboul and the suburb of Eyoub, who are the owners of those vehicles which carry the women in the streets of Constantinople; they are to provide me with five arabas, each drawn by four horses, to convey my wife and me, M. de Campas, my domestics and luggage, in twenty-five days to Belgrade. I have hired two Tatars to direct the caravan, moukres, and mule-drivers to carry the beds, kitchen utensils, boxes of books, &c. and finally six saddle-horses for ourselves, if the roads are unfit for the arabas. The price of all these horses and carriages is about 4000 francs (L.160). An excellent interpreter accompanies us on horseback. Our departure is fixed for the 25th July.

July.—We departed from Constantinople in the night at two o'clock. The horses and equipages waited for us in the Eyoub suburb, upon a small open space not far from a fountain shaded with plane-trees. A Turkish café was near at hand. A crowd assembled to see us start, but we experienced no insult nor missed any article. Honesty is the virtue of the populace; in Turkey it is least common in the palaces. The Turks who were seated under the trees before the café, and the boys who were passing, assisted us in loading our arabas and horses, and picked up and brought us any things which fell, or which we forgot.*

We commenced our march with the rising of the sun on horseback, and scaled the long, solitary, and hilly streets of the suburb of Eyoub to the Greek wall of Stamboul. We issued from the walls

* [It would almost seem that the author had made a mistake as to the hour of his departure, as it is not likely that the cafés and streets should be full in the dead of night; but certainly such are his words.]

upon a naked and deserted hill, surmounted by a superb barrack. Two battalions of the *nyzam djedid* (regular troops) were at exercise before the barrack. M. Truqui and the young Greeks in his consulate accompanied us thus far. We embraced that excellent man, who had been a ministering angel to us in our days of desolation, as we separated from him. When in despair, a friendship of two months is one of many years. May God reward and console the last days of that man of comfort! Who knows if we shall see each other again here below! We were departing upon a long and hazardous peregrination. He remained sad and ill, far from his wife and his country. He vainly strove to conceal his tears from us, and ours moistened his trembling hand. We halted three leagues from Constantinople, to let the heat of the day pass over. We have traversed a country undulated with hills commanding the Sea of Marmora. A few houses scattered in the fields, but no villages. We resumed our route at four o'clock, and still following these low, broad, and naked hills, we arrive at a small town, where our Tatars, who were in advance of us, had got a house ready for us. This house belonged to a charming Greek family, composed of three handsome females and children of striking beauty. They stretched carpets and cushions on the pine floor for the night. My cook contrived to procure rice, fowls, and vegetables in abundance. Our caravan was on its legs at three in the morning. One of my Tatars keeps for some hours at the head of my troop; and after the mid-day rest, which we take either on the edge of a fountain or under some hovel of a caravanserai, he receives my orders, and goes of at a gallop to the town or village where we are to sleep. He bears with him my letters from the grand vizier to the pacha, aga, or ayam (lord) of the village. These select the best Greek, Armenian, or Jewish house in the place, warning the proprietor to get it prepared for strangers. They cause forage for the thirty-two horses composing our suite to be brought there, and frequently supper for us. The ayam, accompanied by the principal inhabitants, and by some horsemen, if there are any troops in the place, comes to meet us at a certain distance on the road, and escorts us to our lodging. They descend from horseback with us, introduce us to the family, order pipes and coffee to be brought, and, after a few compliments, retire to their own houses, where I shortly afterwards return them their visit.

From Constantinople to Adrianople there is nothing remarkable, nothing picturesque, except the immense extent of the plains, without habitations and without trees, traversed at intervals by a sunken and half-dried river which passes under the arches of a ruinous bridge. In the evening we find with difficulty some poor village at the bottom of a vale surrounded with orchards. The inhabitants are all Greeks, Armenians, or Bulgarians. The khans of these villages are hovels, almost roofless, into which they crowd men and horses. The route continues thus for five days. We meet no one: it resembles the Syrian desert. Once only we found ourselves in the midst of thirty or forty Bulgarian peasants, dressed like Europeans, with caps

of black sheep wool. They were marching towards Constantinople to the music of two bagpipes. They uttered loud cries on seeing us, and sprang towards us, asking for piastres. They are the savoyards of European Turkey. They were going for the purpose of guarding the horses of the sultan and the pachas in the meadows on the waters of Asia, and near Buyukdère. They are the gardeners also of Stamboul. On the morning of the sixth day we perceive Adrianople at the termination of the plains, in a beautiful hollow between mountains. The town appears immense, and a beautiful mosque towers above it. It is the finest religious monument in Turkey after Saint Sophia, and was constructed by Bajazet at the time that Adrianople was the capital of the empire. The enclosures, two leagues from the town, are cultivated with wheat, vines, and fruit-trees of all sorts. The aspect of the country reminds us of the environs of Dijon or Lyons. Numerous rivulets meander in the plain. We enter a long suburb, and pass into the town amidst a crowd of Turks, women, and children, who squeeze each other to get a look at us; but far from annoying us, they exhibit every mark of politeness and respect. The persons who had come to meet us conduct us to the door of a handsome house belonging to M. Vernazza, Sardinian consul at Adrianople. We have passed two days at Adrianople in the agreeable house of this consul. His family is a few leagues in the country, on the banks of the river Maritza, the Ebra of the ancients. We enjoy a ravishing prospect of Adrianople in the evening from the top of the terrace. The city, almost as large as Lyons, is watered by three rivers, the Ebra, the Arda, and the Tundicha. It is surrounded on all sides by wood and water, and beautiful mountains, extending in chains, enclose this fertile basin. Visit the mosque, an edifice similar to all mosques, but more elevated and extensive. Our art has produced nothing more bold, original, or of finer effect than this monument and its minaret, a column pierced to the light more than a hundred feet in shaft.

Departed from Adrianople for Philippopolis. The road passes through defiles and hollows, well wooded, and of smiling aspect, although deserted, between the lofty chains of the mountains of Rhodope and Hæmus. We have three days' march, passing some beautiful villages. In the evening, when three leagues from Philippopolis, I perceive in the plain a crowd of Turkish, Armenian, and Greek horsemen, who draw towards us in a gallop. A handsome young man, mounted on a superb horse, arrives the first, and touches my coat with his finger. He draws up alongside of me, and explains to me in Italian that being the first to touch me, I must accept his house, whatever intreaties the other horsemen might use to conduct me elsewhere. The kiaya of the governor of Philippopolis afterwards arrives, compliments me in the name of his master, and tells me that the governor has prepared for me a large and commodious house, and also supper, and that he hopes to retain me some days in the town; but I am resolute in accepting the house of the young Greek, M. Maurides. We enter Philippopolis in a caval-

cade of sixty or eighty horsemen, which attracts a crowd to the windows and into the streets. We are received by the sisters and the aunts of M. Maurides. The house is extensive, and elegant. We are ushered into a beautiful soloon with twenty-four windows, and furnished in the European style, where the governor and the chief people of the different nations in the town come to compliment us, and take coffee. Three days are passed at Philippopolis in the enjoyment of the agreeable hospitality of M. Maurides, in going through the environs, and in exchanging visits with the Turks, the Greeks, and the Armenians. Philippopolis is a town containing 30,000 souls. It is four days' journey from Adrianople, and eight from Sophia. It is situated on the banks of a river, on a hill of isolated rocks, in the midst of a wide and fertile valley. The position of the town is one of the most beautiful that can be imagined; the hill forms a pair of horns, both equally crowned with houses and gardens, and the streets descend in circular windings to lessen the precipitancy to the banks of the river, which flows at the foot of the town, and encircles it with a moat of living water. The aspect of the bridges, the gardens, the houses, the woody plain which separates the river from the mountains of Macedonia, and these mountains themselves, whose sides are riddled with torrents whitening them with foam, and strewed with villages or large Greek monasteries, renders the garden of M. Maurides one of the most admirable sites in the world. The population of the town is composed, in about equal proportions, of Greeks, Armenians, and Turks. The Greeks are in general well informed, and commercial; the principal amongst them have their children educated in Hungary. The oppression of the Turks only appears the more onerous afterwards; they sigh after the independence of their brothers in the Morea. I became acquainted with three young Greeks, agreeable youths, and worthy, from their sentiments and energetic spirit, of another lot and another country.

Quitted Philippopolis, and arrived in two days at a pretty town called Tatar Bazarjik, situated in a cultivated plain; it belongs, as well as the surrounding province, to one of those great Turkish feudal families, five or six races of whom exist in Asia and Europe, who are respected by the sultans. The young prince who possesses and governs Tatar Bazarjik is the son of the former vizier, Hussein-Pacha. He received us with chivalrous hospitality, and gave us a large, elegant, and commodious house, belonging to an Armenian, just newly constructed on the banks of a stream which surrounds the town. We were scarcely installed, when fifteen or twenty slaves arrived, each bearing on his head a pewter tray, and deposited on the floor, at our feet, a profusion of pilaus, pastry, game, and confectionary of all sorts, from the kitchens of the prince. Two horses were also brought as a present to me, which I declined accepting. My suite were well provided with calves and sheep. On the following day we got a sight of the Balkan in front of us. These beautiful mountains, well wooded, and interspersed with large villages and

highly-cultivated tracts, are peopled by the Bulgarians. At the village of Yenikai I found the principal inhabitants waiting for us, who took the reins of our horses, placed themselves on each side of our carriages, supported them with their hands and shoulders, sometimes lifting them up, to prevent the wheels sliding down the precipices, and thus conducted us into the miserable village where my Tatars had preceded me. The houses, scattered on the sides or tops of two hills, separated by a deep ravine, were surrounded by pretty orchards and grass-plots. All the mountains were cultivated to their base, and crowned with beautiful forests on their brows; the peaks were of rock. The Bulgarian hovels were built of clay, and covered with leafy boughs. We occupied seven or eight of them, each having but one room, with the bare ground serving for a floor. Our moukres, Tatars, and horsemen bivouacked in the orchards. I was attacked by fever and inflammation, the result of sorrow and fatigue, and passed twenty days extended on a mat in this miserable hut without windows, between life and death. My wife, with admirable devotedness, passed fifteen days and fifteen nights, without closing an eye, at the side of my bed of straw. She sent some Bulgarians into the marshes of the plain to seek for leeches, of which they procured a supply. I had sixty leeches applied to my chest and temples, which reduced the fever, and restored me to recollection. I thought night and day upon my wife, who would be abandoned at such a distance from all means of consolation, in the midst of the mountains of Macedonia, if I should happen to die. Oh terrible hours! I called M. de Campas, and gave him my last instructions in case of death; I begged him to have me buried under a tree which I had remarked, when we arrived, on the edge of the road, with a single word engraved on the stone, that word which is superior to all consolation—God.

On the sixth day of the fever, when the danger was already past, we heard the noise of horses and arms in the court. Some horsemen descended, who proved to be the young and amiable Greek of Philippopolis, M. Maurides, with a Macedonian physician, and several servants, who were engaged in relieving the horses which had been loaded with provisions, articles of furniture, and medicines. A Tatar who was passing the Balkan, on his way to Adrianople, had stopped at the khan of Philippopolis, and spread the report that a Frank traveller was ill, and at the point of death, at Yenikai. This rumour reached M. Maurides at ten in the evening; and presuming that this Frank was his late guest, he immediately sent to his friend the physician, assembled his domestics, threw on his horses all that his charitable foresight judged essential to a patient, set off in the middle of the night, travelled without a halt, and came, after two days' journeying, to bring succour, remedies, and consolation to a stranger who would never see him again. These are traits which refresh the soul, and show the generous nature of man in all places and in all climates. M. Maurides found me almost convalescent; and as business called him back to Philip-

popolis, he departed the same day, leaving with me the young Macedonian physician. He was a man of talent and information, had pursued his medical studies at Semlin in Hungary, and spoke Latin. His skill was not needed, for the tenderness, presence of mind, and determined resolution of my wife, had accomplished all; but his society was agreeable during the twenty tedious days we passed at Yenikai, to allow the malady to be completely cured, and to regain strength to mount my horse. The Prince of Tatar Bazarjik, informed from the first of my illness, gave me equally touching marks of interest and kindness. He sent me every day mutton and veal for my people; and during the whole time of my sojourn at Yenikai, five or six troopers of his guard remained constantly in the court, with their horses all ready, to execute my least desire. The few last days of my convalescence, they accompanied me in excursions to the magnificent valley and mountains in the vicinity of Yenikai. The prince offered me even a present of slaves; and a detachment of his troopers escorted me, on my departure, to the limits of his government. I had an opportunity of studying, in the interior of their families, the manners of the Bulgarians. They are quite the same as those of the Swiss and Savoyard peasants. They are a simple, mild, and laborious race, full of respect for their priests, and of zeal for their religion, which is Greek. The priests are simple laborious peasants also. The Bulgarians form a population of several millions, which is continually increasing: they live in villages and small towns apart from the Turks. One or two Turks, delegated by the pacha or ayam, go through these villages every year to collect the taxes; with that exception, and some exacted labour, they live undisturbed, and according to their own customs. Their dress is like that of the peasants in Germany; the women and girls have a costume nearly similar to the females of the Swiss mountains; they are pretty, lively, and graceful. Their manners appears to me to be pure, although they ceased to be veiled as in Turkey, and mingle freely with the men. I have witnessed rural dances amongst the Bulgarians exactly as in our villages in France. They despise and hate the Turks; they are quite ripe for independence, and form, with the Servians their neighbours, the germ of future states in European Turkey. The country which they inhabit would soon be a delightful garden, if the blind and stupid opposition, not of the government, but of the administration of Turkey, allowed them to pursue its cultivation with a little more security. They are passionately attached to the soil.

I quitted Yenikai and its good peasants with regret: it is a delightful residence in summer. The whole village accompanied us for a league into the Balkan, and loaded us with good wishes and benedictions. We cleared the first Balkan in an hour: they are mountains very similar to those of Auvergne, and are everywhere accessible, and fit for cultivation. Five hundred workmen might make an excellent carriage-road in a single season. In three days I arrived at Sophia, a large town in an enclosed valley watered by a stream.

A Turkish pacha was residing there, who sent his kiaya to meet me, and gave me the house of a Greek merchant for a lodging. I passed a day there, the pacha sending sheep and calves, and refusing any present in return. There is nothing worthy of remark in the town.

In four days' slow marching, sometimes over mountains of easy ascent, sometimes in valleys and plains of great fertility, but unpeopled, I arrived in the plain of Nissa, the last Turkish town, almost on the frontiers of Servia. I was half an hour in front of the caravan. The sun was scorchingly hot. About a league from the town I saw a large white tower rising in the middle of the plain, glittering like Parian marble, to which the road conducted me. When I drew near, I gave my horse to a Turkish boy who accompanied me to hold, and seated myself under the shade of the tower to repose for a moment. Scarcely had I sat down, when, raising my eyes to the monument which afforded me shelter, I saw that its walls, which had appeared to me of marble or white stone, were formed by regular layers of human skulls. The skulls and visages of men, unfleshed and blanched by the rain and sun, and cemented with some sand and chalk, composed the triumphal arch which overshadowed me. There might be from fifteen to twenty thousand of them; to some the hair still adhered, and waved like weeds and moss under the breeze, which was blowing fresh from the mountains, and piercing the innumerable cavities of the skulls and faces, made them give out plaintive and lamentable sighs. There was no person near to give me an explanation of this barbarian monument. The boy who held the two horses by their bridles was playing with the morsels of the skulls which had fallen in dust at the foot of the tower; and I was so overcome with fatigue, heat, and sleepiness, that I slept with my back supported against these walls of decapitated heads. On awaking, I found myself surrounded by the caravan, and a great number of Turkish horsemen, come to escort us at our entry into the town. They told me they were the heads of 15,000 Servians slain by the pacha in the last revolt of Servia. This plain had been the field of death to those generous-minded insurgents; and this monument was their sepulchre. I saluted with my eyes and my heart the remains of those heroic men, whose severed heads have become the boundary-stone of the independence of their country. Servia, which we are about to enter, is now free; it was a song of liberty and glory, which the winds of the mountains were uttering round the Servians who had died for their country! They will soon possess Nissa itself;—may they allow this monument to subsist! It will teach their children the value of independence, by showing them the price their fathers have paid for it. Nissa resembles Sophia, and has no distinct character. We passed a day there. After Nissa, we entered into the beautiful mountains and the immense forests of Servia. These primitive forests extend on all sides as far as the horison, leaving only a wide serpentine road, which had been recently traversed by Prince Milosch, an independent chief of Servia. For six days we penetrated into these magni-

ficent and perpetual shades, without other object to look at than the endless colonnades of the enormous and towering trunks of beeches, the waves of foliage swinging in the wind, and the avenues of hills and mountains, uniformly covered with centenarian oaks. Only, at intervals of five or six leagues, on descending into a somewhat wider valley in which a river winds, large wooden villages, with a few pretty white houses, straggling at the opening of the forest, a small church and a parsonage, stretch along the banks of a stream, in the midst of meadows and patches of melons. The inhabitants, seated on wooden benches before their shops, work at different trades; their countenances, although mild and benevolent, have something of the northern aspect, of energy and haughtiness, which bespeaks a people already free, and altogether worthy of being so. Everywhere we are welcomed with hospitality and respect; the best house in the village is prepared for us; and the clergyman comes to converse with us. We begin to find the furniture of Europe in the houses, the women are no longer veiled, and in the meadows and woods are bands of young men and girls going together to the labours of the field, and singing national airs which remind us of the 'Ranz des vaches.'* These young girls are dressed in a chemise, plaited into numerous folds, which covers the shoulders and bosom, and in a short petticoat of brown or red woollen. Their healthy freshness and gaiety, and the clearness of their complexions and eyes, give them a resemblance to the prettiest maidens of Berne, or of the mountains of Lucerne.

Now our invariable companions in all the Turkish kouaks abandon us; we see no longer the storks, whose large nests, like cradles of reeds, crown the summits of all the domes on the mosques in European Turkey, and serve as roofs to the crumbling minarets: every evening, on arriving in the villages or deserted khans, we saw them in couples roaming around our tent or hut; the young ones, raising their long necks out of the nest like a brood of serpents, opened their beaks to the mother, who, half suspended on her wide wings, distributed amongst them the food which she had procured from the neighbouring marshes, and the male bird, hovering motionless at a great height above the nest, seemed to enjoy the touching spectacle. These beautiful birds have nothing savage about them; they are the guardians of the roof, as the dogs of the hearth; they live in peace with the flocks of doves which whiten the domes of the khans and the mosques, and scare not even the swallows. The Turks live in harmony also with all creation, animate and inanimate; trees, birds, or dogs, they respect all that God has made, and extend their charity to those poor animals which are left to starve, or tortured amongst us. In all the streets, at certain distances, there are troughs of water for the dogs of the quarter, and they often leave pious legacies when dying to feed the turtle-doves which they nourished when alive.

* [This is the national song of the Tyrolese peasants, with which the British public was made familiar by the Tyrolese minstrels a few years ago.]

September 2.—We have issued this morning from the eternal forests of Servia, which continue even to the banks of the Danube. The point at which we get a first glimpse of this king of rivers is an eminence covered with superb oaks. After clearing it, we discover at its base a large lake of blue and transparent water, enclosed in woods and tall reeds, and sprinkled with verdant islets. On advancing, we see the river stretching to the right and left, skirting the steep, woody shores of Servia, and losing itself in the plains of Hungary on the right. The last slopes of the forest falling towards the river present one of the most beautiful localities in the universe. We sleep on the banks of the Danube, in a small Servian village. On the following day we again quit the river during a four-hours' march. The country, like that of all frontiers, is sandy, uncultivated, and desert. Towards noon we scale the sterile hills, from which we have at last a view of Belgrade at our feet. Belgrade, so often shattered by bombs, is situated on an elevated bank of the Danube. The roofs of its mosques are riddled, the walls are breached, and the abandoned suburbs are strewed with dilapidated houses and heaps of ruins; the town, like all Turkish towns, descends in narrow and tortuous streets towards the river. Semlin, the first town in Hungary, shines on the other side of the Danube, with all the magnificence of a European town. Its steeples rise fronting the minarets. When arrived at Belgrade, we put up at a small inn, the first that we have found in Turkey. The Prince Milosch sends some of his principal officers to invite me to pass a few days in the fortress where he resides, at a distance of some leagues from Belgrade. I resist their intreaties, and order boats for the passage of the Danube. At four o'clock we descend to the river. As we are about to embark, I see a group of horsemen, dressed almost in the European fashion, galloping towards us along the beach; amongst them is the brother of Prince Milosch, the chief of the Servians, who comes, on the part of his brother, to renew his invitation for me to remain a few days at his house. I regret extremely it was not in my power to accept a hospitality so obligingly pressed; but my travelling companion, M. de Campas, had been seriously indisposed for several days, so as to be scarcely able to keep on horseback, and it was absolutely necessary to procure him repose and the resources of a European town, as well as the aid of the physicians of the Lazaretto. I converse half an hour with the prince, who seems a man well-informed, affable, and amiable. I express my gratification that he and his noble nation are verging so nearly to a perfectly-independent civilisation; and I at length put my foot into the boat which is to transport us to Semlin. The passage occupies an hour; the river, wide and deep, has waves like the sea. We skirt the meadows and orchards which surround Semlin, and on the evening of the 3d we enter the Lazaretto, where we must remain ten days. Each of us has a cell, and a small court planted with trees. I dismiss my Tatars, moukres, and dragoman, who return to Constantinople. They all kiss my hand in sadness,

and I myself cannot quit, without emotion and gratitude, these simple and honest, these faithful and open-hearted servants, who have guided, followed, guarded, and tended me, as brothers would have done for a brother, and who have proved, during the innumerable vicissitudes of an eighteen-months' journey in a foreign land, that all religions have their divine moral, all degrees of civilisation their virtues, and all men the sentiment of the just, the good, and the beautiful, engraved in different characters upon their hearts by the hand of God.

NOTES UPON SERVIA.

Semlin, September 12, *in the Lazaretto.*—We had scarcely left these forests, where a new and free people are germinating, than we felt regret at not having known more of them. One would like to live and fight with them for their new-born independence, and we inquire with pleasure into the events which have produced it, and the destiny their own virtues and Providence are preparing for them. I will always remember the scene at Jagodina. We were admiring in a Servian cabin a young mother suckling twins, whilst a third child was playing on the ground at her feet with the yatagan of its father. The priest of the village, and some of the principal inhabitants, were in a circle around us, and spoke to us with simplicity and enthusiasm of the increasing prosperity of the nation under its free government, of the forests they were clearing, of the houses that were multiplying in the valleys, and of the numerous schools, filled with children, that were opened in all the villages: each of these men, advancing his head between the shoulders of those in front of him, had on his countenance a proud and happy look at the admiration that we testified; their eyes were animated, their faces coloured with emotion for their country, as if the glory and liberty of all formed the boast of each. At this moment the husband of the Servian mother in whose house we were lodged returned from the fields, came up to us, and saluted us with that respect, and at the same time with that nobleness of manner, natural to savage tribes; he then mingled with the other villagers, and heard with them the recital that the pope* was giving us of the battles for independence. When the pope came to the battle of Nissa, where 30 standards were wrested from 40,000 Turks by 3000 mountaineers, the father sprang out of the circle, and taking from the arms of his wife his two lovely infants, and raising them towards heaven, 'Behold the soldiers of Milosch!' he exclaimed—'as long as women shall give birth to children, there will be free Servians in the forests of Scumadia!'

* [The parish priests of the Greek church are called by the name of popes.]

The history of this people is written only in popular verses, like the first annals of all heroic races. These songs of national enthusiasm, composed on the field of battle, repeated from rank to rank by the soldiers, and carried to the villages at the end of the campaign, are preserved by tradition. The priest or the schoolmaster writes them, accompanied by simple airs, but vibrating as the hearts of the combatants, or as the voice of a father who greets from afar the smoke from the roof of his children: they become the popular history of the nation. Prince Milosch has had two collections of them printed and distributed. The Servian child learns to read the exploits of his fathers in these touching recitals; and the name of the liberator of Servia is engrafted on his first recollections. A people nourished with such food can never again become slaves. I have often met in the middle of those primitive forests, in profound gorges where we expected to find no other inhabitants than wild beasts, groups of youths and maidens proceeding in company, singing together these national airs, a few words of which our interpreters translated for us. They interrupted their songs for a moment to salute us, and gaze at us defiling past; and when we had disappeared, they resumed their airs, and those sombre avenues of aged oaks, and the rocks which lined the torrent, resounded for a long time with the echoes of those songs, with their full notes and monotonous repetitions, which promise a long happiness to this region. 'What do they say?' I asked my dragoman, who understood their language, on one occasion. 'Hospodar,' he answered me, 'they are uttering such silly things, that they are not worthy of being repeated to Franks.' 'But pray translate for me the very words they are singing at this moment,' I rejoined. 'Well, they are saying, "May God bless the waters of the Morawa, for they have drowned the enemies of Servia! May God multiply the seed of the oaks of Scumadia, for each of these trees is a Servian!"' 'And what do they mean by that?' I asked. 'Hospodar,' answered the dragoman, 'they mean that during the war the Servians found the trunks of the oaks a protecting rampart, that their forests were, and still are, their natural fortresses, that each of these trees is a comrade in battle, and that they love them as brothers; thus, when Prince Milosch, who at present governs them, caused so many trees to be cut down to form through these forests the long road that we are following, the old Servians have often cursed him. "To level trees," said they, "is to kill men. In Servia trees and men are friends."'

Whilst traversing these magnificent solitudes, where, during so many days' march, the eye perceives nothing on every side that it is cast but the uniform and dark undulations of the leaves of the oaks which cover the valleys and the mountains, a veritable ocean of foliage, from which even the sharp point of a minaret or a steeple peeps not out; whilst descending from time to time into deep gorges, where a river roared, where the forest retired a little to give place to some well-cultivated fields, pretty new houses built of wood, sawpits and mills erected on the edge of the stream; whilst beholding

immense flocks, under charge of young and beautiful girls, picturesquely clad, coming out of the colonnades of trees, and returning in the evening to the dwellings, the children leaving the village school, the pope seated on a bench at the door of his neat little house, and the old men entering the common building or the church to deliberate on affairs—I could believe myself in the midst of the forests of North America at the time that a people was being formed, or a colony established. The countenances of these men testified to the mildness of their manners, the good-breeding of an ancient civilisation, and the health and comfort which they enjoy: liberty is stamped on their physiognomies. The Bulgarian is good and simple, but we perceive, that although ready to enfranchise himself, he still bears a remnant of the yoke: in the stoop of his head, and in the accent of his voice, and in the humble resignation of his looks, there still lurks a sensible recollection and fear of the Turk; he reminds us of the Savoyard, one of that good-hearted and excellent Alpine race, to whom there is nothing wanting but that dignity of mien and of speech which ennobles all the other virtues. The Servian, on the contrary, recalls the Swiss of the small cantons, where the pure and patriarchal manners of the shepherd are in perfect harmony with the liberty which makes the man, and the calm courage which makes the hero. The young virgins resemble the handsome females of Lucerne and Berne, and their costume is almost the same—very short petticoats of bright colours, and their hair plaited in long tresses, hanging to their heels. Their manners are chaste, like those of all pastoral and religious tribes. Their language is musical, harmonious, and cadenced, as all those which come from the Slavonic. There is little inequality of fortune amongst them, but a general competency. Their only luxury is in having fine arms. Their present government is a species of representative dictatorship. Prince Milosch, the liberator of Servia, has preserved the discretionary power which was vested in him from necessity during the war. Proclaimed prince of the Servians in 1829, the people swore fidelity to him and his successors. The Turks, who have still a part in the administration, and in the garrisons of the fortresses, have also recognised Prince Milosch, and now treat directly with him. He has constituted a senate and district assemblies, which have concurrent power in the discussion and decision of general affairs. The senate is convoked every year; the deputies of the villages assemble in the vicinity of the prince's residence, and they hold, like the men of the heroic times, their deliberations under large trees. The prince descends from his seat, comes up to each of the deputies, interrogates him, hears his answers, takes a note of his complaints or advice, speaks to him concerning affairs, explains to him with calmness his political views, and justifies the measures which have appeared harsh or arbitrary: all this passes with the noble and grave familiarity of husbandmen conversing with their landlords. They are labouring and armed patriarchs. The belief in God presides over all their councils, as

at all their combats; they legislate and fight for their altars as well as their forests; but the priests have no influence except in affairs of religion. The principal influence rests with the military chiefs, that nobility of blood which they call *wayvodes*. The sacerdotal domination never commences until the state of war has ceased, and until the soil of the country is incontestibly won for the nation. Up to that point, men honour above all others those who defend them; it is not till afterwards that they honour those who civilise them.

The population of Servia reaches at present to about 1,000,000, and it is rapidly increasing. The mildness of the climate, similar to that of France between Lyons and Avignon; the fertility of the unbroken and deep soil, which is everywhere covered with the rank vegetation of the Swiss meadows; the numerous rivers and streams, which descend from the mountains, meander in the valleys, and form at intervals lakes in the midst of the woods; the clearing of the forests, which will furnish, as in America, ground for the plough, and inexhaustible materials for building; the mild and pure manners of the people; the protecting laws, which are already enlightened by assimilation to our best European laws; the rights of citizenship, guaranteed by local representation and deliberative assemblies; in fine, the supreme power concentrated, in adequate proportions, in the hands of a man worthy of his mission, Prince Milosch, and transmitting it to his descendants—all these elements of peace, civilisation, and prosperity, promise to carry the Servian population to several millions before half a century. If this nation, as it desires and hopes, becomes the centre of a new Slavonic empire, by its union with Bosnia, a part of Bulgaria, and the warlike hordes of the Montenegrins, Europe will see a new state arise from the ruins of Turkey, and cover those vast and beautiful regions which extend between the Danube, the Adriatic, and the Balkan. If the difference of manners and of nationality affords too much resistance to this fusion, we shall see at least in Servia one of the members of that confederation of free states, or European protectorates, destined to fill up the void that the disappearance of the Ottoman empire is about to leave in Europe as well as in Asia. European politics can have no better purpose to satisfy.

September 23.—The history of this people must be sung, and not written; it is a poem which is still progressing. I have collected the principal facts on the spot from the mouths of our Belgrade friends, who come to visit us at the bars of the Lazaretto. Seated under a linden on the grass, in the mild and beautiful sun of these countries, and with the murmur of the Danube in its rapid course close by, and the prospect of the lovely shores and green forests of Servia, opposite the coast of Hungary, in front, these men, in a half Oriental costume, and with the masculine and calm features of a warlike race, recount to me with simplicity the deeds in which they have taken part. Although still young, and covered with wounds, they seem to have entirely forgotten war, and are occupied only with public improvements, schools for the people, rural and adminis-

trative amendments, and the progress to be given to legislation. Modest and zealous, they take advantage of all occasions which are afforded them to perfect their new-born institutions; they interrogate travellers, retain them as long as possible amongst them, and store up all that these men tell them, who have come from such a distance, as if they were the envoys of Providence. The following is the account I have gathered of their last years:*—It was in 1804, at the end of long troubles excited by Passwanaglou, pacha of Widin, and which were suppressed by the force of the janissaries, that the Servians revolted against their tyrants. Three chiefs united together in the central part of Servia, which is called Scumadia, an immense district, covered with impenetrable forests. The first of these chiefs was Kara-George, and the two others, Tanko-Kalish and Wasso-Tcharapitsh. Kara-George had been made a Heyduk. The Heyduks were in Servia what the Klephtes were in Greece, a race of independent and adventurous men, living in inaccessible mountains, and descending, upon the least symptom of war, to take part in the conflicts of factions, and to keep up their habits of massacre and pillage. The whole country rose in insurrection, after the example of Scumadia; each canton chose for its chief the bravest and most influential of its wayvodes; these, assembled in a council of war, conferred upon Kara-George the title of generalissimo. This title invested him with few prerogatives; but genius, in times of trouble, very quickly gives to a bold man the actual sovereignty. Danger never bargains with courage. Obedience is the instinct of people to audacity and courage.

George Petrowitch, surnamed Kara or Zrin—that is to say, George the Black—was born about 1765 in a village of the district of Kragausewatz: his father was a labouring peasant and shepherd called Petroni. Another tradition makes Kara-George be born in France; but it is without probability. Petroni carried his son, when an infant, into the mountains of Topoli. The insurrection of 1787, which Austria was to have supported, having terminated disastrously, the insurgents, pursued by the Turks and Bosniaks, were obliged to take to flight. Petroni, and George his son, who had fought with valour, assembled their flocks, in which their whole wealth consisted, and took the route towards the Saave. They were already on the banks of this river, about to seek safety in the Austrian territory, when the father of Kara-George, already an old man, enfeebled by years, and more rooted than his son to the soil of his country, turned back to look upon the mountains where he left all the remembrances of his life, and felt his heart break at the idea of quitting them for

* I have since had more circumstantial and authentic details of the modern history of Servia, and I am indebted to the kindness of a traveller who had preceded me, and whom I had met at Jaffa in Palestine, M. Adolphe de Caraman, for the communication of these notes upon Servia, which were collected by him during a residence at the house of Prince Milosch. These notes, much more worthy than mine of attracting the attention of the public, by the talent and good faith with which they were digested, were accompanied by a translation of the history of the Servians by a Servian.

ever to pass amongst a strange people. Seating himself on the ground, he conjured his son to submit himself to the enemy rather than go over to Germany. I regret I am unable to give from memory the touching and poetical supplications of the old man, such as they are sung in the popular ballads of Servia. It is one of those descriptions where the feelings of nature, so profoundly experienced, and so artlessly expressed, surpass all that the inventive faculty of literary men can borrow from art. The Bible and Homer alone have such pages. However, Kara-George, at first overcome by the regrets and prayers of his father, had sent back the servants and flocks; and in devotion to the rigour of filial obedience, which is the second religion of the Orientals, he bowed his head under the voice of his father. He was proceeding to resume in sadness the route of slavery, in order that Petroni might yet remain on the Servian soil, when the voices and shots of the Bosniaks announced to him the approach of their enemies, and the inevitable torments with which they would glut their vengeance. 'My father,' said he, 'decide; we have but an instant; arise, throw yourself into the river; my arm will support you, and my body will cover you from the balls of the Osmanlis. You will still live, and pass happier days on the territory of a friendly nation.' But the inflexible old man, whom his son strove in vain to move, resisted all his efforts, and determined to die on the land of his nativity. Kara-George, driven to despair, and unwilling that his father's body should fall into the hands of the Turks, fell on his knees, asked the old man's blessing, slew him with a pistol shot, threw his body into the Saave, and jumping into the river, swam over to the Austrian dominions. A short while after, he returned into Servia as sergeant-major of a Frank corps. Discontented at being passed over in a distribution of medals of honour, he quitted his corps, and threw himself as a Heyduk into the mountains. Being reconciled with his commander, he accompanied him into Austria when peace was concluded, and obtained the situation of forester in the monastery of Krushedal. Soon sick of this employment, he went back to Servia, under the government of Hadgi-Mustapha. He returned to his occupation of shepherd, but took up arms whenever any fresh commotion disturbed any district of the country.

Kara-George was of lofty stature, of robust constitution, and of a noble and frank demeanour. Silent and pensive, when he was not stimulated by liquor, or by the sound of arms, or by contradiction in council, he was seen to pass whole days without uttering a syllable. Almost all men who have performed, or who are destined to perform, great things, are sparing of words. Their communing is with themselves rather than with others. They feed upon their own thoughts, and in these inward musings brace those intellectual and active energies the development of which constitutes the great character. Napoleon became a babbler only when his fate was accomplished, and his fortune on the decline. An inflexible defender of justice and order, Kara-George hanged his own brother for having attempted the honour of a young maiden.

It was in January 1806 that several armies penetrated at the same time into Servia. Bekir, pacha of Bosnia, and Ibrahim, pacha of Scutari, received orders from the Porte to proceed there with all their forces. Bekir sent two corps of about 40,000 men. Ibrahim advanced by way of Nissa, at the head of a formidable army. Kara-George, with forces very inferior in number, but animated with an invincible patriotism, and full of confidence in their chiefs, and protected by the forests which shielded their movements, repulsed all the partial attacks of Bekir and Ibrahim. After having overthrown Hadgi-bey near Petzka, he marched on the principal army, which was retiring on Schabaz, came up with and entirely defeated it at Schabaz, on the 8th August 1806. Kulmi and the old Mahomet were slain. The wreck of the army saved itself in Schabaz. The Bosniaks who endeavoured to repass the Drina were taken prisoners. Kara-George, who had with him only 7000 infantry, and 2000 cavalry, proceeded with rapidity upon Ibrahim Pacha, who was besieging Daligrad, a Servian town, defended by another chief named Peter Dobrinyas. At his approach Ibrahim demanded a parley. Conferences were opened at Smaderewo, and a momentary pacification for Servia was the result, on conditions favourable to that country. It was only one of those interludes which give breathing-time to the insurrectionary spirit, and insensibly accustom nations to that semi-independence which soon ripens into impatience for liberty. Shortly after, Kara-George, who had not disbanded his troops because the decisions of the muphti had not sanctioned the capitulations of Smaderewo, marched upon Belgrade, the capital of Servia, a strong town upon the Danube, with a citadel and a Turkish garrison, and invested it. Guseharez-Ali, who commanded the town, obtained from Kara-George permission to retire to Widin down the Danube. Soleyman-Pacha remained in the citadel; but at the commencement of 1807, having marched out with 200 janissaries, who remained with him, in order to rejoin the Turks, he and they were massacred by the very escort that Kara-George had given the pacha to protect his retreat. Kara-George was not accused of this barbarity; it was the result of revenge on the part of the Servians against the corps of janissaries, whose ferocious sway had subjected them to similar executions. These successes in the war of independence conferred on Servia an entirely municipal constitution. The military chiefs, named wayvodes, were everywhere substituted for the civil powers. These wayvodes were supported by a cavalry composed of young men belonging to the wealthiest families, who received no pay, but lived at the expense of the wayvodes, and got part of the booty captured by them. Some of the chiefs had fifty of these young cavaliers around their persons. The most important of them at that time were Jacob Nenadovich, Milenko, Dobrinyas, Ressava, and, above all, Kara-George.

A senate, composed of twelve members, elected by each of the twelve districts, had to preside over the general interests of this species of armed confederation, and to serve as a counterpoise to

those usurped powers. This senate showed itself worthy of its functions. It introduced regularity into the finances, assigned the taxes, set apart the tenth for the pay of the troops, and occupied itself with the education of the people with a zeal and intelligence which indicated thus early a profound instinct for civilisation. They substituted for the routine instruction of the cloisters and convents popular schools in each town, the capital of a district. Unfortunately, these senators, instead of holding their commission from the whole country, only represented the wayvodes, and were consequently wholly subject to their influence. Another political deliberative body, composed of the wayvodes and hospodars themselves, retained the most important affairs in their own hands; and the precarious sovereignty was divided between this body and Kara-George. Every year, about Christmas, the wayvodes who were members of it assembled at Belgrade, and debated, under the eyes of this chief, and in the midst of the intrigues which always surrounded them, concerning peace, war, the form of government, and the distribution of the impost. They gave in their accounts, and made regulations for the administration of justice. The existence and pretensions of this aristocratic body were an obstacle to the complete enfranchisement and rapid development of the resources of Servia. Unanimity is the vital point for an armed people in presence of its enemies; independence can be achieved only by a dictator—civil liberty requires deliberative bodies. If the Servians had been at that time properly inspired, they would have raised Kara-George above all his rivals, and concentrated power in his hands. The hospodars were well aware that a single chief was necessary; but each of them desired that this chief should be weak, in the hope of controlling him. The choice of the senators was made with this secret view. They thought that this body would be useful to them against George, whilst, on the other hand, George hoped to turn it to his own advantage against the hospodars. Thus dissensions commenced amongst the liberators of Servia.

The most eloquent of the senators, Miladen Milovanovich, had gained, by the force of his words, the chief sway in the senate. Enriched by the pillage of Belgrade, and master of the foreign commerce by the duties of the Danube, of which he had taken the farm, he gave umbrage to Kara-George and his partisans. The senate, stirred up by them, arose in fury against Milovanovich, who retired, vowing vengeance, to Daligrad. He secretly informed George of the underhand intrigues of Russia and the Greeks against him. Kara-George listened to him, recalled him to Belgrade, resolved on war against the Bosniaks, and opened the campaign of 1809 by entering their country. The same national song which celebrated the commencement of the insurrection foretold misfortunes when they should attempt to pass the Drina and invade Bosnia. The prediction of the poet was the oracle of God. This campaign was a series of faults, disasters, and losses. Kara-George, assisted by a Russian corps, in vain combated with his habitual heroism. His discouraged

soldiers offered a feeble resistance. Defeated by the Turks at Komenitza, he retired to cover Iagodina and the left bank of the Morawa, and was indebted to an important diversion by the Russians for the preservation of this portion of territory.

Reverses increased the jealous enmity of the wayvodes against him. They strove to overthrow his power, as soon as it was not supported by the prestige of victory. Jacob Nenadovich was the first who shook his sway. He appeared in the senate on the 1st January 1810, at the head of 600 young cavaliers, and was named president of the senate. The influence of Russia alone maintained for some time the tottering authority of Kara-George. He advanced against Kurchid, pacha of Nissa, who had not less than 30,000 men. The plain of Varvarin was the theatre of a sanguinary action, in which 3000 Servians, animated by the voice and example of their general, repulsed this mass of Turks, compelled them to retreat to their intrenchments, and shortly after to return to Nissa. Kara-George immediately advanced towards Lonitza, besieged by 40,000 Ottomans. The town, which had resisted a formidable artillery for twelve days, was about to fall into the power of the besiegers, when the appearance of Kara-George and the valour of his Servians forced the Turkish army to repass the Drina. It was the crowning glory of Kara-George. Through his exertions, Servia, entirely freed, extended its frontiers from the Isle of Poretsch, on the Danube, to the confluence of that river with the Timok. But peace, always more disastrous to the champions of their country than war, brought new intrigues and new dissensions amongst the chiefs, whom the common danger had united. The hospodars wished to lessen the authority of Kara-George, in order that they might entirely denude him thereafter. The plot was revealed to him in time. He availed himself of this attempt, which he repressed with energy, to effect in his own favour a decisive reaction in the diet of 1811. He struck a mortal blow at the influence of the hospodars and wayvodes, by subdividing the districts and multiplying the chiefs, who, too weak to act alone, became thenceforth easy instruments to manage, and who being, furthermore, jealous of the ancient superiority of the wayvodes, leaned upon the authority of the chief magistrate as a support against them, and thus attached their fortune to his. The functions of the senate were altered. Instead of concentrating all power in one body, it was divided into two assemblies, of which one, composed of the least influential members, formed a sort of judicial magistracy, and the other was invested with the administrative capacity, and became a species of ministry to Kara-George. We cannot avoid admiring in this great man a political instinct as skilful as his glance in battle was sure and comprehensive. In thus calling and retaining near him, in lucrative and honourable functions, his friends, and even his enemies, he separated them from the populations too much accustomed to obey them, and extinguished their seditious oligarchy. A law pronounced banishment against every Servian who gave resistance to this form of constitution. Dobrinyas

and Milenko suffered this punishment, and took refuge in Russia. Nenadovich joined the party of George, in consequence of the marriage of his daughter with one of the most powerful partisans of the dictator Miladen. The sultan proposed to Kara-George to acknowledge him as hospodar of Servia, under the guarantee of Russia. The Turks were to keep the fortresses and artillery of the Servians. Complicated negotiations dragged on without result up to 1813, when Kara-George, unable to come to an agreement with the Porte, called his countrymen to arms. 'You have,' said he to them, 'vanquished your enemies for nine years with me; you have fought without artillery or fortified places; you have now towns, ramparts, rivers between the Turks and you, 150 pieces of cannon, seven fortresses, forty fortified gates, and your forests, the impregnable asylum of your liberty; the Russians also will march to your aid. Can you hesitate?'

The Turks, commanded by the pacha of Widin, put themselves in motion. The grand vizier, wishing to profit by the victory of the French at Lutzen, urged the pachas to terminate by a blow this long contest, so humiliating to the Porte. 18,000 Turks advanced against Weliko, whom they besieged in Negotin. Weliko, struck by a cannon ball, was stretched dead. His army, disbanding in affright, saved itself by the marshes, and fled to the Isle of Poresch. On the south, Kurchid-Pacha, at the head of a numerous army, drove before him Miladen and Sima, the two Servian generals, and encamped under the walls of Schabaz. Servia had never been reduced to such extremity. The enthusiasm of independence seemed stifled under so many reverses, and perhaps also under three years of peace and intestine dissensions. Its nationality and its glory were eclipsed at one and the same time; and Kara-George himself, deserting his station and his country, either because he foresaw the catastrophe inevitable, and wished to save himself for better days, or because his heroism was exhausted, and he cared only for his life and his treasures, passed over to the Austrian territory, with his secretary Jainki, and three of his confidants. Thus was for ever eclipsed this Servian hero, who went to die in an Austrian citadel, instead of finding amongst his compatriots, and on the soil of that country which he had first aroused, the death which had immortalised him! On learning his flight, the army disbanded, and Smederewo and Belgrade fell again into the power of the Turks. Servia became a pachalik, and Soleyman, its conqueror, the pacha. The senators had fled; one man alone, then almost a boy, remained faithful to the desperate cause of independence. He was the Wayvode Milosch Obrenovich, who raised the southern districts, and made a demonstration against Osehiza; but being abandoned by his troops, he was constrained to accept the propositions of the Turks. Soleyman, to whom he was presented, received him with honour. The disarmed Servians were employed to rear with their own hands the fortifications intended to keep down the country. The dispossessed spahis revenged themselves for their nine years' exile, to which the valour

of the Servians had driven them, by a more insolent tyranny and oppression. However, the national character was improved by this severe and disgraceful servitude. The fire of the insurrection smouldered. Milosch, who was waiting with an attentive eye for the favourable moment, and who judged it not yet come, energetically repressed the premature attempts of his friends. The barbarous faithlessness of the kiaya of Soleyman-Pacha was at length more influential with him than the counsels of friendship. Milosch had obtained an amnesty for the insurgents of Jagodina. The Turks, instead of keeping their promise, brought the chiefs of that insurrection to Belgrade, had one hundred and fifty of them shot, and thirty-six impaled. Milosch, who was himself at Belgrade, had the bitterness of witnessing the punishment of his countrymen. Their blood rose up against him, and shouted in his heart. The Turks perceived his rage, and fearing his vengeance, they took him into custody; but he escaped before he was well arrested, cleared the ramparts, fled into the mountains of Ruduik, there rallied his partisans, and the insurrection spread like wildfire through all the forests of Servia.

Milosch was born in 1780; his mother, Wischnia, was married twice. Her first husband was named Obren. She had by him a son called Milan. Her second husband's name was Tescho. They had several children, one of whom was Milosch. His parents having no fortune, he was at first obliged to conduct the droves of oxen which the rich merchants of the country sent to the markets of Dalmatia. He afterwards entered the service of his maternal brother, Milan, who carried on a trade in cattle. The two brothers loved each other so tenderly, that Milosch took the name of Obrenovich, which was that of the father of Milan.* The commerce of the two brothers prospered. Already rich, and possessed of influence at the period of the first insurrection, they took part in it, each according to the nature of his character. Milan, mild and peaceable, remained at home, and superintended the administration of the district. Milosch, eager and intrepid, fought under Kara-George. When Kara-George changed the constitution of the country, Milan, having taken part against him in the senate, was shot by his orders. Milosch owed in part his present station and renown to this death of his brother. Revenge threw him into the ranks of the discontented. He did not follow the chiefs who fled in 1813. The eyes of men were naturally directed to the only one that remained in the land. On Palm Sunday, in 1815, Milosch, a fugitive from Belgrade, entered the church of Takowo, where a numerous congregation was assembled. He harangued these people with that natural eloquence which the Servian possesses, and with the all-potent energy of despair, which was already felt by those whom he addressed. Hostilities commenced. Milosch, at the head of some

* ['Vich' in Slavonic signifies 'the son of,' and the Christian name of the father, with this addition, becomes the surname of the son, as Nicholas, the present emperor of Russia, is called Nicholas Paulovich—Nicholas, the son of Paul. The name of Milan's father, therefore, was Obren.]

young cavaliers of his district, and 1000 mountaineers, took a tower from the spahis, and two pieces of cannon. At the report of this success the emigrants returned, the fugitives left their hidingplaces in the forests, and the Heyduks descended from the mountains. They attacked the kiaya of the pacha, who, at the head of 10,000 Turks, had imprudently encamped on the plains of Morawa. The kiaya was killed in the battle; his death spread dismay amongst his troops, and the Turks fled to Sienitza. There a second battle occurred, in which Milosch was victorious, the spoils, women, and artillery of the kiaya falling into the hands of the Servians. Ali-Pacha left Belgrade with all the troops that remained, and advanced to meet Milosch. He was defeated, and retired to Kiupra, under protection of an escort given him by the victor. Adem-Pacha made a capitulation equally disgraceful, shut himself up in Novibazar, and received presents from Milosch. The pacha of Bosnia came down from the mountains with a fresh and numerous army. He sent Ali, one of his lieutenants, into the Matschwai to fight Milosch. Ali was made prisoner, and dismissed to the grand vizier loaded with presents. The Servians already showed themselves worthy of that civilisation in the name of which they fought, by their generosity, and Milosch treated his enemies as future friends. He felt that the period for the complete independence of his country was not yet arrived, and that it was better to promote it by treaties than dishonour it by massacres. On the frontier of the Morawa, Maraschli-Pacha advanced in his turn. A disagreement fortunately reigned between this general and Kurchid-Pacha, formerly grand vizier and pacha of Bosnia. They formed not their plans in concert, and each desired that the other should suffer reverses, in order to secure for himself the whole honour of the victory; and both wished to enter into negotiation, and carry off the credit of putting an end to the war. Milosch, informed of these dissensions, prepared to take advantage of them: he boldly entered the camp of the Turks, and trusted his person in the hands of the grand vizier. He had an interview with Kurchid, but terms could not be agreed upon. Milosch wished that Servia should preserve her arms, and the pacha agreed to all the conditions except that which rendered the others insecure. Milosch arose, irritated, to remount on horseback; Kurchid ordered him to be arrested, and the janissaries laid hands upon him; but Ali-Pacha, that lieutenant of Kurchid whom Milosch had vanquished, and released loaded with presents, courageously interposed between the soldiers and Milosch, and represented to Kurchid that Milosch had come to the camp on the faith of his word, that he was bound by oath to let him retire safe and sound, and that he would sooner himself die than that any attempt should be made against the liberty of a man to whom he owed his life. The firmness of Ali-Pacha had its due weight with the vizier and his soldiers, and he was allowed to conduct Milosch out of the camp. 'Milosch,' said he to him on parting from him, 'never trust any one henceforth, not even me? We have been friends; we separate to-day for ever.'

Milosch departed with rapidity. Negotiations which he opened with Maraschli-Ali were more fortunate; the arms were yielded; Servian deputies went to Constantinople, and returned at the end of a month, the bearers of a firman of peace, conceived in these terms: 'In the same manner as God has conferred subjects upon the sultan, so does the sultan confer them upon his pacha.' The pacha returned to Belgrade, and the Servian chiefs came to make their submission, through the mediation of Milosch. The fortresses were to remain in the hands of the Turks, the Servians had the privilege of fixing their own imposts, the administration was to be divided between the two parties, and a national senate was to assemble at Belgrade under the auspices of the pacha. Ali, the friend of the Servians, displaced Soleyman-Pacha, their enemy, who was recalled by the Grand Seigneur. Such a state of things could not last; collisions were inevitable. Milosch, still the chief man in his nation, resided at Belgrade with Ali-Pacha as a vigilant sentinel, ever ready to give his people the signal of resistance or onslaught. Ali sought to obtain by address the disarming that he could not compass by force; he addressed himself to Milosch, conjuring him to procure the arms of the people. He answered that he and his friends were ready to lay down their arms, but that it was impossible to wrest them from the peasants. The pacha, rendered indignant, excited against Milosch the president of the Servian chancery, Moler, and the metropolitan Nikschvitz; but the guards of Milosch seized upon these two conspirators at the council board, and compelled the pacha himself, by virtue of his executive power, to order them to execution. The boldness of the Servians increased at this exhibition of weakness on the part of the pacha. Milosch left Belgrade; and to escape the snares with which the Turks, and his enemies amongst the Servians, encompassed him, he shut himself up in the fortified village of Topschidor, half a league from Belgrade. In 1821, a new attempt was made upon the authority and life of Milosch. The two wayvodes who had planned it were put to death. The pacha was suspected of having been the instigator, and the animosity between the two nations grew to a great height.

Circumstances were favourable to the establishment of national power in Servia. The revolt of the Albanians, and the war of independence in Greece, occupied and weakened the Turks. A nation never conquers its liberty but by concentrating power in a military chief; interest and gratitude lead it naturally to confer a hereditary sway upon him who has organized and defended it. Struggling nations have an instinct for monarchy; they require a safeguard to their contested independence. This instinct was stronger in Servia, where republican forms were unknown. Milosch himself was impressed with it, and hastened to turn it to account. He extended his authority, and established pretty nearly the constitution of Kara-George. He threw between the people and himself the aristocratic order of the *knevens*, who were intrusted with the administration of the country. Each kneven had its *knev*, or province, and the majo-

rity of the districts had their *obar-kneven*. Milosch nominated them, fixing at his pleasure the extent of their territory and prerogatives. To obviate every pretext for exactions on the part of the knevens, they were paid out of the public treasury. Local courts were established in the towns and villages. A court of appeal sat at Kraguzewatz. Milosch named the judges. Custom was to serve as law, until the digest of the code was ready. The right of pronouncing the punishment of death was reserved to the supreme head of the government.

The slight subsidy paid by Servia to the Porte, a sort of ransom, the mere memento of its ancient dependence, passes through the hands of the chief, who pays it over to the pacha. The pacha, the vain shadow of an authority which no longer exists, is but a forlorn sentinel of the Porte to observe the Danube, and give orders to the Turks who occupy the fortresses. In case of war by Turkey against Austria, the Servians are called upon to furnish a contingent of 40,000 men. The clergy, whose influence might have balanced that of Milosch, have lost all weight by being deprived of the administration of justice, which is remitted to civil tribunals. The popes and monks are amenable, like the rest of the country, to corporal chastisement, and they pay the same taxes. The lands of the bishops are confiscated, and a fixed salary paid to them by the state in lieu. All power is thus concentered in the hands of the supreme head. The civilisation of Servia resembles the regular discipline of a vast camp, where a single will is the soul of a multitude of men, whatever may be their functions or grades. In presence of the Turks this attitude is necessary. The people are always up and in arms, and the chief must be an absolute captain. This state of semi-independence is still disputed by the Turks. The treaty of Akerman in 1827 resolved nothing. A diet was held at Kraguzewatz, where the treaty of Akerman was the subject of discussion. Milosch arose and said—'I know that there are people discontented at the punishment inflicted by my orders on some disturbers of the peace. I am accused of being too severe and greedy of power, whilst I have no other object in view than to maintain the tranquillity and obedience which are required by the two imperial courts. It is imputed to me also as a crime that the people pay heavy imposts, without reflecting at how great a cost we have conquered our liberty, and how much more severe is the charge of slavery! A feeble man would sink under the difficulties of my situation. It is only by arming myself with the inflexibility of stern justice for your own protection, that I can fulfil the obligations that I have contracted towards the people, the emperors, my own conscience, and God himself.'

After this discourse, the diet drew up an act which was presented to Milosch, and sent to the Porte, by which the Servians, through their chiefs, swore perpetual obedience to his highness, Prince Milosch Obrenovich and his descendants. Thus Servia paid its debt to Milosch. He now pays his to Servia. He gives to his country laws as simple as its manners, but laws breathing the enlightened

spirit of Europe. He sends, in imitation of ancient legislators, young Servians to visit the large capitals of Europe, and collect information on legislation and administrative government, to make it available to Servia. Some foreigners are attached to his court, and are useful to him as interpreters and introducers of the arts of the neighbouring nations. The people, tranquillised and devoted to the pursuits of agriculture and commerce, understand the value of the liberty they have achieved, and progress in numbers, activity, and public virtue. Religion, the sole civiliser of nations which have barbarous laws, has been shorn of its abuses without losing its legitimate influence. The education of the people is the principal object of the government, and the people lend themselves with an enthusiastic instinct to this effort of Milosch to render them worthy of a more enlightened system of government. They seem fully to comprehend that educated nations have alone the faculty of constituting themselves free, and they hasten to arrive at that term. The municipal bodies, formed in the districts as the germ of liberty, prepare them for it. Some exiles banished by the Turks, after the flight of Kara-George or by Milosch himself for having conspired with the Turks against him, are still deprived of their country; but every day, by the consolidation of order and the merging of individual opinions in a unanimous patriotism, hastens the moment when they may return, and recognise the happy influence of the hero whom they opposed. Ten thousand Turks yet occupy the fortresses. The prince could easily chase them away; the whole country would respond to his call. But the presence of these Turks in the fortresses, and their nominal co-sovereignty, exercising no mischievous influence upon Servia, and, on the contrary, tending to preserve it from internal agitations and intrigues from without, which would inevitably harass the country if it were completely detached from the Ottoman empire, the prince, by an able policy, prefers this state of things to a new and premature war. The people are content with this peace, which permits them to develop all the elements of civilisation. They fear nothing for their real independence. All the inhabitants are armed, and possess the interior of the country, the towns, and the villages. The pacha resides at Belgrade. Milosch, sometimes at Belgrade, sometimes at his castle, a mile from that city, resides more frequently at Kraguzewatz. He is there more isolated from the Turks, and occupies the most central point of Servia. The nature of the country, and his warlike attitude, place him beyond the reach of a surprise. He is now forty-nine years old, and has two sons, the eldest of whom is twelve years of age. The future destinies of the Ottoman empire will decide the fate of this family and people; but nature seems to call it to a powerful participation in the great events which are preparing in European Turkey, as well as in the Asiatic empire. The popular songs which the prince distributes amongst the people represent him in the impending future as the glory and mainstay of Servia, with its ancient heroic king, Stephen Duschan. The adventurous exploits of

its Heyduks pass from mouth to mouth, and make the Servians look to the resurrection of a Slavonic nation, of which it has preserved the germ, the language, and the primitive manners and virtues, in the forests of Scumadia.

A traveller like me cannot avoid wishing success to this prayer and expectation; he cannot quit without regret and benedictions those immense virgin forests, those mountains, plains, and rivers, which seem just fresh from the hands of the Creator, and to mingle the luxuriant youth of earth with the youthfulness of a nation. When he sees those new dwellings of the Servians spring out of the woods, overtop the edge of torrents, or stretch on long yellow ridges at the bottom of valleys; when he hears from a distance the noise of the saw and flour-mills, the tinkling of the bells, newly baptised in the blood of the defenders of their country,* and the cheerful or martial song of the youths and maidens returning from their toil; when he sees those long rows of children issuing from the schools or wooden churches, the roofs of which are scarcely finished, the accent of liberty, joy, and hope on all their tongues, and youth and elasticity in all their movements; when he reflects upon the great natural advantages which this region secures to its inhabitants, upon the temperate sun which shines upon it, the mountains which shade and protect it like fortresses planted by nature, upon that fine Danube, which bends round to encircle it, and to bear its products to the north and the east—finally, upon the Adriatic Sea, which may soon give it harbours and a marine, and thus draw it near to Italy; when the traveller, furthermore, remembers that he has received, whilst travelling amongst this people, invariable marks of good-feeling and friendly salutations, that no cabin has asked value for its hospitality, that he has been everywhere welcomed as a brother, consulted as a sage, interrogated as an oracle, and that his words, treasured up by the eager zeal of the popes or the knevens, will remain as a germ of civilisation in the villages he has passed through—he cannot avoid looking back for the last time with affection on the wooded shores, and the ruinous mosques with their domes pierced to the day, from which the wide Danube separates him, and exclaiming, as he loses them from his view, 'I should wish to combat with this new-born nation for fruitful liberty!' or repeating those stanzas from one of the popular songs which his dragoman has translated for him:—

'When the sun of Servia glitters in the waters of the Danube, the river seems to roll blades of yatagans, and the dazzling muskets of the Montenegrins—it is a river of steel which defends Servia. It is sweet to sit on its banks, and look on the shivered arms of our enemies passing.

'When the Albanian wind descends from the mountains, and pours upon the forests of Scumadia, it utters cries like the army of the

* [To understand this phrase correctly, it must be borne in mind that bells are reverenced in the Greek church almost as saints, and are generally baptised and consecrated in great form.]

Turks at the rout of Mosawa—this murmur is sweet to the ears of the free Servians! Dead or living, it is sweet, after the combat, to repose at the foot of that oak which echoes the song of liberty like ourselves!'

[With this account of the struggles of the Servians for liberty, the narrative of M. de Lamartine's travels in the East may be said to terminate, what follows being in a great measure episodical to the work.]

ACCOUNT OF THE RESIDENCE OF FATALLA SAYEGHIR AMONGST THE WANDERING ARABS OF THE GREAT DESERT.

OBTAINED AND TRANSLATED BY M. DE LAMARTINE.

PREFACE.

We were encamped in the middle of the desert which extends from Tiberias to Nazareth. We were talking of the Arab tribes that we had encountered during the day, of their manners, and their relations amongst themselves, and with the nations who surround them. We were seeking to pierce the mystery of their origin, of their destiny, and of that astonishing pertinacity in the exclusiveness of race which separates these tribes from all other communities, and keeps them, like the Jews, not beyond the pale of civilisation, but in a civilisation peculiar and unchangeable as granite. The more I have travelled, the more I am convinced that *races* supply the grand key to history and manners. Mankind are not so easily educated as philosophers tell us. The influence of government and laws is very far from acting so radically as is thought upon the manners and the instincts of a people, whilst the primitive constitution, the blood of the race, always acts and manifests itself, after thousands of years, in the physical forms and moral habits of the family or the tribe. The human race flows by streams in the vast ocean of humanity; but it commingles its waters very slowly, frequently never, and it comes out, like the Rhone from the Lake of Geneva, with the flavour and tint of its own wave. There is in this a profundity of thought and meditation; and there is also an important secret for legislators. All that they do in unison with this spirit of race succeeds; all that they attempt in opposition to this natural predisposition fails. Nature is stronger than they. This idea is not that entertained by present philosophers, but it is palpable to the traveller, and there is more philosophy in a hundred leagues of a caravan route than in ten years of reading and meditation. I felt myself happy thus wandering at hazard without other route than my caprice might select, in the midst of deserts and unknown

lands. I said to my friends, and to M. Mazolier, my dragoman, that if I were alone, and without family ties, I would lead this life for years and years. I should love never to sleep where I awoke, to move my tent from the shores of Egypt to those of the Persian Gulf, to have at evening no object but the enjoyment of evening itself; to traverse on foot, and survey with the eye and heart, all those unknown regions, and all those races of men so different from my own, and to contemplate humanity, that finest of God's creations, under all its phases. What is required to effect this? A few faithful slaves or servants, arms, a little gold, two or three tents, and camels. The air of these countries is almost always warm and pure, subsistence easy and cheap, hospitality certain and unceremonious. I would a hundred times prefer years thus spent under different skies, with hosts and friends always new, to the sterile and noisy monotony of life in our capitals. It is certainly more difficult to lead the life of a man of the world at Paris or London, than to traverse the universe as a traveller. The result of the two labours is, however, very different. The traveller dies, or returns with a treasure of thoughts and wisdom. The householder of our chief cities grows old without knowing and without seeing, and dies as clogged and obscured with false ideas as the day he came into the world.

'I should wish,' said I to my dragoman, 'to pass these mountains, to descend into the great desert of Syria, to come up with some of those great unknown tribes which plough it, receive their hospitality for months, pass on to others, study resemblances and differences, follow them from the gardens of Damascus to the banks of the Euphrates and the confines of Persia, and lift up the veil which still conceals all civilisation of the desert whence our chivalry was brought, and where we must yet find it; but time presses, and we shall only see the margin of that ocean through whose extent no one has penetrated. No traveller has advanced among those innumerable tribes which cover with their tents and their flocks the fields of the patriarchs. One man alone has attempted it, but he is no more, and the notes that he had been able to collect, during a ten years' sojourn amongst these people, have perished with him.'

I spoke of M. de Lascaris; the following is an account of who M. de Lascaris was:—Born in Piedmont of one of those Greek families that came into Italy after the conquest of Constantinople, M. de Lascaris was a knight of Malta, when Napoleon came to conquer that island. M. de Lascaris, then very young, followed him into Egypt, and attached himself to his fortune, being fascinated by his genius. A man of genius himself, he foresaw amongst the first the high destinies which Providence reserved for a young man tempered in the spirit of Plutarch, at an epoch when all characters were worn out, broken down, or belied. He foresaw more—he foresaw that the greatest work for his hero to accomplish was not perhaps the restoration of power in Europe, an operation that the reaction of minds rendered necessary, and consequently easy, but that Asia offered a vaster field to the regenerative ambition of a hero—that he had there

to conquer, found, and invigorate masses a hundred times more gigantic—that despotism, short-lived in Europe, would be long and eternal in Asia—and that the great man who should effect their organisation and union would accomplish much more than Alexander, much more than Bonaparte was able to do in France. It appears that the young warrior of Italy, whose imagination was luminous as the East, unconfined as the desert, and grand as the world, had confidential conversations on this subject with M. de Lascaris, and threw a dart of thought towards that horison which his destiny opened to him. It was but a dart, and I am very sorry for it; for it is evident that Bonaparte was the man for the East, and not for Europe. People will laugh on reading this; it will appear paradoxical to every one; but ask travellers. Bonaparte, whom they endeavour to represent at present as the man of the French Revolution and of liberty, never had the least idea of liberty, and rendered the French Revolution a mere abortion. History will prove it in all its pages, when it shall be written under other inspirations than those which dictate it now. He was the reaction which arose against the liberty of Europe embodied—a reaction glorious, terrific, startling, and that is all. What do you wish by way of proof? Ask what remains now of Bonaparte in the world, unless it be an ill-written page of battle and of restoration; but of anything which survives a man beyond his name, there is nothing but a vast renown. In Asia he would have moved men by millions, and, a man of simple ideas himself, he would, with two or three watchwords, have reared a monumental civilisation which had endured a thousand years after he was gone. But the error was committed. Napoleon chose Europe; only he wished to leave an explorer behind him to observe what there was to do, and to track out the route to India, if his fortune should ever open it to him. M. de Lascaris was this man. He departed with secret instructions from Napoleon, received the money necessary for his enterprise, and established himself at Aleppo to perfect himself in the Arab language. A man of merit, talent, and information, he feigned a sort of monomania as an excuse for his sojourn in Syria, and his persevering intercourse with all the Arabs of the desert who arrived at Aleppo. At length, after some years' preparation, he attempted his grand and perilous enterprise. He visited, with various accidents, and in successive disguises, all the tribes of Mesopotamia and the Euphrates, and returned to Aleppo rich in the knowledge that he had acquired, and the political relations he had prepared in advance for Napoleon. But whilst he was thus fulfilling his mission, fortune overthrew his hero; and he learnt his fall the very day that he returned to convey to him the fruit of seven years of peril and devotedness. This unexpected blow of fate was mortal to M. de Lascaris. He went into Egypt, and died at Cairo, alone, unknown, and abandoned, leaving his notes as his only legacy. It is said that the English consul got hold of these precious documents, which might become so prejudicial to his government, and that they were destroyed or forwarded to London.

'What a pity,' said I to M. Mazolier, 'that the result of so many years, and of so much patient suffering, should have been lost to us!' 'Something remains of it,' he answered me. 'I was connected at Latakia, my native place, with a young Arab who accompanied M. de Lascaris during all his travels. After his death, void of resources, and deprived even of the moderate salary, considerably in arrear, which had been promised him by M. de Lascaris, he returned, poor and forlorn, to the house of his mother. He is living at present upon a small allowance with a merchant at Latakia. I knew him there, and he has often spoken to me of a collection of notes which he wrote out, at the instance of his patron, in the course of their nomade life.' 'Do you think,' said I to Mazolier, 'that this young man would consent to sell me it?' 'I believe so,' responded he; 'and I am the more inclined to the belief, because he often testified a desire to offer it to the French government. But nothing is so easy as to ascertain the fact. I will write to Fatalla Sayeghir, for such is the name of the young Arab. The Tatar of Ibrahim Pacha will deliver him my letter, and we shall have the answer on returning to Saïde.' 'I empower you,' said I to him, 'to negotiate this affair, and to offer him 2000 piastres for his manuscript.'

Some months passed before the answer of Fatalla Sayeghir reached me. Having returned to Beirout, I sent my interpreter to Latakia to negotiate personally for the acquisition of the manuscript. The conditions being accepted, and the sum paid, M. Mazolier brought me the Arab notes. In the course of the winter I got them translated, with infinite difficulty, into the lingua Franca, from which I afterwards translated into French; and I was thus enabled to gratify the public with the result of a ten years' journey which no traveller had before accomplished. The extreme difficulty of this triple translation must serve as an excuse for the style of these notes. The style is of little consequence in this sort of works; facts and manners are everything. I am quite certain that the first translation is faithful; the author of it has only suppressed some amplifications and events which were mere tedious repetitions, and afforded no information.

If this account has any interest in a scientific, geographical, and political view, I shall have a request to make: it is, that the French government, which so perilous and long an exile was undertaken to enlighten and to serve, should exhibit a tardy gratitude to the unfortunate Fatalla Sayeghir, whose services might at present be so useful to it. I likewise put in a claim for the young and able interpreter, M. Mazolier, who translated these notes from the Arabic, and who accompanied me in my travels in Syria, Galilee, and Arabia, for a year. Well versed in the knowledge of Arabic, the son of an Arab mother, the nephew of one of the most powerful and revered scheiks of Lebanon, having already traversed with me all these countries, familiar with the manners of all these tribes, a man of courage, intelligence, and probity, and devoted in his heart to France, this young man might be of the greatest utility to the govern-

ment in the ports of Syria. French nationality does not terminate at our frontiers; the country has sons also on shores the names of which she scarcely knows. M. Mazolier is one of these sons. France ought not to forget him. None could better serve her than he in those countries where our civilising, protecting, and even political action must inevitably make itself felt at no distant interval. Here follows the recital of Fatalla Sayeghir, literally translated:—

STORY OF FATALLA SAYEGHIR.

At the age of eighteen I left Aleppo, my birthplace, with a stock of merchandise, to establish myself in Cyprus. Having been rather fortunate in my commercial operations during the first year, I grew attached to the pursuit, and conceived the fatal project of sending a cargo of the productions of the island to Trieste. In a short time my merchandise was embarked, consisting of cotton, silk, wine, sponges, and coloquintida. On the 18th March 1809 my vessel, under the command of Captain Chefalinati, set sail. I was already calculating the advantages to result from my speculation, and rejoicing myself with the idea of large gains, when, in the midst of these pleasing dreams, I received the disastrous intelligence of the capture of my vessel by an English ship of war, which had carried it to Malta. In consequence of this loss, I was compelled to close my ledger, and retire from commerce. Totally ruined, I quitted Cyprus, and returned to Aleppo.

A few days after my arrival, I dined at the house of one of my friends, in company with several persons, amongst whom was an ill-dressed stranger, to whom, in spite of his garb, great attention was paid. After dinner, music was introduced, and this stranger, seating himself near me, began to converse with affability. We talked upon music; and at the end of a long conversation I got up to go and ask his name. I learnt that he was called M. Lascaris de Vintimille, and that he was a knight of Malta. On the following day he called upon me, with a violin in his hand. 'My dear boy,' said he to me on entering, 'I remarked yesterday how fond you were of music; I consider you already as my son, and I bring you a violin, which I beg you to accept.' I received with great joy an instrument which I found exactly suited to me, and I returned my hearty acknowledgments. After two hours' animated conversation, in the course of which he questioned me upon all sorts of subjects, he retired. The next day he returned, and continued these visits for a fortnight. At length he proposed to me that I should give him lessons in Arabic, an hour each day, for which he offered me a hundred piastres a month. I accepted this advantageous proposal with alacrity; and in six months he began to read and speak Arabic tolerably well. One day he said to me, 'My dear son' (he always addressed me thus), 'I see that you have a great inclination for commerce, and as I desire to remain some time with you, I will give you occupation which will be agreeable to you. Here is money;

buy goods that are most in request at Homs, Hama, and the surrounding districts. We will go and trade in those countries the least frequented by merchants, and you will see that we shall make a good business of it.' The desire of remaining with M. Lascaris, and the conviction that this enterprise would be advantageous to us, made me accept his proposition without hesitation, and I commenced immediately to make the purchases, according to a list which he handed me, consisting of the following articles:—red cloth, amber, coral, chaplets, cotton handkerchiefs, shawls of black and coloured silk called cafiés, black shifts, needles, pins, combs, rings, horse-bits, glass bracelets, and different articles of glass; we joined to these chemical products, spices, and drugs. M. Lascaris paid for these various articles 11,000 piastres, or 2000 talaris. All the Aleppians who saw me buying these things told me that M. Lascaris was deranged. In fact his dress and manners gave support to this idea. He wore a long beard uncombed, a white turban very dirty, a miserable robe or *gombaz*, with a vest above it, and leathern girdle, and red shoes without stockings. When he was spoken to, he feigned not to understand what was said. He passed the greatest part of the day in the coffee-house, and ate in the bazaar, which respectable people always avoid doing. He had an object to serve by this manner of proceeding, which I learnt afterwards; but those who did not know it, believed him out of his wits. As to myself, I found him full of sense and wisdom, reasoning well upon all subjects—in a word, a very superior man. One day, when all our merchandise was packed up, he called me to him to ask me what they said of him at Aleppo. 'They say,' answered I, 'that you are mad.' 'And what do you think yourself?' he asked. 'I think that you are quite sensible and wise,' I replied. 'I hope to prove to you so in time,' said he; 'but in the meantime you must come under an engagement to do all that I command you, without remonstrance, or asking any reasons; to obey me in all things—in a word, I require from you a blind obedience: you will have no reason to repent it.'

He then told me to go and get some mercury. I immediately did as I was ordered. He mixed it with grease and two drugs with which I was not acquainted, assuring me that by hanging round the neck a piece of cotton steeped in this preparation, we should preserve ourselves from the bites of insects. I said to myself that there were not sufficient insects at Homs or Hama to render such a preservative necessary, and that therefore it must be destined for some other country; but as he had just interdicted me from proffering any observations, I contented myself with asking him upon what day we were to depart, in order that the *moukres* (camel-drivers) might be engaged. 'I give you,' answered he, 'thirty days to amuse yourself. My purse is at your disposal; enjoy yourself, spend as much as you choose: spare nothing.' It is a farewell to the world, thought I, that he means me to make; but the profound attachment that I already felt for him prevailed against this sentiment; I thought only upon the present, and employed the time that he had granted me in

agreeable diversions. But alas! the period of pleasure quickly passes. I soon saw the end of it. M. Lascaris urged me to depart. I yielded to his orders, and taking advantage of a caravan which was going to Hama, on Thursday, the 18th of Februrary 1810, we quitted Aleppo, and arrived at the village of Saarmin, after twelve hours' march. The following day we proceeded to Nuarat-el-Nahaman, a pretty small town six hours farther. It is famed for its salubrious air and good water, and it is the birthplace of a celebrated Arab poet named Abou el Hella el Maari, blind from the cradle. He had learnt to write by a singular method. He sat in a vapour-bath, whilst they traced with ice the form of the Arab characters on his back. Several traits of an astonishing sagacity are related of him. Amongst others, the following:—Being at Bagdad, in the house of a caliph, to whom he was incessantly vaunting the air and water of his country, the caliph procured some water from the river of Nuarat, and without giving him any hint of the fact, presented it to him to drink. The poet immediately recognising it, exclaimed, 'This is indeed its limpid water—but where is its pure air?'

To return to the caravan. It stopped two days at Nuarat, on account of a fair that was held there every Sunday. We went to take a walk through the town; and in the tumult occasioned by the fair I lost sight of M. Lascaris, who had disappeared in the crowd. After searching for him a long time, I discovered him at last in a secluded spot, conversing apart with a ragged Arab. I asked him with surprise what pleasure he found in the conversation of such a personage, being unable to understand his Arabic, or to make him comprehend his. 'Whenever I have the good-fortune to talk with a Bedouin,' answered he, 'I reckon it as one of the happiest days of my life.' 'In that case,' I observed, 'you will be happy to your heart's content, for we shall continually encounter people of this description.' He told me to buy some cakes (the bread of the country) and cheese, and give them to Hettall, as the Bedouin was called, who took leave of us with thanks. On the 22d February we departed from Nuarat-el-Nahaman, and after six hours' march, we reached Krau-Cheikria; and on the following day, after nine hours, Hama, a considerable town, where we were completely unknown, M. Lascaris having brought no letters of introduction. We passed the first night in a coffee-house, and the next day hired a room in the khan of Assad-Pacha. When I was commencing to open the bales, and prepare the merchandise for sale, M. Lascaris said to me, with a discontented air, 'You have nothing in your head but your miserable commerce! If you knew how many things there are more useful and interesting to attend to!' After which I gave up all idea of selling anything, and went to stroll about the town. On the fourth day M. Lascaris, walking alone, went as far as the castle, which was falling to ruin. Having examined it attentively, he was imprudent enough to commence taking its dimensions. Four vagabonds, who were loitering under a broken arch, fell upon him,

threatening to denounce him as wishing to carry off the treasures, and to introduce the *giaours* into the castle. With a little money the whole affair might have been hushed; but M. Lascaris defended himself, and, escaping out of their hands with great difficulty, came to seek me. He had not had time to finish the recital of his adventure before two officers of the government entered with one of the denouncers. They seized upon the key of our room, and marched us off, driving us before them with blows, as if we had been malefactors. Being brought into the presence of the muetzlim, Selim Beik, distinguished for his cruelty, he interrogated us in the following strain:—'From what country are you?' 'My companion is from Cyrus,' I answered, 'and I am from Aleppo.' 'What motive brings you here?' 'We have come to sell goods.' 'You tell a lie: your companion has been seen in the castle taking its dimensions, and making a plan: it is to get possession of treasure, or to deliver the place to the infidels.' Then turning to the guards, 'Conduct these dogs to a dungeon,' he added. We were not allowed to say a word in exculpation. Being carried to prison, we were heavily chained at the feet and neck, and they shut us up in a dark cell, so narrow, that we could not turn round. After some time we obtained a little light and some bread, by the application of a tallari. The prodigious quantity of fleas and other insects which infested the prison effectually prevented our closing an eye during the whole night. We had scarcely courage to think of the means by which we might escape from this horrible place. At last I bethought me of a Christain writing-master called Selim, whom I knew by reputation to be a man capable of rendering us good service. I gained one of our guards, who went to find him, and the following day Selim happily arranged the matter by a gift of sixty tallaris to the muetzlim, and fifty piastres to his people. At this price we obtained our liberty. This imprisonment procured us the advantage of an acquaintance with Selim and several other persons in Hama, with whom we passed twenty days in an agreeable manner. The town is charming; the Orontes runs through it, and renders it lively and animated, and its abundant waters render fruitful a multitude of gardens. The inhabitants are amiable, active, and intelligent; they are much attached to poetry, and cultivate it with success. They have been called the speaking birds, which epithet very forcibly characterises them. M. Lascaris having asked Selim for a letter of recommendation to a man of middling condition at Homs, who might serve us as a guide, he wrote the following epistle:—'To my friend Yakoub, salutation. Those who shall deliver this present writing into your hands are pedlars, who visit your place to sell their goods. Assist them as much as you can; your pains will not be thrown away: they are honest men. Adieu!'

M. Lascaris, well pleased with this letter, joined a caravan which was going to Homs. We left on the 25th March, and arrived, after six hours' marching, at Rastain, which is at present but the remains of a considerable town. There was nothing remarkable to be seen.

We continued our route, and at the end of six days more we were at Homs. Yakoub, to whom we delivered our letter, received us favourably, and gave us supper. His trade consisted in making black mantles called *mashlas*. After supper, some men of his own station came to pass the evening with him, to take coffee, and smoke. One of them, a locksmith named Naufal, seemed to us an intelligent man. He spoke to us of the Bedouins, of their modes of life, and of making war. He informed us that he passed six months of the year amongst their tribes, putting their arms in order, and that he had a great many friends amongst them. When we were alone, M. Lascaris told me that he had this evening seen all his relations; and when I testified to him my astonishment at hearing that there were Vintimilles at Homs—'The falling in with Naufal,' he replied to me, 'is more precious in my eyes than meeting the whole body of my connections.' It was late when we retired, and the master of the domicile gave us one mattress and one blanket for us both. M. Lascaris had never slept double in his life, but, from a good disposition, he insisted upon my sharing his bed. Not wishing to contradict him, I placed myself by his side; but as soon as the light was put out, I slipped on to the floor, where, rolling myself in my mantle, I passed the night. When we arose in the morning we found that we had both been sleeping in the same manner, M. Lascaris having lain down on the floor like myself. He embraced me, saying, 'It is a good sign that we have both had the same idea, my dear son: I love to give you this title, which pleases you, I hope, as much as it does me.' I thanked him for the concern he manifested towards me, and we went out together to beg Naufal to accompany us through all the town, and to point out to us such curiosities as it contained, promising to indemnify him for the loss of his day's work. The population of Homs is about 8000. The character of the inhabitants is in all respects the opposite to that of the inhabitants of Hama. The citadel, situated in the centre of the town, is tumbling into ruins; the ramparts, well preserved, are washed by an arm of the Orontes. The atmosphere is very wholesome.

We bought, for forty piastres, two pelisses of sheep-skin, similar to those of the Bedouins. These pelisses are weatherproof. In order to be more at liberty, we hired a room in the khan, and requested Naufal to remain with us, we agreeing to give him what he would have gained by working in his shop—about three piastres a day. He was extremely useful to us. M. Lascaris subjected him to an adroit interrogatory, and extracted from him all the hints that he desired; leading him into explanations of the manners, usages, and character of the Bedouins, their mode of receiving strangers, and of treating them. We stayed thirty days at Homs, waiting for the period of the return of the Bedouins, who, upon ordinary occasions, quit the environs of this city in the month of October to proceed towards the south, always following the fine weather, water, and pasturage, marching one day, and resting themselves five or six. Some of them thus go as far as Bassorah and Bagdad, and others to Chatt-el-Arab,

where the Tigris and Euphrates join together. In the month of February they begin to return towards Syria, and at the end of April they are perceived in the deserts of Damascus and Aleppo. Naufal gave us all this information, and told us, furthermore, that the Bedouins used a great number of pelisses similar to ours, of black mashlas, and especially of cafiés. In consequence, M. Lascaris made me buy twenty pelisses, ten mashlas, and fifty cafiés, which I packed into one bale. This purchase cost 1200 piastres. Naufal having proposed to us to pay a visit to the citadel, the recollection of our misfortune at Hama made us at first hesitate, fearing its recurrence; but on his assuring us that no mischief would happen to us, and that he would answer for our safety, we accepted the proposition, and went to see those ruins, situated on the top of a little hill in the middle of the town. This castle is better preserved than that of Hama. We remarked an obscure and deep grotto in it, from which an abundant spring of excellent water gushed, through an opening, four feet by two, and fell through bars of iron by a second opening. An old tradition was mentioned to us, which related that the passage of the waters having once been stopt up, a deputation from Persia arrived six months after, which procured the removal of the obstruction, and a stipulation that the opening should not be again interfered with, by the payment of a large sum to the government. Now, the entry to this grotto is forbidden, and it is not easy to get introduced into it.

On our return to the khan, Scheik Ibrahim asked me if I had noted down all that I had seen, all that had happened since our departure from Aleppo; and on my answering in the negative, he prayed me to do so, urging me to remember the past, and to keep an exact journal of all in Arabic, in order that he might himself translate it into French. Since that time, I took notes, which he carefully transcribed every day, and returned me in the morning. I put them together, in the hope that they may be useful to me some day, and procure me a slight compensation for my fatigues and privations. M. Lascaris having determined on departing for the village of Saddad, I engaged Naufal to accompany us; and having joined with some other persons, we departed from Homs with all our merchandise. After a five hours' march, we crossed a wide stream which flows from the north to the south towards the castle of Hasné. This castle, commanded by an aga, serves as a place of halt to the caravan of Mecca coming from Damascus. The water of this stream is pleasant to drink, and we filled our leathern bottles with it. This precaution is very necessary, for we find no more water during the seven hours' march that remains to arrive at Saddad. We got there at the going down of the sun. Naufal conducted us to the house of the scheik, Hassaf-Abou-Ibrahim, a venerable old man, the father of nine sons, all married, and living under the same roof. He received us with cordiality, and presented all his family to us, which, to our great surprise, we found was composed of sixty-four persons. The scheik having asked us if we intended to establish ourselves in the

village, or to travel into other parts, we informed him that we were merchants, that war between the great powers having interrupted the communication by sea with Cyprus, we had been desirous of setting up business in Aleppo, but having found many merchants richer than ourselves in that town, we had decided upon carrying our wares into less-frequented districts, hoping thereby to drive a better trade. Having afterwards communicated to him the nature of our merchandise, he said to us, 'These articles will only serve the Arabs of the desert, and I am very sorry to tell you so, but it will be impossible for you to advance amongst them. Even should you succeed in arriving, you will run the risk of losing everything, even your lives. The Bedouins are greedy, and full of audacity; they will seize upon your goods, and if you make the least resistance, they will put you to death. You are persons of honour and delicacy, and it will not be possible for you to support their grossness. I speak to you thus for your own good, I myself being a Christian. Believe my words; open your bales, sell as many articles as you can, and afterwards return with all speed to Aleppo, if you have any inclination for your possessions and your heads.

As soon as he had ceased talking, the principal inhabitants of the village, collected at his house to see us, opened up a series of dismal narrations. One of them told us that a pedlar, coming from Aleppo, and going to the desert, had been stripped of all by the Arabs, and had been seen wending his way back quite naked. Another had received intelligence that a merchant from Damascus had been slaughtered. All were agreed upon the impossibility of penetrating amongst the Bedouin hordes, and strove by all the means in their power to dissuade us from so hazardous an enterprise. I saw that M. Lascaris was not very comfortable. He turned to me, and said to me in Italian, in order that the other persons might not understand him, 'What do you say to this news, which discourages me much?' 'I do not credit all these tales,' I replied; 'and even if they were true, it would still behove us to persevere in our project. Since you proclaimed to me your intention of going amongst the Bedouins, I have given up all hope of again seeing my country. I looked upon the thirty days that you gave me at Aleppo to amuse myself as my farewell to the world. I regard our travels as a real campaign; and he who departs to the wars, if he resolves the matter properly, will not indulge the idea of returning. Let us not lose courage; although Hassaf is a scheik,* and has some experience, although he understands how to till the ground, and take part in the politics of his village, he can form no idea of the importance of our affairs. I am therefore of opinion that we speak to him no more of our journey into the desert, but put our trust in God, the great protector of the universe.' These words produced a good effect upon M. Lascaris, who embraced me tenderly, saying, 'My dear son, I put all my hopes in God and you. You are a man of résolution I can perceive; I am very well satisfied with the force of your character, and I enter-

* Scheik not only means a chief, but also an old man.

tain hopes of attaining my object with the assistance of your courage and constancy. At the close of this conversation we retired to bed, much pleased with each other. We employed the following day in going through the village, which contains about 200 houses and five churches. The inhabitants, who are Christians, manufacture mashlas and black abbas, and occupy themselves very little with the cultivation of the ground, as they are grievously afflicted with a want of water. There is only one small spring in the village, and the water is distributed to each individual according to a measure regulated by a timepiece of sand. It scarcely suffices to irrigate the gardens, which in this climate, where it rarely rains, produce nothing unless well watered. Some years occur in which not a single drop of water is seen to fall. The harvest gathered in the district lasts only six months, and the rest of the year the inhabitants are obliged to have recourse to Homs. In the middle of the village an old tower rises to a prodigious height. It dates from the foundation of a colony whose history the scheik related to us. Its founders were originally from Tripolis in Syria, where their church still exists. In the most flourishing times of the Eastern Empire, the Greeks, bloated with pride and rapacity, tyrannised over subject nations. The governor of Tripolis overwhelmed the inhabitants with exactions and cruelties; and they being too few to resist, but unable any longer to support the yoke, came to an agreement amongst themselves, to the number of three hundred families; and having secretly gathered together all the precious commodities they could carry, they departed without noise in the middle of the night to Homs, and from there turned their course towards the desert of Bagdad, but were, however, attacked by the Greek troops which the governor of Tripolis had sent in pursuit of them. They sustained an obstinate and bloody combat; but too inferior in numbers to vanquish, and determined at no price to again incur the tyranny of the Greeks, they entered into a negotiation, and obtained permission to build a village upon the very site of the battle, engaging to remain tributary to the governor of Tripolis. They therefore established themselves in this place, which is on the edge of the desert, and called their town Saddad (obstacle). This was all that the Syrian chronicle contained of any note. The inhabitants of Saddad are honest, and mild in character. We unpacked our wares, and passed some days with them, to prove that we were in reality merchants. The women bought from us a large quantity of red cotton cloth to make shifts. The sale did not occupy us long, but we were obliged to wait for the arrival of the Bedouins in the neighbourhood. One day, having learnt that there existed, four hours from the village, a considerable and very ancient ruin, in which a natural vapour-bath was found, this wonder raised our curiosity, and M. Lascaris wishing to visit it, begged the scheik to give us an escort. Having marched four hours towards the south-east, we reached the middle of a large ruin which contained only one habitable chamber. The architecture is very simple, but the stones are of a prodigious size. On penetrating into the chamber, we

perceived an opening two feet square, whence came out a thick vapour. We threw a handkerchief into it, and in a minute and a-half it was brought out and thrown at our feet. We tried the experiment with a shirt, which arose like the handkerchief at the end of ten minutes. Our guides assured us that a mashla, weighing ten pounds, would be cast up in the same manner.

Having undressed, and placed ourselves round the opening, we were in a short time covered with a profuse perspiration, which ran down our bodies; but the stench of the vapour was so powerful, that we could not long remain exposed to it. At the end of half an hour we put on our clothes again, experiencing an inexpressible sense of enjoyment. They told us that this vapour was in fact very salutary, and cured a great number of invalids. On our return to the village we supped with a hearty appetite, and I think I never enjoyed a more delightful sleep. Having nothing more to see in Saddad or its environs, we determined upon departing for the village of Corictain. When we spoke of it to Naufal, he advised us to change our names, as our present ones might render us suspected by the Bedouins and Turks. Thenceforth M. Lascaris took the name of Scheik Ibrahim el Cabressi (the Cyprian), and gave me that of Abdallah el Kratib, which signifies *the writer*. Scheik Hassaf having given us a letter of recommendation to a Syrian priest named Moussi, we took leave of him and our Saddad friends, and departed at an early hour. After four hours' march, we arrived between the two villages Mâhin and Haourin, situated at ten minutes' distance from each other. They have each but two dozen or so of houses, the majority of them ruined by the Bedouins, who come from time to time to devastate them. In the centre of these villages an elevated tower rises, of an ancient construction. The inhabitants, all Mohammedans, speak the language of the Bedouins, and dress like them. After having breakfasted, and filled our bottles, we continued our march for six hours, and at night reached Corictain, and the house of the priest Moussi, who offered us hospitality. In the morning he carried us to the abode of the Scheik Selim el Dahasse, a distinguished man, who gave us a cordial welcome. Having learnt the motive of our journey, he made the same observations as the Scheik of Saddad. We answered him that, understanding all the difficulties of our enterprise, we had renounced the idea of advancing into the desert, contenting ourselves with going to Palmyra to dispose of our merchandise. 'That is still more difficult,' he observed, 'for the Bedouins will meet and pillage you.' He then commenced, like the others, to relate to us a thousand alarming things of the Bedouins. The priest confirming all he said, we were almost losing heart, when they brought in the breakfast, which gave a new turn to the conversation, and gave us time to collect ourselves.

The Scheik Selim is one of those who are bound to administer to the wants of the great Mecca caravan, in conjunction with the Scheik of Palmyra. His functions give him some influence amongst the Arabs. His contingent consists of 200 camels and a supply of provi-

sions. On returning to our lodging, Scheik Ibrahim addressed me in the following strain:—'Well, my dear son, what think you of all that the Scheik Selim has just told us?' I replied to him, 'We must not give too much ear to what the inhabitants of these villages relate, as they are always at war with the Bedouins. The existence of harmony between them is out of the question. Our position is very different—we are traders—we go to sell our merchandise to the Bedouins, and not to make war upon them. By acting honestly with them, I do not see we shall run the least danger.' These words gave a little courage to Scheik Ibrahim. Some days after our arrival, in order to keep up our character of merchants, we unfolded our bales upon the square, in the middle of the village, before the door of the scheik, and I sold some articles to the women, which were paid for in money. The men, who had nothing to do, assembled around us to talk; one of them, named Hessaisoun el Kratib, a very young man, assisted me in receiving the cash, and settling the accounts with the women and children, displaying a great regard for my interests. One day, finding me alone, he asked me if I could keep a secret. 'Take care,' added he, 'for it is an important secret, which must be trusted to no one, not even your companion.' Having given him my word as he desired, he told me that, at an hour's distance from the village, there was a cave, where a large jar full of sequins was secreted. He showed me one, assuring me that he could make no use of these coins, which were only current at Palmyra. 'But you,' continued he, 'who go from town to town, can easily change them: you have a thousand means which I do not possess of turning this treasure to advantage. However, I do not wish to give you the whole, but I leave the partition to your own generosity. You can come with me to look at the locality, and transport the gold by little and little secretly, giving me my share in current money.' Having seen and got hold of the sequin, I believed in the truth of this story, and appointed a meeting with him, out of the village, at an early hour on the following day. The next morning the sun had scarcely risen before I arose and went out of our lodging, as if to take a walk. A short way out of the village I found Hessaisoun waiting for me. He was armed with a musket, a sabre, and a brace of pistols. As for me, my own weapon was a long pipe. We proceeded for about an hour, and I felt greatly impatient to behold the cave. At length I perceived it, and we shortly after entered into it. I looked on all sides to discover the jar, but seeing nothing, I turned to Hessaisoun, and said, 'Where, then, is the jar?' I observed him change colour. 'Now that we are here,' he exclaimed, 'learn that thy last moment is come. Thou shouldst have been already dead, if I had not feared covering thy clothes with blood. Before killing thee, I wish to despoil thee; therefore strip thyself, and give me thy bag of money, which I know thou carriest with thee. It ought to contain more than 1200 piastres, which I myself have counted, as the value of the merchandise thou hast sold. Thou wilt not again behold the light of day.' 'Spare my life,' said I to him with a suppliant air: 'I

will give thee a greater sum than is in this bag, and I swear to thee I will mention to no person what has passed between us.' 'That cannot be,' he answered: 'this cave must be thy tomb: I cannot give thee thy life without exposing my own.'

I gave him a thousand oaths that I would be silent, and I proposed to him to give an acknowledgment for the sum that he himself should fix; but nothing could turn him from his terrible project. At last, wearied with my intreaties, he placed his arms against the wall, and fell upon me, like a roaring lion, to strip me before slaying me. I renewed my supplications. 'What injury have I done thee?' I asked him: 'what enmity exists between us? Thou knowest not that the day of judgment is nigh, that God will demand an account of innocent blood!' But his heart was hardened, and he paid no attention. I then thought of my brother, my parents, and my friends —everything that was dear to me occurred to my recollection. Driven to despair, I prayed for protection only from my Creator. 'Oh God! protector of the innocent, aid me!—give me force to resist!' My assassin, impatient for his prey, tore off my clothes. Although he was much taller than I, God gave me strength to struggle with him for nearly half an hour. The blood flowed profusely from my face, and my garments fell in shreds. The wretch seeing me in this state, resolved to strangle me, and lifted up his arms to grasp my neck. I took advantage of the momentary liberty that this movement gave me to give him, with my two fists, a severe blow upon the belly, and, throwing him on his back, I seized upon his arms, and sprang out of the cave, running with all my might. I could scarcely believe myself in safety: in a few moments I heard some one running behind me—it was my assassin. He called to me, begging me, in the most conciliatory tone, to wait for him. As I had all his arms, I was not afraid to stop for a moment; and returning towards him, I exclaimed, 'Infamous villain! what dost thou ask?—Thou hast attempted to strangle me in secret, but thou shaltst thyself be strangled in public.' He replied to me with an oath that all he had done was mere sport on his part, that he had only wished to try my courage, and see how I should defend myself. 'But,' continued he, 'I see you are but a boy to take the thing so seriously.' I answered, aiming at him with the gun, that if he approached a step farther I would fire upon him. Seeing me determined to do so, he took to his heels across the desert, and I resumed the road to the village.

In the meantime, Scheik Ibrahim, the priest, and Naufal, not seeing me return, began to be uneasy. Scheik Ibrahim especially, knowing that I never went to a distance without apprising him, after waiting two hours, went to the scheik, who, participating in his fears, set the whole village to seek me. At last Naufal descrying me, shouted out, 'There he is!' Selim asserted he was mistaken. I drew near them —they could scarcely recognise me. M. Lascaris ran to me and embraced me, weeping. I stood, unable to speak. They led me to the priest's, washed my wounds, and put me to bed. After some

time I regained strength to recount my adventure. Selim sent out horsemen in pursuit of the assassin, giving his negro a cord to strangle him with; but they returned without having been able to catch him; and we afterwards learnt that he had entered the service of the Pacha of Damascus. From that time he never reappeared at Corietain.

At the end of a few days my wounds began to close, and I quickly recovered my strength. Scheik Selim, who had conceived a great friendship for me, brought me one day a telescope out of order, saying to me that I would be a clever man if I succeeded in arranging it. As there was nothing but a glass to replace, I soon put it to rights, and took it to him. He was so well pleased with my skill, that he gave me the surname of *the industrious*. A short time after this we heard that the Bedouins were approaching from Palmyra, and some of them were already seen near Corietain. One day there came a certain Arab named Selame el Hassan. We were with Selim when he entered. Coffee was brought, and whilst we were drinking it, several inhabitants came in search of the scheik, and said to him, 'Eight years ago, in a certain spot, Hassan killed our relation, and we have come to demand justice from you.' Hassan, denying the fact, asked if they had any witnesses. 'No,' they replied; 'but you were seen passing along that particular road alone, and shortly after we found our relation there lying dead. We know that there was a cause of hatred between you two; and it is thus certain that you are his murderer.' Hassan resolutely denied the accusation. The scheik, who was fearful of irritating the Bedouins, and who, besides, had no positive proof against him, took up a piece of wood, and said, 'Swear by him who created this bough that you have not killed their relation.' Hassan took the stick, looked at it for some minutes, and cast his eyes upon the ground; then lifting up his head towards his accusers—'I do not wish,' said he, 'to have two crimes upon my conscience—the one of being the murderer of this man, the other of swearing falsely before God. It was I who killed your relation: what do you ask as the price of his blood?'*

The scheik, wishing to keep fair with the Bedouins, was solicitous to avoid acting according to the rigour of the law; and the individuals present interesting themselves in the matter, it was decided that Hassan should pay 300 piastres to the relatives of the deceased. When he was asked for the money, he replied that he had it not with him, but would bring it in a few days; and as some difficulty was made in letting him depart without pledge—'I have no bail to give,' he remarked; 'but He will answer for me whose name I would not profane by a false oath.' He was suffered to go, and four days after he came back, bringing fifteen sheep, which were worth more than twenty piastres each. This trait of good faith and generosity both charmed and surprised us. We became anxious to form his acquaintance. Scheik Ibrahim invited him to his room, made him

* [According to the Arab laws, murder is expiated by money; the sum is fixed according to circumstances.]

some presents, and by these means we were soon intimate friends. He communicated to us that he was one of the tribe El-Ammour, the chief of which was called Soultanel Berak. This tribe, composed of 500 tents, is considered as inhabitants of the district, because they do not quit the banks of the Euphrates when the great tribes migrate. They sell sheep, camels, and butter, at Damascus, Homs, Hama, &c. The natives of these different towns have often an interest in their flocks. We mentioned to Hassan one day that we wished to go to Palmyra to dispose of the merchandise that remained, but that we had been terrified with accounts of the dangers attending the expedition. Having offered to conduct us there himself, he entered into a contract before the scheik, making himself answerable for every thing disastrous that might befall us. Being persuaded that Hassan was a man of honour, we accepted his convoy.

It was now spring; the desert, formerly so arid, was suddenly covered with verdure and flowers. This enchanting spectacle induced us to hasten our departure. In the evening we deposited with the priest Moussi a part of our wares, so as to avoid attracting too much attention or cupidity. Naufal, desiring to return to Homs, M. Lascaris dismissed him with a sufficient recompense. Having engaged moukres and camels, we took leave of the inhabitants of Corietain; and with water and provisions for two days, we departed early the following morning, carrying with us a letter of recommendation from the Scheik Selim for the Scheik of Palmyra, named Ragial-el-Orouk. After a march of ten hours in a continually eastern direction, we halted near a square tower, of a lofty and massive construction, called Casser-el-Ourdaan, in the territory El Dawh. This tower, built in the era of the Greek empire, served as an advanced post against the Persians, who were wont to carry off the people of the country. This rampart of the desert has preserved its name down to our days. After admiring the architecture, which is of a good age, we returned to pass the night in our little khan, where we suffered greatly from cold. In the morning, as we were getting ready for a start, M. Lascaris, who was somewhat unaccustomed to the motion of camels, mounting his without sufficient care, was thrown to the ground by its suddenly rising. We ran to him, and found his foot out of joint; but as he would not stop, we dressed it as well as we could, set him on his camel, and continued the march. In two hours we saw a cloud of dust rising in the distance, and drawing towards us. We were shortly able to descry six armed horsemen, whom observing, Hassan threw off his pelisse, couched his lance, and advanced to meet them, shouting to us to remain still. When he had come up with them, he explained to them that we were merchants going to Palmyra, and that he had become bound before the Scheik Selim, and all his village, to conduct us in safety. But these Bedouins, of the tribe El-Hassné, without heeding his relation, came down upon us. Hassan rushed to block up the path; they attempted to drive him back, and the combat began. Our champion was well known for his valour, but his opponents were equally brave. He sustained

their attack for half an hour, when, being wounded by the stroke of a lance which had passed through his thigh, he retired towards us, and almost immediately sank from his horse. The Bedouins were preparing to despoil us, when Hassan, stretched upon the ground, his blood flowing from his wound, apostrophised them in these terms:—'What are you doing, my friends? Will you then violate the rights of the Arabs, the usages of the Bedouins? Those whom you are robbing are my brethren; they have my word: I have become bound for all that may happen to them, and you plunder them! Is this acting according to honour?' 'Wherefore have you undertaken to conduct Christians to Palmyra?' they answered: 'know you not that Mehanna-el-Fadel (the scheik of their tribe) is the chief of this country? Why have you not asked his permission?' 'I am well aware of it,' replied Hassan; 'but these merchants were pressed for time, and Mehanna is still far from here. I pledged my word to them, and they had faith in it. They are acquainted with our laws and usages, which never change. Is it then proper in you to violate them by pilfering these strangers, and leaving me in this wounded state?' Upon hearing these words, the Bedouins, ceasing from further violence, remarked, 'What you have said is indeed true and just, and since it is so, we will only take from your associates what they are disposed to give.' We hastened to offer them two mashlas, a pelisse, and 100 piastres. They were satisfied, and left us free to resume our progress. Hassan suffered greatly from his wound; and as he could not remount his horse, I gave him my camel, and took his mare. We marched four hours more; but the sun having set, we were obliged to halt in a place named Waddi-el-Nahr (Valley of the River). In spite of the appellation, we did not find a drop of water, and our bottles were empty. The morning attack had delayed us three hours, and it was not possible to go on any farther that evening. Although we were exposed to much suffering, we found considerable gratification in the reflection of having escaped from the Bedouins, and of having saved our clothes, which afforded some protection against the cold wind which blew mercilessly enough. Thus, in a midway condition between pleasure and pain, we looked forward with impatience for the first glimpse of daylight. Scheik Ibrahim complained of his foot, and Hassan of his thigh. In the morning, after doing for the sick men as well as we could, we resumed our route, still continuing towards the East. An hour and a quarter from Palmyra we found a subterraneous rivulet, whose source is quite unknown, as well as the place to which it flows. The water is seen through openings about five feet deep, somewhat in the shape of basins. It is not necessary to describe the happiness we felt in satisfying our thirst: the water had a truly agreeable taste.

At the mouth of a defile caused by the approach of two mountains to each other we at last perceived the celebrated Palmyra. This defile forms, for a quarter of an hour, an avenue to the town. Along the southern side of the mountain extends, for about three hours,

a very ancient rampart. On the left, in front, we perceived an old castle, called Co Lat Ebn Maâmen, built by the Turks before the invention of gunpowder. This Ebn Maâmen, governor of Damascus in the time of the caliphs, erected this castle to prevent the Persians from penetrating into Syria. We afterwards came upon a large open space called Waddi-el-Cabour (Valley of Tombs). The sepulchres which cover it appeared from a distance like towers. When we got near them, we saw that niches had been worked in them to receive the dead. Each niche was closed by a stone, on which was cut the portrait of the occupant. The towers were three and four storeys high, communicating by means of a stone staircase, in general very well preserved. From there we entered a vast enclosure inhabited by the Arabs, who call it the castle. It contains, in fact, the ruins of the Temple of the Sun. 200 families lodge in these ruins. We went without any delay to the house of the Scheik Ragial-el-Orouk, a venerable old man, who received us very favourably, and made us take supper and sleep with him. This scheik, like that of Corietain, furnished 200 camels to the great Mecca caravan. On the following day, having hired a house, we unpacked our merchandise. I dressed Scheik Ibrahim's foot, which was in truth put out of joint. He suffered a long time from it. Hassan found friends at Palmyra who took care of him; and being quickly restored, he came to take leave of us, and departed in great glee at the recompense we bestowed upon him. Being obliged to keep the house for several days on account of Scheik Ibrahim's foot, we commenced selling some articles to confirm our assertion of being merchants; but as soon as M. Lascaris was in a situation to walk, we went to visit the temple, and inspect all its details. Other travellers have described these ruins, so we shall speak here only of what has escaped them in remarks upon the country. We saw a great number of people one day casing a very handsome granite column with wood. They told us that it was in order to burn it, or rather to make it fall, so as to get at the lead which was found in the crevices. Scheik Ibrahim, full of indignation, addressing himself to me, exclaimed, 'What would the founders of Palmyra say if they saw these barbarians thus destroying their work? Since chance has conducted me here, I will oppose myself to this scandalous act.' And, having ascertained the value of the lead, he gave the fifty piastres they asked from him, and the column became our property. It was of the finest red granite, spotted with blue and white, sixty feet high, and ten round. The Palmyrians, seeing our inclination for monuments, informed us of a curious spot, at an hour and a-half's distance, where the columns were anciently cut, and where some beautiful fragments are still found. Three Arabs undertook to conduct us there for ten piastres. The road was strewed with very fine ruins, described, I presume, by other travellers. We were shown a grotto, in which there was a beautiful column of white marble, cut and chiselled, and another only half finished. It seemed as if time, which has destroyed so much magnificence, had been

wanting to remove the first, and complete the second. After visiting several caves and their environs, we returned by another road. Our guides pointed out to us a stream encumbered by great blocks of stone, which they called *Ain Ournus*. This name struck Scheik Ibrahim, who appeared drowned in thought the rest of the way. At last beckoning me to him, he said, 'I have discovered what the name of *Ournus* means. Aurelianus, the Roman emperor, came to besiege Palmyra, and seize upon its riches. It is he, I think, who has dug this spring for the wants of his army during the siege, and it has been named after him, but changed in the course of time into *Ournus*.' According to my small knowledge of history, the conjecture of Scheik Ibrahim is not without foundation.

The inhabitants of Palmyra are not much occupied with agriculture; their principal occupation is the working a salt mine, the produce of which they send to Damascus and Homs. They make also a great quantity of alkali, the plant which furnishes it being very plentiful. They burn it, and the cinders are likewise forwarded to these two towns to make soap. They send them even upon occasions to Tripolis in Syria, which has numerous soap-works, for the supply of the Archipelago. One day they spoke to us of a very singular cave, the entrance to which, however, was so dark and narrow as to be scarcely practicable. As it was only three hours from Palmyra, we felt a desire to visit it, but my adventure with Hessaisoun was too recent to risk ourselves without a good escort. On this account we begged Scheik Ragial to give us an accompaniment of some of his safest hands. He appeared astonished at our project: 'You are very curious,' said he to us; 'what business can you have with this grotto? Instead of minding your affairs, you pass your time in similar absurdities: it never has been my lot to meet such merchants as you.' I replied to him, 'A man always gains by beholding what nature has created beautiful.' The scheik having given us six men well armed, I provided myself with a ball of packthread, a large nail, and torches, and we set off at an early hour. After a march of two hours, we arrived at the foot of a mountain; a large hole which they showed us formed the mouth of the grotto. I stuck my nail in a secret spot, and tied the packthread to it. Holding the ball in my hand, I followed Scheik Ibrahim, and the guides, who carried the torches. We went sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, now ascending, now descending, and we found the grotto large enough to hold an entire army. There was a great deal of alum, and the top and walls were covered with sulphur, and the ground filled with nitre. We remarked a species of reddish soil, which was very fine, and of an acid taste; Scheik Ibrahim put a handful in his handkerchief. This grotto is bored by cavities, cut with the chisel, from which they had in former times extracted metals. Our guides informed us that several persons having lost themselves in them, had perished. A man who had remained there two days, seeking in vain the way to get out, at last spied a wolf, and throwing stones at this animal,

he put him to flight, and, following him, he succeeded in reaching the opening. My packthread being exhausted, we would not go farther, and retraced our steps. The charm of curiosity had doubtless smoothed the way for us, as we found an excessive difficulty in regaining the mouth. As soon as we had got safely out, we quickly despatched our breakfast, and then resumed the road to Palmyra. The scheik, who was waiting for us, asked us what we had gained by our trip. 'We have discovered,' I observed to him in reply, 'that the ancients were much more skilful than we, for we can see by their works that they entered and came out with facility, whilst our getting out was no easy matter.'

He laughed, and we left him to go and take a little repose. In the evening, Ibrahim found the handkerchief into which he had put the red earth full of holes, and, as it were, rotted. The earth had fallen into his pocket; and he put it in a bottle,* telling me that the ancients had probably drawn gold from this grotto, chemical experience having proved that where sulphur is found, gold is often not far off; and furthermore, the great works that we had remarked could not have been executed simply for the extraction of sulphur and alum, but evidently for something more precious. If the Arabs had entertained any suspicion that we had gone in search of gold, our lives had been placed in great jeopardy. From day to day they spoke of the approach of the Bedouins; and Scheik Ibrahim was as much rejoiced at these tidings as if he were about to meet his countrymen. He was quite enchanted when I announced to him the speedy arrival of Mehanna-el-Fadel, a great Bedouin chief. He wished instantly to go and meet him; but I represented to him that it would be more prudent to wait a favourable occasion to fall in with the family of this prince. I was aware that Mehanna generally sent a messenger to the Scheik of Palmyra to inform him of his approach. In fact one day eleven Bedouin horsemen arrived, and I learned that the Emir Nasser, the eldest son of Mehanna, was amongst them. I hastened to impart this intelligence to Scheik Ibrahim, who was transported with joy. That very instant we proceeded to Scheik Ragial's house, to be presented to the Emir Nasser, who gave us a good reception. 'These strangers,' said Ragial, addressing him, 'are honest merchants, who have wares to sell according to the usage of the Bedouins; but they are so frightened, that they dare not venture into the desert, unless you take them under your protection.' The Emir Nasser, turning towards us, said, 'You may expect every sort of success: you will be welcome, and I promise you that nothing shall befall you but the rain which descends from the heavens.' We returned him many thanks, concluding with these words: 'Since we have been fortunate enough to make your acquaintance, and you have kindly undertaken to be our protector, we hope you will do us the honour to eat with us.'

* This bottle was taken with the rest into Egypt.

The Arabs in general, and especially the Bedouins, regard as an inviolable engagement to fidelity the having eaten with any one, or having only broken bread with him. We therefore invited him with all his suite, as well as the scheik. We got a sheep killed; and our dinner, prepared after the manner of the Bedouins, seemed much relished by them. For dessert we presented them with figs, dried grapes, almonds, and nuts, which were to them a high treat. After coffee, we began to converse upon various topics; and we related to Nasser our adventure with the six horsemen of his tribe. He offered to punish them, and make them restore us our goods and money. We conjured him, however, to do nothing in the business, assuring him, with protestations, that what we had given was of no consequence to us. We wished to have departed with him the following day, but he told us to wait the arrival of his father, who was yet eight days off, with his tribe. He promised to send us an escort, and camels to carry our goods. For greater security, we begged him to get his father to write to us; which he undertook to do. The second day thereafter, a Bedouin of the tribe El-Hassné named Bani arrived at Palmyra, and a few hours after, seven other Bedouins, of the tribe El-Daffir, which was at war with that of Hassné. These men, having learned that one of their enemies was in the town, resolved to lie in wait for him out of Palmyra, to slay him. Bani, having been apprised of the favour intended him, came to our house, attached his mare to our door, and begged us to lend him a felt-sheet. As we had several around our goods, I took him one. He steeped it in water for half an hour, and afterwards placed it, all wet, on the back of his mare, the saddle above. In two hours she was seized with a violent diarrhœa, which continued the whole evening; and the next morning the mare seemed to have nothing left in her body. Then Bani removed the sheet, which he returned to us, drew the girths as tight as he could, and went off. About four in the afternoon we saw the Bedouins of the tribe El-Daffir return with fallen crests, and without plunder. Some one having asked them what they had done with Bani's mare, they returned for answer, 'We will state what has happened to us. Not wishing to commit any insult to Ragial, the tributary of Mehanna, we restrained ourselves from falling upon our enemy in the town. It is true we might have lain in wait for him in a narrow passage, but as we were seven to one, we determined to remain in the open country. When we descried him approaching, we advanced upon him; but as soon as he found himself in the midst of us, he uttered a loud shout, saying to his mare, 'Jah Hamra! to-day it is your turn;' and he darted off like a flash of lightning. We pursued him as far as his tribe, without coming up to him, astounded at the swiftness of his steed, which was like a bird cleaving the air with its wings.' I communicated to them the story of the felt-sheet, which astonished them not a little, as they had not, according to their own statement, ever heard of a similar piece of witchcraft.

A week after this occurrence three men came to us, on the part

of Mehanna-el-Fadel, bringing with them camels for our use, and a letter from the chief, the contents of which were as follow:—

'Mehanna-el-Fadel, son of Melkghem, to Scheik Ibrahim, and Abdallah el Kratib, safety! May the mercy of God be upon you! By the arrival of our son, Nasser, we have been informed of your desire to visit us. You are welcome. You will shed a blessing upon us. Fear nothing: you have the protection of God, and the word of Mehanna. Nothing will touch you but the rain of heaven.

(Signed) MEHANNA-EL-FADEL.'

A seal was affixed to the signature. This letter produced great satisfaction in Scheik Ibrahim's mind. Our preparations were soon finished; and the next day, by an early hour, we were out of Palmyra. Having arrived at a village watered by an abundant spring, we filled our leathern bottles to serve for the rest of the road. This village, called Arak, is four hours from Palmyra; we met a great number of Bedouins, who, after putting certain questions to our conductors, continued on their way. After a ten hours' march, the plain before us appeared covered with several hundreds of tents, which were those of the tribe Mehanna. We entered the tent of the emir, who caused coffee to be served to us at three distinct intervals, which, amongst the Bedouins, is the greatest proof of consideration. After the third cup, supper was brought in, which we required to eat in the Turkish fashion. It was the first time we had had this necessity imposed upon us, so we did not fail to burn our fingers. Mehanna, having perceived our mishap, addressed us in the following strain: 'You are not accustomed to eat like us, eh?' To which Scheik Ibrahim answered: 'It is very true; but why do you not make use of spoons? It is always possible to get them, were they but of wood.' The emir replied with dignity: 'We are Bedouins, and we adhere to the usages of our ancestors, which in truth we find to be highly reasonable. The hands and the mouth are parts of our body, which God has given as assistants to each other; wherefore, then, should we use a strange commodity, whether of wood or metal, to get at our mouths, seeing that the hand is naturally fitted for the purpose?' We felt these reasons to be of very great weight, and I could not avoid remarking to Scheik Ibrahim that Mehanna was the first Bedouin philosopher whom we had met. The following day the emir had a camel killed to regale us; and I learnt it was a great mark of consideration, the Bedouins measuring the importance of the stranger by that of the animal which they slay to feast him with. They commence by a lamb, and finish by a camel. This was the first time that we had eaten the flesh of this animal. We found it by no means dainty.

The Emir Mehanna was a man in his eightieth year, short, lean, deaf, and shockingly ill dressed. His great influence with the Bedouins arises from the nobleness and generosity of his heart, and from his being the chief of a very ancient and very numerous family. He is charged by the pacha of Damascus with the escort of the

great caravan as far as Mecca, receiving on that account twenty-five purses (12,500 piastres), which are paid to him before the departure from Damascus. He has three sons, Nasser, Faress, and Hamed, all three married, and dwelling in the same tent with their father. This tent is seventy-two feet long, and as many wide, made of black horse-hair cloth, and partitioned into three divisions. At the end the provisions are kept, and the kitchen affairs managed; the slaves also sleep there. In the middle the women have their abode, to which at night the whole family retire. The front part is destined for the men, and it is there they receive strangers, it being known under the designation of *rabha*.

After the expiration of three days, spent in the enjoyment of hospitality, we opened our bales, and sold a great number of articles, on the greater part of which we sustained a loss more or less considerable. I could not understand this mode of carrying on commerce, and I said as much to Scheik Ibrahim. His only reply was, 'Have you then forgot our conditions?' I excused myself, and continued to sell according to his own system. One day we perceived fifty horsemen arrive, who, stopping outside the tents, descended from horseback, and squatted themselves on the ground. The Emir Nasser, who had the chief charge of affairs since his father had become so deaf, went forth to meet them, accompanied by his cousin, Scheik Zamel, and had with them a conference of two hours, after which the horsemen remounted, and rode off. Scheik Ibrahim felt uneasy at this mysterious interview, and was very anxious to ascertain its motive. Having been at various times with the women, I took a coral chaplet and entered the apartment of Naura, the wife of Nasser, to offer it to her. She accepted it, and presented me in return with dates and coffee. After these reciprocal displays of politeness, I came to the object of my visit, saying to her, 'I beg you to excuse my importunity, but strangers are curious and timid. The small quantity of merchandise that we have here is the remnant of a considerable fortune that disasters have carried away. The Emir Nasser was a short while ago in conference with strangers, and as this gives us uneasiness, we would wish to know the cause.' Naura anwered me as follows:—'I am quite willing to satisfy your curiosity, but on condition that you preserve the secret, and appear as if you knew nothing. Learn, then, that my husband has a great many enemies amongst the Bedouins, because he humbles their national pride by extolling the power of the Turks. The alliance of Nasser with the Osmanlis is very displeasing to the Bedouins, who abhor them. It is even contrary to the counsel of his father and the chief men of the tribe, who murmur against him. The object of this meeting was to concert a plan of attack. To-morrow they intend to assail the tribe El-Daffir, to seize upon their flocks, and to inflict upon them all possible mischief. The God of battles will give the victory to which side he pleases, but for yourselves you have nothing to fear.' Having returned thanks to Naura, I retired, well satisfied at having obtained her confidence.

Scheik Ibrahim, being informed by me of all that the wife of the Emir Nasser had delivered, told me that he was excessively discontented thereat, adding, 'I sought to connect myself with a tribe hostile to the Osmanlis, and lo! I find myself with a chief allied to them.' I did not dare to ask the meaning of these words, but they gave me something to think about. Towards evening, three hundred horsemen assembled outside the encampment, and departed early in the morning, having at their head Nasser, Hamed, and Zamel. Three days afterwards a messenger came to announce their return. At this intelligence a great number of men and women went forth to meet them, and when the junction was effected, loud shouts of joy were uttered on all sides; and thus they made their triumphal entry into the camp, preceded by 180 camels taken from the enemy. As soon as they had got off horseback, every one begged them to give an account of their exploits. Nasser took up the word. 'The day after our departure,' said he, 'we reached about noon the place where the herds were feeding the flocks of Daffir, and having fallen upon them, we carried off 180 camels. The herds, having taken to flight, gave the alarm to their tribe. I detached a part of my troop to conduct our booty to the camp by another road. Araud-Ebn-Motlac (chief of the tribe El-Daffir) having attacked us with 300 horsemen, the fight lasted two hours, and night alone separated us. Each party then returned to his tribe, the enemy having lost one of his men, and we having two of ours wounded.' The tribe of Nasser pretended to rejoice at his triumph, whilst at bottom they were far from approving of an unjust war, made upon their natural friends to please the Osmanlis. Nasser, visiting all the chiefs to relate the details of his victory, came also to the tent of Scheik Ibrahim, and addressed him in Turkish. Scheik Ibrahim observed to him that he only spoke Greek, his mother tongue, and a little Arabic, whereupon Nasser commenced to extol the language and manners of the Turks, saying that they could never be truly great, powerful, and respected, unless they kept upon good terms with them. 'As to myself,' added he, 'I am more an Osmanli than a Bedouin.' 'Put no trust in the promises of the Turks,' answered Scheik Ibrahim, 'nor in their grandeur and magnificence. They flatter you to gain you to their side, and to set you in enmity to your countrymen, in order to make use of you in combating the other tribes. The interest of the Turkish government is to destroy the Bedouins; and not being strong enough to do it of itself, it wishes to divide and arm you against each other. Take care you have not cause to repent this some day. I give you this counsel as a friend who takes a lively interest in your welfare, and because I have eaten your bread and partaken your hospitality.'

Some time after these events, Nasser received from Soleyman, pacha of Acre and Damascus, a message to come and receive the investiture of the chief command in the desert, with the title of Prince of the Bedouins. This communication intoxicated him with gladness, and he instantly set off for Damascus with ten cavaliers.

Mehanna having issued orders for the departure of the tribe, by sunrise the following morning not a single tent was to be seen pitched; the whole were folded up and placed on the backs of camels, and the march commenced in the greatest order. Twenty chosen horsemen formed the advanced guard, and served as scouts. Then came the unloaded camels and the flocks, followed by armed men on horses or camels, after whom the women, those of the chiefs, carried in *haudags* (a species of palanquin), placed on the backs of the tallest camels. These haudags are richly adorned, carefully enveloped with scarlet cloth, and ornamented with various-coloured fringes; they contain two females with great ease, or a woman and several children. The women and children of an inferior rank came immediately after them, seated on the tents, rolled up in the form of cushions, and placed on the camels. The loaded camels, with the baggage and provisions, were behind. The march was closed by the Emir Mehanna, mounted on a dromedary, on account of his great age, surrounded by his slaves, warriors, and servants, who marched on foot. We could not sufficiently admire the celerity and order with which the departure of 8000 or 9000 persons was thus effected. Scheik Ibrahim and I were on horseback, sometimes in front, sometimes in the centre, or near to Mehanna. We marched ten hours without intermission. At three in the afternoon the order of the march was suddenly arrested; the Bedouins dispersed into a fine plain, jumped to the ground, stuck their lances in it, and fastened their horses to them; the women ran on all sides, and pitched the tents near their husbands' horses. Thus, as if by enchantment, we found ourselves in a sort of town as large as Hama. The women alone had the office of fixing and taking down the tents, and they performed the matter with a surprising address and rapidity. They in general execute all the labours of the encampment, the men tending the flocks, and killing and flaying the animals for food. The costume of the women is very simple; a large blue chemise, a black mashla, and a sort of scarf of black silk, which covers the head, is tied in two folds round the neck, and falls down the back. They have nothing in the shape of shoes, except the wives of the scheiks, who wear short yellow boots. Their ambition and luxury lie in possessing a great number of bracelets of glass, coins, coral, and amber.

The plain where we stopped was called El-Makram, and it was not far distant from Hama. It was rather an agreeable spot, the rich pasturage rendering it very fitting for the sojourn of the Arabs. On the fourth day we had an alarm. At four in the afternoon the herds came in perfectly dismayed, crying out, 'To arms! the enemy has seized upon our flocks!' It was the tribe El-Daffir, which, watching the opportunity to revenge itself on Nasser, had sent a thousand horsemen to carry off the flocks at the beginning of night, so as to give no time for the pursuit. Our men, having expected an attack, were prepared; but it was first necessary to discover on which side the enemy was to be pursued. Four men got off their

horses, took opposite directions, and falling flat on the ground, with their ears on the surface, thus heard at a great distance the steps of the plunderers. The night was over before they could be reached; but in the morning the troop of Hassné* having come up with them, joined battle. After a fight of four hours, the half of the flock was retaken, but 500 camels remained in the hands of the tribe El-Daffir. We had ten men killed, and several wounded. Upon their return, the tribe was in a very afflicted state: the Bedouins murmured, accusing the caprice and vanity of Nasser for all that had happened. Mehanna sent a courier to his son, who immediately returned from Damascus, accompanied by a chokredar,† to impose on the minds of the Arabs. On his arrival he caused a letter from the pacha to be read, couched in these terms:—'We make known to all the emirs and scheiks of the tribes of the desert, great and small, encamped on the territory of Damascus, that we have nominated our son, Nasser-Ebn-Mehanna, emir of all the Anazes,‡ enjoining them to obey him. The tribe which shall be wretched enough to show itself rebellious will be destroyed by our victorious troops; and, by way of example, its flocks will be slaughtered, and the women delivered up to the soldiers. Such is our will.

(Signed) SOLEYMAN, *Pacha of Damascus and Acre.*'

Nasser, proud of his new dignity, was never satisfied with the reading of this ordinance, and affected to talk Turkish with the officer of the pacha, which greatly augmented the ire of the Bedouins. One day, when we were beside him, a very handsome young man arrived named Zarrak, the chief of a neighbouring tribe. Nasser, according to custom, spoke of his nomination, vaunted the grandeur and power of the pacha of Damascus and the sultan of Constantinople, *who has the long sabre.*§ Zarrak, who listened to him with impatience, changed colour, rose up, and said, 'Nasser-Aga,‖ learn that all the Bedouins detest thee. If thou art dazzled by the magnificence of the Turks, go to Damascus, and deck thy forehead with the caouk;¶ become minister to the pacha, dwell in his palace, and then perhaps thou wilt impress terror on the Damascenes; but as for us Bedouins, we think no more of thee, thy pacha, and thy sultan, than a ball of camel dung. I shall proceed to the territory of Bagdad, where I will meet the Drayhy,** Ebn Chahlan, to whom I will join myself.' Nasser, growing pale with rage in his turn, translated this speech into Turkish for the benefit of the chokredar, who thought by violent menaces to strike terror into the soul of Zarrak. But the latter, regarding him with a haughty mien, said to him, 'You have said enough. Although you have Nasser at your side, I could, if I were so disposed, take care that you never again ate bread.' Notwithstanding these offensive expressions, all three

* The name of the tribe of Mehanna.
† A grand officer of the pacha.
‡ Bedouins of the desert.
§ The Arab expression to designate an extended dominion.
‖ The title of a Turkish officer, and a name of derision for a Bedouin.
¶ The turban of ceremony worn by the Turks.
** The destroyer of Turks.

kept their temper from any actual outbreak; and Zarrak, remounting his horse, said to Nasser, '*Las salem aleik* (I salute thee): put forth all thy power; I am ready for thee.' This defiance caused Nasser considerable annoyance; but he did not the less persevere in his alliance with the Turks. On the following day we learnt that Zarrak had departed with his tribe for the district of Geziri, and on all sides we heard nothing but of combinations of the Bedouins against Nasser. Mehanna, being informed of what was going forward, called his son, and addressed him in these words:—'Nasser, will you then break the pillars of the tent of Melkghem?'—and, grasping his beard with his hand, 'Do you wish,' he continued, 'to make this beard be despised at the close of my days, and tarnish the reputation that I have acquired? Unfortunate youth! You have not invoked the name of God! What I foresaw has happened. All the tribes are proceeding to unite themselves with the Drayhy. What shall become of us then? There will remain nothing for us but to humble ourselves before Ebn Sihoud,* that enemy of our race, who styles himself king of the Bedouins, for he alone can defend us from the terrible Drayhy.'

Nasser endeavoured to calm his father's apprehensions, assuring him that their affairs were not so desperate as he feared. However, the Bedouins began to take part with either the one or the other, but the greatest number hearkened to the father, who was in their true interests. Scheik Ibrahim grew very discontented. He was anxious to penetrate farther into the desert, and to advance towards Bagdad, yet he found himself fettered to a tribe which remained between Damascus and Homs. He was thus losing all the summer, being unable to remove but at the peril of his life. He instructed me to obtain information touching the Drayhy, to get a knowledge of his character, to learn the places where he passed the summer, where he retired in the winter, if he received strangers, and a thousand other particulars. He charged me to be extremely careful in gathering information. It was difficult to get at these details without awakening suspicions. I considered it necessary to find some one who was not of the tribe El-Hassné. At last I succeeded in forming an acquaintance with a person named Abdallah *el Chahen* (the poet). Knowing that poets were sought after by the great, I interrogated him as to all the tribes which he had visited, and I learnt with pleasure that he had been a long time at the court of the Drayhy. I obtained from him all the particulars I could desire. One day Nasser made me write to the Scheik of Saddad, and to that of Corietain, to demand from each a thousand piastres and six mashlas. This claim is called the claim of fraternity. It is an ar-

* Ebn Sihoud commands a million and a-half of Bedouins. He reigns over the countries of Derhié, Medyde, Samarcand, Hygias, and Zamos, or Zamen. These people call themselves Wahabites.

The Bedouins of Persia, commanded by the Emir Sahid el Fehrabi, are upwards of a million.

These, added to the tribes of Bagdad, Bassorah, Mesopotamia, and Horan, of which I have made the census, give a wandering population of four millions of souls.

rangement between the scheiks of villages and the more powerful Bedouin chiefs, to protect the former against the ravages of the other tribes. It is an annual tax. These wretched villages are ruined in contenting their two tyrants, the Bedouins and the Turks.

Mehanna had a fraternity with all the villages in the territories of Damascus, Homs, and Hama, which produced him a revenue of about 50,000 piastres. The pacha of Damascus paid him 12,500, and the towns of Homs and Hama furnished him, besides, with a certain quantity of wheat, rice, confections, and stuffs. The small tribes brought him butter and cheese. Notwithstanding all that, he never had any money, and was generally in debt, which was a matter of surprise to us, as he had no expenses to incur. We learnt that he gave all in gifts to the most renowned warriors, whether in his own tribe or in others, and that he thus made a powerful party for himself. He was always very shabbily dressed; and when he received a fine pelisse, or any other object, as a present, he gave it to the person who was near him at the moment. The Bedouin proverb, which says that 'generosity covers all faults,' was found verified in Mehanna, whose liberality alone made Nasser be tolerated.

Shortly after this event we went to encamp three hours from the Orontes, upon a territory called El Zididi, where several small springs gushed. Mehanna, having gone one day with ten horsemen to pay a visit to the aga of Homs, returned loaded with gifts from all the merchants, who keep on good terms with him, because, whenever he is dissatisfied with them, he intercepts their trade by plundering the caravans. Immediately after his return, Nasser departed upon an expedition against the tribe Abdelli, commanded by the Emir El Doghiani, and encamped near Palmyra on two eminences of equal dimensions, called Eldain (the bosom). He returned in three days, bringing with him 150 camels and 200 sheep. In this affair we had lost three men, and the horse of Zamel had been killed under him. In compensation we had taken three mares, slain ten men, and wounded twenty. In spite of this success, the Bedouins were indignant at the bad faith of Nasser, who had no motive for anger against that tribe. On all sides they were concerting with the Drayhy for the destruction of the tribe El-Hassné. Intelligence of this matter having come to the ears of the Emir Douhi, chief of the tribe Would Ali, a relation and intimate friend of Mehanna, and who, as well as himself, had to escort the great caravan, he arrived one day with thirty horsemen to apprise him of the danger which menaced him. The principal people of the tribe went out to meet Douhi. When he had entered the tent, Mehanna ordered coffee, but the emir stopped him, saying, 'Mehanna, thy coffee is already drunk! I come here neither to eat nor to drink, but rather to notify to thee that the conduct of thy son Nasser-Pacha (he gave him this title in derision) is drawing destruction upon thee and thine. Know that all the Bedouins have formed a league, and are about to declare against thee war to the death.' Mehanna, changing colour, exclaimed, 'Well, art thou satisfied, Nasser?—Thou wilt be the last of the race of

Melkghem !' But Nasser, far from yielding, answered that he would make head against all the Bedouins, and that he would have the aid of 20,000 Osmanlis, as well as that of Mola Ismael, chief of the Kurdish cavalry, which bears the schako. Douhi passed the night in endeavouring to turn Nasser from his projects, without succeeding in doing so. The following day he departed, uttering these words—'My conscience forbids me to unite myself with you. Relationship, and the bread that we have eaten together, prevent me from declaring war against you. Adieu ! I quit you with sorrow.'

From this time we felt our residence with the Bedouins far from comfortable. We could not leave them, for everybody that removed from the tents met an untimely end. There were incessant attacks on us from one side or another—continual changes of encampment without a moment's notice, to obtain a more secure position—a continued series of alarms, reprisals, and disputes between Mehanna and his son ; but the old man was of so kind and credulous a disposition, that Nasser never failed to convince that he was quite right in all he did. A thousand instances of his simplicity were related to us. Amongst others was the following :—Being at Damascus whilst Yousouf Pacha, grand vizier of the Ottoman empire, held his court there on his return from Egypt after the departure of the French, Mehanna presented himself before him like all the other chiefs, but, being ill instructed in the matter of Turkish etiquette, he accosted him without any ceremony after the familiar fashion of the Bedouins, and seated himself on the divan by the side of the vizier, without being invited to that honourable proximity. Yousouf, not being very learned in the usages of the Bedouins, and ignorant likewise of the station of the little shabby-looking old man who treated him so familiarly, gave orders that he should be led from the presence, and have his head chopped off. The slaves took him by the arms, and were preparing to execute upon Mehanna the measure of the command, when the pacha of Damascus lifted up his voice aloud, exclaiming, Stop ! what are you about ? If a hair of his head fall, you will never be able, with all your power, to send another caravan to Mecca.' The vizier, being thus admonished, hastened to have him brought back, and reinstated by his side, presented him with coffee, and had him decked out in his presence with a Cashemire turban, a rich gombaz (robe), and a pelisse of honour, bestowing on him at the same time 1000 piastres. Mehanna, in consequence of his deafness and his ignorance of the Turkish language, did not understand anything that had passed, but taking off his fine clothes, he gave them to three of his slaves who accompanied him. The vizier caused him to be asked, through the medium of a dragoman, if he were displeased with his present. Mehanna answered—'Tell the vizier of the sultan that we Bedouins do not seek to distinguish ourselves by rich garments. I am not well dressed, but all the Bedouins know me : they are well aware that I am Mehanna-el-Fadel, son of Melkghem.' The pacha, studious not to irritate him, affected to smile, and be much delighted with his frankness.

At length the summer was over. In the month of October the tribe was in the neighbourhood of Aleppo. My heart beat to find myself so near my birthplace, but, according to stipulation, I was debarred from giving any intelligence of myself to my relatives. Scheik Ibrahim felt desirous to pass the winter at Damascus; however, no Bedouin durst conduct us there. We succeeded, after a great deal of difficulty, in getting ourselves escorted as far as the village called Soghene (the Hot), two days' journey from Aleppo. The hospitable inhabitants disputed amongst themselves for the pleasure of entertaining us. A natural hot bath has given the name to the village; and the superior beauty of the natives is probably owing to the goodness of its mineral waters. From there we regained Palmyra with some difficulty, which was compensated by the satisfaction of seeing Scheik Ragial once more. Having passed a fortnight with our friends there, we set off for Corietain, where Scheik Selim and the priest Moussi welcomed us with real kindness. They were never weary of listening to our stories concerning the Bedouins. To their friendly questions as to the situation of our affairs, Scheik Ibrahim answered by saying that our speculation went on wonderfully well, and that we had gained more than we expected; but the fact was sadly the reverse, for, what with losses and presents, we had nothing left but the merchandise deposited with Moussi. We passed thirty days at Corietain organizing our departure. The winter was rapidly advancing, and no person would provide us with beasts of burthen, as it was the general opinion we should be plundered on the route. At last Scheik Ibrahim bought a miserable horse, I hired an ass, and, in detestable weather, with a chilly blast, we departed, accompanied by four men on foot, for the village of Daïr Antié. In four hours we arrived at a defile between two mountains called Beni el Gebelain. At this spot twenty Bedouins on horseback pounced upon us. Our conductors, far from defending us, concealed their muskets, and remained quiet spectators of our disaster. The Bedouins stripped us, leaving us but a shirt a-piece. We implored death at their hands rather than to be thus laid bare to the cold. At length, touched with our lamentable state, they had generosity enough to give us each a gombaz. As to our cattle, they were animals of too sorrowful an aspect to tempt them. As, indeed, they could drag their legs but slowly onwards, they would only have impeded their progress.

We resumed our route in sadness. The night closed in upon us, the cold increased in severity, and shortly took from us the power of speech. Our teeth chattered, our eyes grew red, and our cheeks blue. After some time I fell to the ground, frozen and fainting. Scheik Ibrahim made despairing gestures to the guides, without being able to speak to them. One of them, a Syrian Christian, took pity upon me, and upon the grief of Scheik Ibrahim. He knocked down the horse, also half dead with cold and fatigue, beat out his brains, ripped up his belly, and pushed me into it, with only my head out. At the end of half an hour I came to my senses, and was much

surprised at feeling myself resuscitated, and discovering myself in such a position. The heat restored me the use of my tongue, and I returned many thanks to Ibrahim and the good Arab. I found my courage revive, and was able to walk. Shortly after, our guides exclaimed, 'There's the village!' and we entered the first house we came to. It was that of a blacksmith named Hanna el Bitar. He took the most lively interest in our situation, hastened to cover us both with camels' dung, and administered to us, drop by drop, a little wine. Having thus infused some animation into our bodies, he removed us from our stove, put us to bed, and made us drink a palatable soup. After a repose that was indispensable to recruit us, we effected a loan of 200 piastres to pay our guides and proceed to Damascus, where we arrived on the 23d December 1810. M. Chabassin, a French physician, the only Frank who was in Damascus, received us into his house; but as we had to pass the winter in that city, we afterwards took up our quarters in the Lazarist Convent, which was forsaken.

I will not describe the celebrated city of Scham* (Damascus), that gate of glory (Babel Cahbé), as the Turks call it. Our long residence enabled us to obtain a thorough knowledge of it, but it has been too often visited by travellers to offer anything new. I return to my recital. One day being at the bazaar, passing the time in the Turkish fashion, a Bedouin came running up to us and embraced us, saying, 'Do you not know your brother Hettall, who has eaten your bread at Nouarat-el-Nahman?' Delighted at the meeting, we conducted him to our abode; and having sufficiently regaled and interrogated him, we learnt that the affairs of the tribe Hassné were far from prosperous, and that the league against it was becoming every day more formidable. Hettall informed us that he was of the tribe of Would Ali, the chief of which, Douhi, was known to us. This tribe passes the winter in the districts of Sarka and Balka; it extends from the country of Ismael to the Dead Sea, and returns to Horan in the spring. He proposed that we should visit it, answering for our safety, and promising us a good market for our merchandise. Having accepted his offer, it was agreed he should come and seek us in the month of March. Scheik Ibrahim, having received from Aleppo a remittance of a thousand tallaris, by means of M. Chabassin, instructed me to make fresh purchases. When they were effected, I showed them to him, asking him if anything would remain to us on our return. 'My dear son,' he replied, 'the acquaintance of each chief of a tribe is worth more to me than all our wares. Be tranquil; you also shall have your reward in money and fame. You will be renowned in your age, but in the interim I must know all the tribes and their chiefs. I reckon upon your assistance in reaching the Drayhy, and to accomplish that, it is absolutely necessary that you pass for a Bedouin. Therefore let your beard grow, get dressed like them, and practise their usages. Ask me for no explanation: recol-

* Scham signifies the sun.

lect our stipulations.' 'May God give us strength!' was my only answer. Twenty times I was on the point of abandoning an enterprise, all the perils of which I plainly perceived, without recognising the object to be gained. This forced silence and blind submission were irritating in the extreme. However, the desire to arrive at the result, and my attachment for M. Lascaris, induced me to be patient.

At the time fixed upon, Hettall arrived with two guides and three camels, and we took our departure on the 15th March 1811, one year and twenty-eight days after our first exit from Aleppo. The tribe was in a place called Misarib, three days' journey from Damascus. Nothing remarkable happened to us on the road. We passed the nights with a brilliant starlight, and the third day at sunset we were in the middle of the encampment of Would Ali. The aspect of it was very agreeable; each tent was surrounded by horses, camels, goats, and sheep, with the lance of the cavalier fixed at the entrance. The tent of the Emir Douhi was pitched in the centre: he received us with all possible kindness, and made us take supper with him. He is a man of intellect, equally feared and loved by his people. He commands 5000 tents, and three tribes which are joined under his sway; namely, Benin Sakhrer, El Serhaan, and El Sardié. He divides his warriors into companies or detachments, each commanded by one of his own relations. The Bedouins are very fond of hearing tales after supper. The following is one which the emir related to us. It is interesting, from exhibiting the extreme attachment which they have for their horses, and the pride they feel in their qualities:—

A man of his tribe named Giabal had a very famous mare. Hassad-Pacha, then pacha of Damascus, made him at various periods all imaginable offers for it, but uselessly, for a Bedouin loves his horse as much as his wife. The pacha at last used menaces, which were equally unavailing. However, another Bedouin named Giafar having come to him and asked him what he would give if he produced him Giabal's mare, the pacha answered, 'I will fill thy barley-poke with gold;' for Hassad looked upon his ill success as a personal affront. This matter having got wind, Giabal, for greater security, fastened an iron ring round the fetlock of his horse, and attached a chain to it, which at night he fixed to a stake in the ground, underneath the felt-sheet which served him and his wife for a bed. In the dead of night Giafar penetrated into his tent on his hands and knees, and, sliding in between Giabal and his wife, he gently pushed away first the one and then the other; the husband, believing himself pushed by his wife, and she by her husband, each of them made room. Then Giafar, with a well-sharpened knife, cut a hole in the felt, drew up the stake, loosened the mare, mounted her, and taking Giabal's lance, gave him a slight prick, crying out, 'It is I, Giafar, who have taken thy fine mare: I give thee notice.' And he rode off. Giabal sprang out of the tent, aroused the horsemen, jumped upon his brother's mare, and pursued Giafar for four hours. The brother's mare was of the same blood as his own, although not as good. Outstripping all the others, he was on the point of coming

up to Giafar, when he cried out to him, 'Pinch the right ear, and give a stroke of the spur.' Giafar did so, and darted off like a thunderbolt. Further pursuit became then useless, as the distance between them grew every moment greater. The other Bedouins reproached Giabal for being himself the cause of the loss of his mare.* 'I prefer,' answered he, 'to lose her rather than to tarnish her reputation. Do you think I would let it be said in the tribe Would Ail† that another mare had surpassed mine? I have at least the satisfaction of knowing that none other was ever able to compete with her.' He returned home with this consolation, and Giafar received the reward of his address.

Another related to us that in the tribe of Negde there was a mare equally renowned as that of Giabal, and that a Bedouin of another tribe named Daher was incited with a desire approaching to madness to possess her. Having in vain offered for her his camels and all he possessed, he conceived the design of dyeing his face with the juice of an herb, clothing himself in rags, binding his limbs like those of a cripple, and in this plight lying in wait for Nabec, the owner of the mare, in a road which he knew he must pass. When he came near, he said to him in a feeble tone, 'I am a poor stranger, and for three days I have been unable to crawl from here to seek food. I am on the point of death—succour me: God will reward you.' The Bedouin proposed to take him on his horse, and carry him home with him; but the rascal answered, 'I cannot get up: I have no strength to move.' The other, full of compassion, descended from his mare, drew her up to him, and with great labour set him upon her. As soon as he felt himself in the saddle, he stuck his heels in her flanks, and the mare bounded off. As he went away he exclaimed, 'It is Daher who has mounted and seized upon your mare.' The master of the horse intreated him to listen for a moment. Sure of not being pursued, he returned, and stopped at a little distance, for Nabec was armed with his lance. He said to him, 'Thou hast taken my mare. Since it is the will of God, I wish thee prosperity; but I conjure thee never to tell any one how thou hast obtained her.' 'And why?' asked Daher. 'Because some other might be really ill, and lying without aid,' answered Nabec: 'thou wouldst be the cause of no one ever again doing a single act of charity, for fear of being duped like me.' Struck with these words, Daher reflected a moment, got off the mare, restored her to her owner, and embraced him. Nabec conducted him to his tent, and they remained together three days, having sworn a mutual friendship or brotherhood.

Scheik Ibrahim was enchanted with these tales, which gave him an insight into the character and generous spirit of the Bedouins. We found the tribe of Douhi to be more wealthy and less grasping than that of Mehanna. Their horses were infinitely superior. We

* Every Bedouin accustoms his horse to a sign, which makes him put forth all his speed. He only makes use of it in a pressing emergency, and never imparts the secret to any one, not even his son.

† The horses of this tribe have the highest reputation amongst the Bedouins.

remained fifteen days amongst them. Scheik Ibrahim made presents to all the chiefs, and sold some articles to the women, to keep up the character of a merchant. We afterwards departed to visit the three tributary scheiks of the Emir Douhi. Scheik Ibrahim told me that he had no other interest in remaining amongst these Bedouins than that of affording me opportunities of studying more minutely their language and manners; that it behoved him, on account of *his own business*, to get to the tents of the Drayhy, but that I should take advantage of our career amongst all these tribes to put down exact notes of their names and numbers, for these matters were important for him to know. Their manner of speaking is very difficult to acquire, even for an Arab, although it is the same language at bottom. I applied myself to the task with success. I thus obtained, in the course of our long travels, the names of all the scheiks, and the census of all the tribes, a thing that no one had previously been able to accomplish. When the tribes are numerous, they are frequently obliged to divide themselves into detachments of from 200 to 500 tents, and to spread over a large space, in order to procure water and pasturage for their flocks. We went through all the encampments in succession, whilst waiting to find means to get ourselves conducted to the Drayhy, who was at war with all those in the territory of Damascus. We were everywhere received with great cordiality.

In one of the tribes was a poor widow, who offered us hospitality. In order to regale us, she killed her last sheep, and borrowed some bread. She informed us that her husband and her three sons had been killed in the war against the Wahabites, a very powerful tribe in the neighbourhood of Mecca. Having testified to her our astonishment that she should despoil herself on our account, she said, 'He who enters the dwelling of a living person, and eats not, is as if he visited a corpse.'

A tribe, already become considerable, had been formed in the following manner:—A Bedouin had a very beautiful daughter, whom the chief of the tribe asked in marriage, but he would not grant her to him, and in order to escape his importunities, he secretly departed with all his family. The scheik inquiring what had become of him, some one answered him, '*Serah*' (He has gone off). '*Serhan*'* (He is a wolf), remarked the chief, meaning by that he was a savage. From that time the tribe of which this Bedouin became the chief has always been called the tribe El-Serhan.† When individual Bedouins are valiant, and have good horses, they render themselves powerful in a short time. We at length learnt the arrival of the Drayhy in Mesopotamia. At this period Scheik Ibrahim was obliged to go to Damascus in search of goods and cash, in both of which we were wofully deficient. We there got acquainted with a Bedouin of a tribe on the borders of the Euphrates which had preserved a neutrality in the affair of Nasser. This Bedouin, named Gazens-el-

* This is a play on words difficult to translate. Serah signifies departed, serhan signifies a wolf.

† The tribe of the Wolf.

Hamad, had come to Damascus, with some others, to sell butter. He undertook to carry our merchandise upon his camels, and to conduct us to the Drayhy; but alas! we were destined not to get there so easily. We had scarcely arrived at Corietain, to recover our goods left there in deposit, when we received the news of a victory gained by Zaher, son of the Drayhy, over Nasser, so that the war was renewed with double violence. All the tribes pronounced themselves for one party or the other. That of Salkeh, the tribe of our conductor, had been attacked by the Drayhy, who pursued his advantages with unrelenting fury, and no person durst venture to cross the desert. M. Lascaris was in despair. He could no longer eat or sleep, and, irritated to the last extremity at finding himself thus stopped in his projects, he became ill-humoured towards me. Then I said to him, 'It is now time to come to an explanation. If you wish to reach the camp of the Drayhy for the purpose of driving trade, the enterprise is insane, and I refuse to follow you: if you have other projects and motives, sufficient to induce you to expose your life, explain them to me, and you will find me ready to sacrifice myself for your service.' 'Well, my dear son,' he answered, 'I will open myself to you. Know, then, that commerce is only a pretext to conceal a mission which has been imposed upon me at Paris. See my instructions, divided into ten heads :—

1*st*, To depart from Paris for Aleppo.

2*d*, There to seek a faithful Arab, and attach him to me as a dragoman.

3*d*, To perfect myself in the language.

4*th*, To go to Palmyra.

5*th*, To penetrate amongst the Bedouins.

6*th*, To get acquainted with all the chiefs, and gain their friendship.

7*th*, To unite them in one cause.

8*th*, To induce them to break all compact with the Osmanlis.

9*th*, To reconnoitre the whole desert, as to the halting-places where water and pasturage are to be found, as far as the frontiers of India.

10*th*, To return into Europe, safe and sound, after having accomplished my mission.'

'And what then?' I asked. But he told me to be silent. 'Remember our conditions,' said he; 'I will inform you of all in good time. At present, it is enough for you to know that I will reach the camp of the Drayhy, if I must there lay down my life.' This half confidence troubled me, and prevented me from sleeping. To perceive almost insurmountable difficulties, and to have only a confused idea of the advantages to be produced by my devotedness, was a very painful feeling. However, I took the resolution of proceeding to the end, since I had engaged myself to do so; and I thought only of the means of succeeding. My beard had grown, I was perfectly conversant with the language of the Bedouins, so I conceived the design of going alone and on foot to the Drayhy, as it seemed the only possible chance left for us to try. I went to my friend Wardi, he who had restored me to life by thrusting me into the belly of a horse, and I

communicated to him my project. He at first sought to divert me from such a design, by representing to me that the fatigues would be very great, that I would have ten nights of most painful marching, as in the day-time concealment would be absolutely necessary, and that only what was strictly necessary for food could be taken on the journey; but seeing that nothing could make me flinch from my purpose, he entered into an engagement to serve as my guide, in consideration of a large sum of money. Having made M. Lascaris acquainted with my project, he likewise offered friendly objections, founded on the dangers to which I should expose myself; but nevertheless I saw that at bottom he was very well pleased at my zeal. We entered into the necessary arrangements. I agreed to write to him on the return of my guide, as soon as I should be arrived at the camp of the Drayhy. The night was well advanced before we threw ourselves on our beds. I was much agitated, my sleep was disturbed, and I awakened M. Lascaris by my cries. I dreamt that being on the summit of a steep rock, at the foot of which a rapid river flowed which I could not pass, I went to sleep on the edge of the precipice, and that a tree suddenly took root in my mouth, which grew and spread out its branches like a tent, but that in its growth it tore my throat, and its roots penetrated my bowels, upon which I uttered vehement cries. Having related my dream to the Scheik Ibrahim, he was much surprised at it, and told me that it augured most happily, and announced a grand result after many labours. It was necessary that I should dress myself in tatters, in order to excite neither suspicion nor cupidity if we should happen to be discovered. I adopted the following travelling garb: a shirt of coarse cotton cloth patched; a dirty and ragged gombaz; an old cafié, with a piece of cloth, once white, for a turban; a mantle of sheepskin with half the wool off; a pair of cobbled shoes weighing four pounds; a leathern girdle, from which hung a knife worth two paras, a steel, a little tobacco in an old bag, and a pipe. I blacked my eyes, and daubed my face, and presenting myself in this plight to Scheik Ibrahim, to take leave of him, he burst into tears. 'May the great God,' cried he, 'give you strength to accomplish your generous design! I will owe everything to your energy. May the Most High be with you, and keep you from all danger! May he put out the eyes of the wicked, and bring you back, so that I may reward you!'

I could not avoid weeping in my turn. But afterwards, the conversation becoming more gay, Scheik Ibrahim told me, jokingly, that if I went to Paris in that costume I could easily gain money by exhibiting myself. We supped together, and at sunset I took the road. I marched without feeling fatigue until midnight; but then my feet began to swell, and as my shoes hurt me, I took them off. The prickles of the plant which the camels crop wounded my feet, and the stones bruised them. I endeavoured to resume my shoes; and thus, with a variation of suffering, I walked until morning. A small cave afforded us shelter for the day. I dressed my feet by

wrapping them in a piece of my mantle, which I tore off, and I fell asleep without being able to take any food. I was still asleep when my guide called upon me to proceed. My feet were much swollen, my heart sank, and I begged him to wait until the following day. My conductor reproached me for my weakness. 'I knew very well,' said he, 'that you were too delicate for such a journey. I told you so beforehand. It is impossible for us to remain here, for if we pass the night, we must stay all to-morrow likewise : thus our provisions will be exhausted, and we shall perish of hunger in the desert. It will be better to renounce our enterprise, and return while there is still time.'

These words stirred me up, and I set off. I dragged myself with a great effort till nearly midnight, when, having come to a plain where the sand rose and sank in undulations, we rested there until daylight. The first twilight enabled us to distinguish two objects at a distance, which we took for camels. My guide being alarmed, dug a hole in the sand to conceal ourselves, and we buried ourselves up to the neck, leaving only our heads above ground. We remained in this disagreeable situation, with our eyes fixed in the direction of the camels, when, towards noon, Wardi suddenly shouted out, 'God be praised, they are only ostriches.' We got out of our grave with great joy, and for the first time since our departure I ate a morsel of cake, and drank a drop of water. We remained there until evening, waiting for the darkness to resume our route. Having got upon sand, I suffered less from walking. We passed the following day in sleeping. We were opposite Palmyra at midnight. The break of day, after the fourth night, found us on the brink of a large river named El Rabib, flowing from the south to the north. My guide undressed himself, carried me on his back to the other side, and returned to fetch his clothes. I wished to rest myself, but he told me it was not prudent to stop in a place where the river was fordable. In fact we had not gone above half an hour before we perceived 500 mounted Bedouins approaching the river, going from the east to the west. Having found a thicket, we fixed our halt in it for the day. The sixth night brought us within a few hours of the Euphrates. On the seventh day the most difficult part was accomplished; and if I had not suffered so much from my feet, I would have forgotten all my fatigues in the spectacle of the sun rising upon the banks of this magnificent river. The hospitable Bedouins, whose occupation it is to ferry people across, invited us into their tents, where for the first time we made a good meal. We got information as to the Drayhy. He was at three days' distance, between Zaïte and Zauer. He had made peace with the Emir Fahed, imposing a tribute on him. They discoursed largely on his military talents and undaunted courage, and stated that it was his intention to annihilate Mehanna and Nasser, and then to return to his desert, near Bassorah and Bagdad. These were the very details that I desired: I instantly formed my plan. I asked for a guide to conduct me to the Drayhy, telling the Bedouins that I was an Aleppo

merchant, having a correspondent at Bagdad, who owed me 25,000 piastres, and who had lately become bankrupt; that the war between the Bedouins having interrupted the communications, I had no other resource but to adventure alone, and put myself under the protection of the Drayhy, in order to get to Bagdad, where my whole fortune was in jeopardy. These good Bedouins invoked the name of Allah, that he might aid me in the recovery of my property; and Wardi himself exhibited proofs of greater interest in my journey than previously, when he was thus made acquainted with its importance. After passing the day in investigating the economy of the tribe Beny Tay, we departed with a good escort; and nothing occurred to us of an interesting nature during our march. By sunset of the third day we saw the five thousand tents of the Drayhy covering the plain as far as the eye could reach. Filled with camels, horses, and flocks, concealing the ground, I never saw such a spectacle of power and wealth as this encampment displayed. The tent of the emir was in the centre, and was 160 feet long. He received me with much politeness; and without putting any questions, he invited me to sup with him. After supper he asked me whence I came, and whither I went. I replied to him as I had done to the Bedouins of the Euphrates. 'You are welcome,' said he, after my recital: 'your arrival brings a thousand benedictions. If it please God, you will succeed; but, according to our custom, we cannot discourse upon business till three days are granted to hospitality and repose.' I returned the usual acknowledgments, and retired. The next day I despatched Wardi to M. Lascaris. The Drayhy is about fifty years old, tall, and of a handsome countenance, with a short beard, completely white. His look is haughty. He is considered as the most able of the chiefs of tribes. He has two sons, Zaër and Sahdoun, who are married, and inhabit the same tent as himself. His tribe is called El Dualla, and it is numerous and wealthy.

Chance promoted my views in a wonderful manner after the few first days of my arrival. The emir was in want of a secretary. I offered to serve him for the moment; and I soon gained his confidence by the advice and information I was enabled to give him as to the tribes which I had visited. When I spoke to him of my affair, he said to me, 'If you will remain with me, you shall be as a son: all that you say shall be done.' I took advantage of this confidence to induce him to pass the Euphrates, in order to bring him nearer Scheik Ibrahim. I pointed out to him all that he might gain in influence over the tribes of the country by detaching them from Nasser; and I held up to his view the multitude of presents they would be compelled to offer him, the terror he would strike into the Osmanlis, and the injury he would perpetrate on his foes by consuming their pasturage. As it was the first time that he had quitted the desert of Bagdad to come into Mesopotamia, my counsels and knowledge were of great assistance to him; and he did as I advised him. The break-up of the camp was a superb sight. The horsemen went in front upon their thoroughbred horses,

and the women, in haudags with magnificent draperies, were seated on dromedaries, encompassed by negress slaves. Men bearing provisions went up and down the caravan crying, 'Who is hungry?' and distributing bread, dates, &c. Every three hours a halt was made to take coffee; and in the evening the tents were pitched as if by enchantment. We followed the banks of the Euphrates, the transparent waters of which shone like silver. I was mounted on a full-blood mare, and the whole progress seemed to me like a triumphal march, forming a considerable contrast to the mode in which I had recently journeyed, whilst toiling over the same district in rags and with bleeding feet. On the fourth day the Emir Zahed came to meet us with a thousand horse. They gave themselves up to all sorts of equestrian games. In the evening, the Drayhy, his sons, and I, went to sup with the tribe of Zahed. On the following day we crossed the river, and encamped on the territory of Damascus. Always marching to the west, we pitched our tents at El Jaffet, in the pachalik of Aleppo. The report of the Drayhy's arrival was quickly spread abroad, and Mehanna forwarded to him a letter, commencing with their respective titles, and thus continuing:—'In the name of the all-merciful God!—we have learnt with surprise that you have passed the Euphrates, and that you have advanced into the provinces which our ancestors have transmitted to us. Do you then think that you should alone devour the food of all the birds of heaven? Know that we have so many warriors that we cannot reckon their number; and furthermore, we shall be supported by the valiant Osmanlis, whom none can resist. We therefore admonish you to go back the road you have come; otherwise all conceivable misfortunes will fall upon you, and you will repent when it is too late.'

During the reading of this letter I saw the Drayhy grow livid with rage. His eyes darted sparks of fire. After a momentary silence, he exclaimed, in a voice of terrific compass, 'Kratib, take your pen and write to this dog.' His reply was couched in the following strain:—'I have read your threats, which are less heeded than a grain of mustard. I will drag down your flag, and purify the earth of you and your renegade son Nasser. As to the territory you claim, the sabre will decide the question. I shall shortly be on the march to exterminate you. You had better make haste, for war is proclaimed.' I afterwards addressed myself to the Drayhy in these words: 'I have a piece of advice to give you. You are a stranger in this quarter, and you are ignorant what part the tribes of the country will take. Mehanna is beloved by the Bedouins, and aided by the Turks, and you are commencing war with him without knowing the number of the enemies you have to encounter. If you should suffer the first defeat, all will unite in league against you, and you will not be strong enough to withstand them. Send, therefore, an embassy to the scheiks of the surrounding districts to announce to them that you are come to destroy the tents of Melkghem, in order to free them from the yoke of the Osmanlis, and to ask from them

a declaration on which side they range themselves: thus you will be enabled to compare his forces with your own, and take your measures accordingly.' 'You are really a man of good counsel,' replied the Drayhy, transported with my idea. 'I am nothing of myself,' I remarked: 'if I know anything, it is owing to my master; for it is he who is the man full of wisdom and knowledge, and well versed in affairs. He alone is able to direct your counsels. You would be delighted with him if you knew him. I feel convinced that if he were with you, and you had the benefit of his sagacity, you would become the chief of all the Bedouins of the desert.' 'I will despatch a hundred horsemen to fetch him this very instant,' exclaimed the Drayhy with energy. 'We are still too far off,' I replied: 'the journey would be too fatiguing. When we shall be nearer Corietain, I will introduce him to you.'

I was afraid that something evil might fall foul of Scheik Ibrahim, and I was anxious to be near him to guide his steps. I was so much attached to him, that I would have laid down a thousand lives to serve him. But to return to the council of war. The Drayhy gave me a list of ten of the principal scheiks to whom to write. His letter was as follows:—'I have left my country to deliver you from the tyranny of Nasser, who wishes to become your master by means of the Turks, to subvert your usages, destroy your manners, and subject you to the Osmanlis. I have declared war against him, therefore say with candour if you are for him or for me, and let those who are my allies come and join me. Safety!' Having despatched ten horsemen with these letters, on the following day we advanced as far as the vast and beautiful territory of Chaumeric, thirty hours from Hama. After a short absence, our messengers returned. The Emir Douhi and the Scheik Sellame answered that they would preserve neutrality; the Scheik Cassem, a relation of Mehanna, declared for him; the other seven tribes came and encamped round us, their scheiks promising the Drayhy to partake his perils through life and death. However, our spies reported to us that Mehanna being alarmed, had sent Nasser to Hama to demand aid from the Turks. The Drayhy immediately assembled his army of 8000 strong, composed of 6000 troopers, and 1000 *deloulmardoufs*—that is to say, camels—each bestrode by two men, armed with muskets lighted by matches;* and departed on the fourth day, giving orders to the rest of the tribes to follow the second day after, in order to raise the courage of his warriors in the combat by the vicinity of their wives and children. I remained with these last, and we went to encamp at El Jamié, an hour's distance from the tribe El-Hassné, and two days from Hama. On the fifth day the Drayhy announced to us a brilliant victory, and shortly after the camels, sheep, horses, and weapons taken from the enemy arrived. The men who had been ordered to remain with

* Muskets with triggers are not used by the Bedouins, because their ancestors did not use them, and also because they would be more dangerous in the hands of the women and children. The women twist the matches, which are of cotton.

the tents to guard the baggage went to meet the conquerors, to demand their part of the spoil, to which they are entitled, and we shortly saw the triumphant army draw nigh. The Drayhy had surprised Mehanna by a sudden attack in the absence of Nasser; but the tribe of Hassné having shouted its war-cry, the combatants were nearly equal in numbers. The battle lasted until evening. Our warriors, after losing twenty-two of their number, and slaying twice as many of the enemy, had seized upon its flocks. Zaher had captured the mare of Fares, son of Mehanna, which is reckoned a glorious exploit amongst the Bedouins.

After his defeat, Mehanna crossed the Orontes to the north of Hama, and encamped near Homs, to wait for the Osmanlis, and obtain with them his revenge. In fact, on the fifth day thereafter the herds ran into the camp, crying out that the Turks, led by Nasser, had fallen on the flocks. All our warriors immediately rushed to the pursuit, and a more terrible combat than the first ensued, during which the enemy drove off a great part of our flocks towards his own camp. The advantage was on our side, and much spoil was taken from the Turks, but the loss of our flocks was considerable. We lost only twelve men, but amongst them was the nephew of the Drayhy, Ali, whose death was universally regretted. His uncle remained three days without food, and swore by the all-powerful God that he would slay Nasser, to avenge the death of Ali. The attacks were renewed every day. The Osmanlis of Damascus, Homs, and Hama were in consternation, and sought to assemble all the Arabs of Horam and Idumæa. Several desert tribes arrived, some to reinforce the Drayhy, and others Mehanna. No caravan could pass from one town to another. The advantages were almost always on the side of the Drayhy. One day, by a singular coincidence, Fares carried off from us 120 camels, which were two leagues from the tents, whilst at the same moment Zaher seized upon the same number of theirs. This simultaneous expedition was the cause that neither the one nor the other was pursued, and each had time to secure the capture. But this war of reprisals for booty and flocks was soon to assume a character of ferociousness and extermination. The first occasion of it was given by the Turks, under the conduct of Nasser, who, having taken from the tribe Beny-Kraleb two women and a girl, conducted them to the village Zany el Abedin. Nasser delivered the women to the soldiers, and presented the young girl to the aga, whom she poniarded during the night to revenge her honour. Her vigorous arm pierced him to the heart, and left him dead on the spot; then going out without noise, she rejoined her tribe, and spread indignation and fury amongst the Bedouins, who swore to die or to kill Nasser, and to fill pitchers with his blood, to distribute amongst the tribes as a memento of their vengeance. The punishment was not long in coming. An engagement having taken place between a party commanded by Zaher, and another commanded by Nasser, these two chiefs, who cordially detested each other, sought out and attacked each other

with fury. The Bedouins remained spectators of the combat between these two warriors, equal in valour and address. The strife was long and terrible. At last, their exhausted horses no longer obeying so promptly the directions of the riders, Nasser failed to escape a blow from Zaher's lance, which passed right through him. He fell; his troop fled, or gave up their horses;* and Zaher cut into pieces Nasser's body, put it into a *couffe* (a sort of rush-basket), and forwarded it to the camp of Mehanna by a prisoner, whose nose he first sliced off. He afterwards returned to his tribe exulting in his vengeance. Mehanna sent to ask assistance from the Bedouins of Chamma (Samarcand), of Negde, and the Wahabites. They promised to come to his aid in the following year, as the season for retiring to the East was then come. As we were encamped near Corietain, I proposed to go and fetch Scheik Ibrahim. The Drayhy accepted my offer with ardour, and he gave me a strong escort. I cannot describe the happiness I felt in again beholding M. Lascaris, who received me with an overflowing heart. As for me, I embraced him as a father, for I had never known one, as mine died in my early infancy. I took the whole night to relate to him all that had passed. The next day, having taken leave of our friends, the Priest Moussi and the Scheik Selim, I conducted Ibrahim to the camp, where he was received with great distinction by the Drayhy. He gave us a grand feast of camels' flesh, which I found less insipid than the first time I had tasted it, for I began to get inured to the food of the Bedouins. The camels destined to be slaughtered are white as snow, and are never loaded or hard-ridden. Their flesh is red, and very fat. The she-camels yield a great quantity of milk, of which the Bedouins are continually drinking, and they give the surplus to their full-blood horses, which are amazingly strengthened thereby. They thus consume all the milk, because it is not fit to make butter. By degrees we came to prefer its flavour to the milk of goats or ewes.

An attack of the Wahabites, a short time after the arrival of M. Lascaris, caused a loss to the Drayhy of several troopers and a great number of beasts. On the following day Scheik Ibrahim took me aside, and said to me, 'I am much pleased with the Drayhy. He is a man after my own heart. It is indispensable that he should become the general chief of all the Bedouins from Aleppo to the frontiers of India. It is for you to accomplish this matter by negotiation, using friendship, menaces, or artifice, as your instruments.'

'You give me a very difficult task,' I answered. 'Each tribe has its chief. The Bedouins are opposed to all dependence; they have never submitted to any yoke. I fear if you engage in such a business that something disastrous will happen to you.'

'It is nevertheless absolutely essential,' replied M. Lascaris;

* When a Bedouin voluntarily abandons his horse to his enemy he can be neither killed nor made a prisoner.

'apply to it all your capacity, for without that we can have no success.'

I reflected for a long time on the proper mode of setting about this affair. The first great point was to inspire the Bedouins with a high idea of Scheik Ibrahim; and to produce this feeling in an eminent degree, as they are superstitious and credulous to excess, we prepared some chemical experiments with phosphorus and detonating powder, hoping to astonish them. So, in the evening, when the chief men of the tribe were collected in the Drayhy's tent, Scheik Ibrahim, with a majestic air and great dexterity, produced effects which struck them with admiration and awe. From that moment he was in their eyes a sorcerer, a magician, or rather a divinity. The next day the Drayhy called me to him, and said, 'Oh, Abdallah! your master is a god.' 'No,' I replied, 'but rather a prophet. What you saw last night is nothing to the power which he has acquired by his profound science: there is no man like him in this age. Know, that if he chooses, he is able to make you king of all the Bedouins. He has discovered that the comet which appeared some time ago was your star; that it is superior to those of the other Arabs; and that, if you follow his counsels in all particulars, you will become all-powerful.' This idea gave him extreme satisfaction. The passion for command and glory was energetically aroused in his soul, and, by a truly surprising coincidence, I had hit upon the exact object of his superstition, for he exclaimed, 'Oh, Abdallah! I see that you speak the truth, and that your master is really a prophet. I had a dream some time ago, in which fire, falling from the comet, came upon my tent and consumed it, and I took this fire in my hand without its scorching me. This comet was assuredly my star.' He thereupon called his wife, and begged her to tell me this dream, such as he had related it to her when he awoke. I availed myself of this circumstance to establish yet more decidedly the idea of Scheik Ibrahim's superiority, and the Drayhy promised me for the future to follow all his counsels. M. Lascaris, feeling much pleasure at this happy beginning, selected from his merchandise a very handsome present for the Drayhy, who accepted it with the greatest contentment, as he thereby perceived it was not to enrich ourselves that we sought to captivate him. Thenceforth he made us eat with his wife and daughters-in-law in the interior of the tent, instead of eating with strangers in the rabha. His wife, who was of a high family, and sister of a minister of Ebn Sihoud, was called Sugar. She enjoyed a great reputation for courage and generosity.

Whilst we were strengthening our influence with the Drayhy, an obscure enemy was at work in the dark to overthrow our hopes and lead us to destruction. In every tribe there is a pedlar who sells the women wares which he brings from Damascus. The one attached to this tribe, who was named Absi, filled, in addition, the post of secretary to the Drayhy; but since our arrival he had lost at one swoop both his office and his traffic. He naturally took a prodigious

antipathy to us, and seized every possible opportunity to blacken our characters to the Arabs. He began his intrigues with the women, to whom he represented that we were magicians, who were bent on carrying off the young girls to a distant land, and throwing a spell over the women to prevent them having children, so that the race of Bedouins might be extinguished, and thus give room to Frank conquerors to take possession of the country. We soon perceived the effect of these calumnies without knowing the cause. The girls fled at our approach, the women loaded us with abuse, and the more aged females used even threats. Amongst such ignorant and credulous people, with whom the women have great influence, the danger became imminent. We at length discovered the intrigues of Absi, and informed the Drayhy of them, who wished to put him to death upon the spot. We had great difficulty in obtaining his expulsion from the tribe instead, which, however, only gave him an opportunity of spreading his malicious reports. A village called Mohadan, which had been tributary to Mehanna, was now become so to the Drayhy since his victories. Having sent to demand a thousand piastres which were due to him, the inhabitants, at the instigation of Absi, maltreated the messenger of the emir, who took vengeance by seizing their flocks. Absi persuaded the chiefs of the village to accompany him to Damascus, to declare to the *capidgi-bashi* that two Frank spies had wormed themselves into the confidence of the Drayhy, and were urging him to commit all sorts of iniquities, as well as labouring to divert the Bedouins from their alliance with the Osmanlis. This denunciation was conveyed to Soleyman-Pacha, who sent a chokredar to the Drayhy with a threatening letter, ending by ordering him to deliver the two infidels to his officer, who would bring them in chains to Damascus, where their public execution would serve as an example. The Drayhy, furious at the insolence of this letter, said to the Mussulman officer, ' By Him who has raised the heavens and lowered the earth, if you were not under my tent I would chop off your head, and tie it to my horse's tail; it is thus it should carry my answer to your pacha! As to the two strangers who are with me, I will give them up only with my life. If he wishes to have them, let him come and take them with the sword.' However, I took the Drayhy apart, and succeeded in calming him, and getting his permission to settle the matter. I knew that M. Lascaris was connected by friendship with Soleyman-Pacha, and that a letter from him would have an effect quite unexpected by the Drayhy. M. Lascaris, whilst in Egypt with the French expedition, had married a Georgian female, brought up by the wives of Murad-Bey, who was found to be Soleyman-Pacha's cousin. He afterwards had occasion to go to Acre; and his wife having made known her relationship to the pacha, was received by him with great kindness, which he extended likewise to her husband. M. Lascaris therefore wrote to Soleyman-Pacha, explaining to him that the pretended spies were no other than he and his dragoman, Fatalla Sayeghir; that all that had been told him against the Drayhy was false; and

that, on the contrary, it was for the interest of the Porte to have him as a friend, and to promote his preponderance over the other Bedouins. The chokredar, who was trembling for his life, hastened to carry this letter to Damascus, and returned in two days with a most friendly reply for the Scheik Ibrahim, and a second letter for the Drayhy, to the following purport. After many compliments to the emir, it proceeded: 'We have received a letter from our dear friend, the great Scheik Ibrahim, which puts an end to the calumnies of your enemies, and renders the highest testimony in your favour. Your sagacity is well known to us. Henceforth we authorise you to command in the desert, according to your own pleasure. You will receive from us only the offices of a friend. We esteem you above your equals. We recommend to you our well-beloved scheiks, Ibrahim and Abdallah. Their good opinion will augment our friendship for you,' &c. The Drayhy and the other chiefs were greatly astonished at the high credit in which Scheik Ibrahim stood with the pacha. This incident carried their respect for us to its height.

I have said that the Drayhy was surnamed the Exterminator of the Turks. I obtained an account of the origin of this epithet from the Scheik Abdallah. One day the Drayhy having plundered a caravan, which was going from Damascus to Bagdad, the pacha was excessively enraged; but not venturing to revenge himself openly, he dissembled, according to the custom of the Turks, and induced him by fair promises to come to Bagdad. The Drayhy, frank and unsuspicious, visited the pacha with his ordinary suite of ten men. He was instantly seized, bound with cords, thrown into a dungeon, and menaced with the loss of his head if he did not furnish as a ransom 1000 purses (a million of piastres), 5000 sheep, 20 mares of the breed *kahillan*, and 20 dromedaries. The Drayhy, leaving his son as a hostage, went to gather this enormous ransom; and as soon as he had paid it, he bent his whole thoughts upon vengeance. The caravans and villages were plundered in all directions, and Bagdad itself was blockaded. The pacha having assembled his troops, issued forth with an army of 30,000 men and some pieces of cannon against the Drayhy, who, reinforced by the allied tribes, gave battle for three days; but seeing that he gained no decisive advantage, he withdrew in silence at night, doubled upon the army of the pacha, placing himself between it and Bagdad, and attacked it on a sudden upon several points at once. Surprised upon the defenceless side in the dead of night, the enemy's camp was overwhelmed with terror. The Osmanlis were thrown into confusion, and the Drayhy made a great slaughter of them, remaining master of an immense booty. The pacha escaped with difficulty without a follower, and shut himself up in Bagdad. This exploit had spread such terror amongst the inhabitants, that even after peace was made his name remained an object of dread amongst them. Abdallah related to me several other feats of the Drayhy, and concluded by assuring me that he loved greatness and difficult enterprises, and was everyway disposed to subject all things to his own dominion.

These were precisely the qualities that Scheik Ibrahim desired to find in him, so he devoted himself more and more to the project of rendering him master of all the other tribes. The Wahabites were his most formidable adversaries. A few days after these events they fell upon the tribe Would Ali, and spread themselves over the desert, to compel all the Bedouins to pay them tithe. Scared at the approach of these terrible warriors, several of the tribes were about to submit without a struggle, when Scheik Ibrahim persuaded the Drayhy that it was for his honour to take arms, and to proclaim himself the protector of the oppressed. Emboldened by his example, all the tribes, except those of El-Hassné and Beni-Sakrer, made an alliance with him to resist the Wahabites. The Drayhy departed with an army of 5000 horse and 2000 mardouffs. We remained ten days without hearing any intelligence from him. The uneasiness of the camp became extreme. Symptoms of hatred were exhibited towards us as the instigators of so perilous an expedition. Our lives had in all probability paid for our temerity if the uncertainty had continued much longer. On the eleventh day a horseman came galloping in at full speed, his white sash streaming at the point of his lance, exclaiming, 'God has given us the victory!' Scheik Ibrahim made magnificent presents to the bearer of these happy tidings, which freed the tribe from a mortal fear, and us from a great peril. All the women imitated his example according to their means, and afterwards abandoned themselves to uproarious rejoicings, shouting and dancing around the fires, which were kindled in all directions. The slaughtering of beasts, and other preparations for feasting the warriors on their return, put the camp into an unusual bustle; and all being executed by women, offered a very original spectacle. In the evening every one went out to meet the victorious army, the dust of which was perceived in the distance. As soon as we met them, the shouts were redoubled; tiltings, races, musket-shots, and other demonstrations of joy, ushered them into the camp. After supper, we got an account of the exploits of the army. The Wahabites were commanded by a fearful negro, half a savage, named Abou-Nocta. When he prepares himself for a fight, he takes off his turban and boots, turns up his sleeves to his shoulders, and leaves almost his whole body naked, it being of a prodigious size and muscular force. His head and chin, never having been shaved, are covered with hair, which completely hides his face; his eyes glitter from under this veil; and all his body being equally shaggy, renders his appearance as strange as it is terrible. The Drayhy joined battle with him upon a territory called Heroualma, three days from Palmyra. The fight was obstinate on both sides, but it terminated by the flight of Abou-Nocta, who went off to the country of Negde, leaving 200 of his people on the field. The Drayhy caused to be sought out of the spoils all that had been taken from the tribe of Would Ali, which he restored to it. This generous action endeared him more and more to the tribes, which flocked daily to place themselves under his protection. The fame

of this victory, gained over the terrible Abou-Nocta, spread far and wide. Soleyman-Pacha sent the conqueror a pelisse of honour and a magnificent sabre, with many compliments on his valour. Shortly after this exploit we went to encamp on the frontier of Horam. One day a Turkish *moullah* arrived at the Drayhy's camp. He wore the large green turban which distinguishes the descendants of Mahomet, and a white robe trailing on the ground. His eyes were blackened, and he had a prodigious beard. He had about him several rows of chaplets, and an inkstand, in the form of a poniard, in his girdle. He was seated on an ass, and bore an arrow in his hand. He came to fanaticise the Bedouins, and excite them to a great zeal for the religion of the prophet, in order to attach them to the cause of the Turks. The Bedouins have great simplicity of character, and remarkable frankness. They understand nothing about religious differences, and are unwilling to hear about them. They are deists; they invoke the protection of God in all the circumstances of life, and attribute to him their successes or reverses with pious submission; but they have no assigned rites of creed, nor do they pronounce between the sects of Omar and of Ali, which divide the Orientals. They never inquired of us of what religion we were. We told them that we were Christians, and they remarked to us—'All men are the creatures of God, and are equal before him: we have no right to concern ourselves about the faith of other people.' This moderation on their part suited our projects much better than the bigotry of the Turks; thus the arrival of the moullah caused some uneasiness in the mind of Scheik Ibrahim, who accordingly went to the tent of the Drayhy, where the conference was already opened, or rather the preaching commenced, to which the chiefs were listening with a discontented air. As they rose up to give us salutation on our entrance, the moullah asked who we were, and having learnt that we were Christians—'It is forbidden by the laws of God,' he cried out, 'to rise to infidels. You will all be cursed for holding commerce with them; your wives will be strumpets, and your children bastards. Thus has our lord Mahomet decreed, whose name be for ever venerated.'

The Drayhy, without waiting for the conclusion of his discourse, jumped up in a rage, caught him by the beard, and hurling him to the ground, drew out his sabre: Scheik Ibrahim ran forward and arrested his arm, conjuring him to moderate his anger. The emir, moved by his intreaties, consented to cut off his beard instead of his head; and thus shorn, the descendant of the prophet was ignominiously expelled. The tribe of Beni-Sakrer, the only one that still opposed him in this district, was next attacked by the Drayhy, and completely subdued. The autumn being now come, we began to move towards the east. On approaching Homs, the governor sent the Drayhy forty camels loaded with wheat, ten mashlas, and a pelisse of honour. Scheik Ibrahim, taking me aside, thus spoke—'We are going into the desert, and we have exhausted our merchandise—what is to be done?' I replied, 'Give me your orders; I

will go secretly to Aleppo and fetch what is needful, and I engage not to go near my family.' We agreed that I should rejoin the tribe at Zour, and I went to Aleppo. I lodged in a khan not much frequented, and at a distance from all my acquaintances. I sent a stranger to receive 500 tallaris from M. Lascaris' correspondent. This was rather an excess of caution, for, with my long beard, my Bedouin costume and language, I ran no risk of being recognised. This was proved when I went to buy the merchandise at the bazaar: I there met several of my friends, and I amused myself by treating them with rudeness. But these moments of careless fun were succeeded by others of a very painful nature: I continually passed and repassed the door of my house, hoping to see my brother or my poor mother. The desire to behold her was so strong, that I was twenty times on the point of breaking my word; but the conviction that she would not permit me to return to M. Lascaris braced up my resolution, and after spending six days at Aleppo, I was compelled to leave without gaining any intelligence of my relations. I rejoined the tribe on the banks of the Euphrates, opposite Daival-Chahar, where there still exist the ruins of an ancient town. I found the Bedouins occupied in selling their cattle, or bartering them for merchandise with the pedlars of Aleppo, before crossing the river. They had no idea of the value of specie, and refused to receive gold in payment, being acquainted only with the silver tallaris. They always prefer paying too much or receiving too little to troubling themselves with fractions. The merchants, who are aware of this foible, take advantage of it with great skill. Besides the bartering, the tribe disposed of produce for 25,000 tallaris, and each Bedouin put his money in his meal-poke, so that it might not clink in mounting or dismounting.

A tragical event occurred in passing the Euphrates: a woman and two children, mounted on a camel, were borne away by the current, without its being possible to render them assistance. We found Mesopotamia strewed with the tribes of Bassorah and Bagdad. Their chiefs came daily to compliment the Drayhy on his victory, and to get acquainted with us, for the fame of Scheik Ibrahim had already reached them. They were much pleased with his having advised the war against the Wahabites, whose cupidity and ravages were intolerable. The king of the Wahabites, Ebn Sihoud, was accustomed to send a *mezakie* to number the flock of each individual, and extract the tenth, always selecting the best; he afterwards made a thorough rummage of the tents, from the scheik's down to that of the most poverty-stricken wretch, to find the concealed money, of which he insisted upon having likewise the tithe. This king was especially odious to the Bedouins, because, being extremely bigoted, he insisted upon their performing ablutions and saying prayers five times a day, and inflicted death upon those who failed in these observances. When he compelled a tribe to make war on his account, he was very far from dividing the spoils with it, but took possession of the whole booty, and left to his allies only their dead to mourn.

It was after this mode that the Bedouins were becoming by degrees the slaves of the Wahabites, for want of a chief capable of making head against Ebn Sihoud.

We encamped in a district called Nain el Raz, three days' journey from the Euphrates. There the emir, Fares el Harba, chief of the tribe El Harba in the Bassorah country, came to form an offensive and defensive alliance with the Drayhy. When chiefs have an important affair to negotiate, they go out of the camp, and hold their conference in secret; this is called *dahra* (a secret meeting). Scheik Ibrahim being called to the dahra, showed some distrust of Fares, believing that he was a spy of the Wahabites. But the Drayhy said to him, 'You judge of the Bedouins as of the Osmanlis: know that the character of the two people is completely different. Treachery is unknown amongst us.' After this declaration, all the scheiks present at the council mutually pledged their words. Scheik Ibrahim took advantage of this disposition of their minds to propose to them that a treaty should be concluded in writing, which should be signed and sealed by all those who might hereafter enter into the alliance against Ebn Sihoud. This was a great stroke of policy on the part of Scheik Ibrahim for the promotion of his views; and I drew up the engagement in these terms:—'In the name of the God of Mercy, who will aid us with his power against traitors. We return him thanks for all his benefits; for teaching us the knowledge of good and evil; for making us love liberty, and hate slavery. We acknowledge that he is the all-powerful and only God, and that he alone is to be adored. We declare that we are united together of our own free will, and without constraint; that we are all sound in body and mind; and that we have resolved to follow the counsels of Scheik Ibrahim and Abdallah el Kratib, for the advancement of our prosperity, our glory, and our liberty. The articles of our treaty are—

1*st*, To separate ourselves from the Osmanlis.

2*d*, To make war to the death against the Wahabites.

3*d*, Never to speak of religion.

4*th*, To obey the orders which shall be given by our brother, the illustrious Drayhy, Ebn Chahlan.

5*th*, To bind every scheik to answer for his tribe, and to preserve secrecy as to this engagement.

6*th*, To unite against the tribes which do not subscribe.

7*th*, To assist those who sign the present treaty, and to coalesce against their enemies.

8*th*, To punish with death those who break this alliance.

9*th*, To listen to no calumny against Scheik Ibrahim and Abdallah.

We, the undersigned, accept all the articles of this treaty. We will maintain them in the name of the all-powerful God, and of his prophets Mahomet and Ali, declaring, by these presents, that we are determined to live and die in this holy union.

Dated, signed, sealed.

Done on the 12*th November* 1811.'

All those who were present approved and affixed their names.

Some time after that, being encamped on the fine extensive plain of El Rané, the Drayhy sent couriers to the other tribes to invite them to sign this treaty. Several chiefs came and set their seals, and those who had none attached thereunto the marks of their fingers. Among these chiefs I remarked a young man, who from the age of fifteen had governed the tribe El Ollama. Those who compose it are much superior to the other Bedouins. They cultivate poetry, are well-informed, and many of them possess great eloquence. This young scheik related to us the origin of his tribe. A Bagdad Bedouin enjoyed a high reputation for sagacity. One day a man came to him and said, 'Four days ago my wife disappeared, and I have sought for her in vain. I have three children, who are weeping for her: I am in despair; assist me with your advice.' Aliony consoled the unfortunate man, told him to remain with his children, and promised to seek out his wife, and bring her, dead or alive. Whilst making the necessary inquiries respecting her person, he learnt that the woman possessed remarkable beauty. He had himself a libertine son, who had been absent some days; suspicion darted across his brain like lightning: he mounted his dromedary, and scoured the desert. He perceived at a distance a flock of eagles; he gallopped towards them, and found at the mouth of a cave a woman's corpse. He examined the locality, and perceived the footsteps of a camel. At his feet lay a part of a wallet, which mute evidence he picked up, and returned back. When he reached his tent, he saw his son enter, whose torn wallet wanted the very piece he had found. Overwhelmed with the reproaches of his father, the youth avowed his crime. Aliony cut off his head, sent for the husband, and said to him, 'It is my son who has killed your wife: I have punished him, and you are revenged. I have a daughter, whom I give you in marriage.' This action of barbarous justice raised still more the reputation of Aliony. He was chosen chief of his tribe, and from his name came that of El Ollama, which signifies learned, an appellation that the tribe still justifies.

As we advanced towards Bagdad, our treaty was day by day covered with additional signatures. On quitting El Rané, we went to pitch our tents at Ain el Oussada, near the river El Cabour. During our residence there, a courier, who had been despatched by the Drayhy to the Scheik Giaudal, chief of the tribe El Wualdi, having met with a very bad reception, returned, bearing an offensive message to the Drayhy. His sons wished to take instant vengeance, but Scheik Ibrahim opposed them, representing that there was always time enough for war, and that it was advisable first to attempt persuasion. I proposed to the emir to go myself to Giaudal, to explain the affair to him. He was not inclined to follow this suggestion, saying, 'Why should you take the trouble of going to him? Let him come himself, or my sword will compel him.' But at last he yielded to my arguments, and I set off with an escort of two Bedouins. Giaudal received me with expressions of anger; and when he knew who I was, he said to me, 'If I had met you

anywhere else than in my tent, you would have eaten no more bread. You may be thankful to our customs, which prevent me from slaying you.' To which salutation I replied,' Words do not kill. I am your friend, wishing nothing but your welfare, and I come to ask a secret interview. If what I have to say be displeasing to you, I will go back the road I have come.' Seeing me thus cool, he got off his seat, called his eldest son, and conducted me out of the tents. We sat down on the ground in a circle, and I thus opened out:—

'Which do you prefer, liberty or slavery? Liberty, without doubt!
Union or discord? Union!
Greatness or degradation? Greatness!
Riches or poverty? Riches!
Conquest or defeat? Conquest!
Good or evil! Good!

'All these advantages we seek to secure to you; we wish to enfranchise you from the slavery of the Wahabites, and the tyranny of the Osmanlis, by uniting ourselves together, so as to render us strong and free. Why do you refuse?' He answered, 'What you say is plausible, but we will never be strong enough to resist Ebn Sihoud.' 'Ebn Sihoud is a man like ourselves,' I remarked—'furthermore, he is a great tyrant, and God never favours oppressors. It is not numbers, but skill, which gives the superiority; it is not the sword which severs the head, but the will which directs it.' Our conference lasted a long time; but I finished by convincing him, and inducing him to accompany me to the Drayhy, who was much pleased with the issue of my negotiation. We subsequently proceeded to encamp near the mountains of Sangiar, which are inhabited by the worshippers of the Evil Spirit. The principal tribe of the country, under the command of Hammoud el Tammer, is fixed near the river Sagiour, and does not move about like the others. Hammoud refused for a long time to accede to the alliance. I had a long negotiation with him on the subject; but being at last persuaded to join us, there were many rejoicings and festivals on both sides. Hammoud invited the Drayhy to his tent, and received him with great magnificence. Five camels and thirty sheep were slaughtered for the banquet, which was served on the ground out of the tents. The pewter trays shone as if of silver; each tray was borne by four men, and contained a mountain of rice six feet high, surmounted by an entire sheep, or a quarter of camel. In others of a less size was placed a roasted sheep, or leg of camel. A multitude of small plates, garnished with dates, and other dried fruits, filled up the intervals. Their bread was excellent. They get their wheat from Diarbekir, and their rice from Marhach and Mallatie. When we were seated, or rather squatted around this feast, we could not distinguish the persons opposite us. The Bedouins of this tribe were much more richly dressed than any we had seen. Their women were very pretty; they wore silk garments, several bracelets and earrings of gold and silver, and a ring of gold in the nose. After consuming a few days in these rejoicings, we continued our

journey, and drew towards a river, or rather an arm of the Euphrates, which joins the Tigris. A courier reached us at this place. Mounted on a dromedary, he had cleared in five days a distance which requires thirty in a caravan. He came from the district of Negde, and was sent by a friendly scheik to apprise the Drayhy of the fury of Ebn Sihoud at the projects and alliances he was forming against him. He despaired of ever seeing the Drayhy in a condition to make head against the storm, and strongly counselled him to conclude peace with the Wahabites. I wrote, in the name of the Drayhy, that he cared no more for Ebn Sihoud than for a grain of mustard-seed, placing his trust in God, who alone disposes of victory. Then, by a diplomatic trick, I gave him to understand that the armies of the Grand Seigneur would support the Drayhy, who was mainly bent on opening the road for the caravans, and delivering Mecca from the dominion of the Wahabites.

On the following day we crossed the arm of the river in boats, and encamped on the other side, in the vicinity of the tribe El Cherarah, famed for its courage, but also for its ignorance and stubbornness. We had foreseen the extreme difficulty there would be in gaining it, not only on account of its defects, but also on account of the friendship that existed between its chief Abedd, and Abdallah, chief minister of the king Ebn Sihoud. In fact he refused to enter into the alliance: in this state of matters, the Drayhy judged all negotiation useless, saying that the sabre would decide between them. The next day Sahed went to attack Abedd with 500 horsemen. He returned at the end of three days, having taken 140 camels and two valuable mares; there were only eight men killed, but the number of wounded on both sides was great. I was a witness on this occasion to an extraordinary cure. A young man, a relation of Sahed, was brought in, having his head cleaved by the blow of a djerid, seven sabre wounds on the body, and a lance remaining in his side. They proceeded immediately to get the lance out, which was drawn from the opposite side. During the operation he turned to me and said, 'Don't be alarmed for me, Abdallah, I shall not die this time.' And stretching out his hand, he took my pipe, and commenced smoking as tranquilly as if the nine wounds were in some other body. At the end of twenty days he was completely cured, and got on horseback as before. The whole treatment to which he had been subjected was drinking camel's milk, mixed with fresh butter, and eating some dates, likewise prepared with butter. Every three days his wounds were washed with camel's urine. I doubt whether a European surgeon would have effected so complete a cure, in an equally short space of time, with all his apparatus.

The war was becoming every day more serious. Abedd collected together his allies to surround us, which manœuvre compelled us to go and encamp on the sands of Caffarié, where there was no water. The women were obliged to fetch it from the river in skins, carried on the camels' backs. The prodigious quantity required for

watering the flocks rendered this an extremely painful labour. On the third day the affrighted herds came flying to inform us that 800 camels had been carried off by Abedd's warriors whilst they were conducting them to the river. The Drayhy, eager to take vengeance for this outrage, ordered the camp to be raised, and a rapid advance made upon the tribe El Cherarah, resolved to fall upon it with all his united forces. We marched a day and a night without stopping, and fixed our ten thousand tents half a league from Abedd's camp. A general and murderous battle was inevitable: I ventured to make a last attempt to avert it, if there were yet time. The Bedouins have a great respect for women, whom they consult in all their proceedings. In the tribe El Cherarah their influence was very extensive, insomuch that they, in truth, ruled all matters, for they have generally much more spirit than their husbands. Arquié, the wife of the Scheik Abedd, was everywhere known as a superior woman, and I determined to go and see her, carrying with me earrings, bracelets, necklaces, and other trifles as presents for her, and attempt to gain her thereby to our interests. Having obtained some secret information essential for my guidance, I reached her tent during the absence of her husband, who was holding a council of war in the camp of an ally. After many compliments and presents, I drew her to speak of the war, the real object of my visit, which I took care, however, not to publish. I expatiated upon the advantages of an alliance with the Drayhy, merely as if it were a common topic of conversation, and in no degree as if I had been authorised to speak to her concerning it. I told her, besides, that the cause of my visit was a very natural curiosity to become acquainted with a female so celebrated, who commanded warriors formidable from their courage, but whose brute force would avail little if deprived of her superior sagacity. During our conference her husband returned to the camp; and having learnt my presence, sent to tell Arquié that she should chase away with ignominy the spy who was with her; that the duties of hospitality restraining his arm, and preventing him from taking vengeance on the threshold of his own tent, he would not enter until my person was ejected thereout. Arquié gave for answer, with much haughtiness, that I was her guest, and that she would not be dictated to. I arose, and wished to take leave of her, craving her pardon for the embarrassment I had caused her; but she to all appearance was disposed to give me good proof that I had not attributed to her an influence which she did not possess, for she forcibly retained me, whilst she went out to have an interview with her husband. She soon returned, followed by Abedd, who treated me with politeness, and invited me to explain to him the intentions of the Drayhy. With the assistance of his wife, I succeeded in gaining his confidence, and before the day was over, it was he who was soliciting me to permit him to accompany me to the Drayhy. But I excused myself from that, intimating to him that I dared not present him to the emir, without preparing him beforehand, as he was much exasperated against him, but that I would go

and plead his cause, and shortly transmit him an answer. I thus quitted him, even as eager to enter into the alliance as I myself was to draw him thereto. In consequence of an invitation from the Drayhy, Abedd came in a few days to attach his seal at the foot of the treaty, and to exchange the camels which had been reciprocally taken during the war. This entangled business being thus brought to an agreeable termination, we left the sands to proceed to the territory of Atterié, three hours from the Tigris, near the ruins of the castle El Attera, where we encamped for eight days, the pasturages being very abundant. Having refreshed our flocks, we resumed our route towards the East.

One day we met a Bedouin mounted on a fine black dromedary. The scheiks saluted him with an air of interest, and asked him what had been the issue of his melancholy business of the preceding year. I got an account of his history, which I found sufficiently interesting to insert in my journal. Aloyan (such was the name of the Bedouin), when hunting gazelles, came to a piece of ground where broken lances, bloody sabres, and extended corpses, gave indications of a recent fray. A plaintive sound, which fell faintly on his ear, drew him towards a heap of bodies, amidst which a young Arab still breathed. Aloyan hastened to afford him succour, hoisted him on his dromedary, conducted him to his tent, and, by his affectionate care, restored him to life. After four months' convalescence, Faress (thus was the wounded man designated) spoke of his departure; but Aloyan said to him, 'If we must really part, I will conduct thee to thy tribe, and will leave thee there with sorrow; but if thou wilt stay with me, thou shalt be as my brother; my mother shall be thy mother, and my wife thy sister. Reflect upon my proposal, and give me thy calm decision.' 'Oh, my benefactor,' answered Faress, 'where shall I find words like those that you address to me! Without you, I should not be amongst the living at this hour; my flesh would be in the entrails of birds of prey, and my bones ground in the jaws of ferocious beasts; since you indeed wish it, therefore, I will remain with you, but it shall be to serve you all my life.' A motive of a very different nature, which he did not feel bold enough to avow, decided Faress in this resolution, namely, the love which he was beginning to entertain for Hafza, the wife of Aloyan, who had attended him. This love was reciprocal. One day Aloyan, who had no suspicion, left Faress to escort his mother, wife, and two children to a new encampment, whilst he himself proceeded to the chase. Faress had not strength enough to resist this disastrous opportunity. He placed the tent upon a camel, and therewith the mother and children, telling them to proceed onwards, and he would follow shortly with Hafza on horseback. But the old woman looked long in vain; Hafza came not; Faress had gone off with her, on a mare of singular swiftness, to his own tribe. In the evening Aloyan arrived, wearied with his hunt; he sought for his tent amongst those of the tribe, but saw it not. The old mother had been unable to pitch it alone, and he found her seated on the ground with the two children. 'And where is

Hafza?' said he. 'I have not seen either Hafza or Faress,' she replied; 'I have waited for them since the morning.' Then for the first time the truth flashed across his mind; and having assisted his mother to set the tent, he went off on his black dromedary, and continued on for two days, until he came to the tribe of Faress. He stopped at the entrance to the camp with an old woman who lived alone. 'Why don't you go the scheik?' said she; 'there is a festival to-day; Faress Ebn Mehidi, who had been left for dead on the field of battle, is returned, having brought with him a beautiful woman, and this evening the marriage is to be celebrated.' Aloyan dissembled, and waited until night. When all were buried in sleep, he crept into the tent of Faress, cut off his head by a blow of his sabre, and carried the trunk out of the camp; then returning to the tent, he found his wife asleep, whom he awakened, saying to her, 'It is Aloyan who calls thee; follow me.' She arose in alarm, and said to him, 'Fool that thou art! Faress and his brothers will slay thee. Fly!' 'Traitress!' cried Aloyan, 'what have I done that thou thus treatest me? Have I ever contradicted thee? Have I ever addressed to thee the slightest reproach? Hast thou forgotten all the affection I have exhibited for thee? Hast thou forgotten thy children? Come, arise, invoke God, follow me, and curse the devil who has made thee commit this folly.' But Hafza, far from being moved by the softness of Aloyan, repeated to him, 'Get out; fly; or I will give the alarm, and call Faress to slay thee.' Thereupon, seeing all was in vain, he seized upon her, gagged her mouth, and, in spite of all resistance, dragged her on his dromedary, and tarried not until he was beyond the reach of the voice. Then, placing her behind him, he continued his journey at a slower pace. At daybreak the corpse of Faress, and the disappearance of the woman, put the camp into a tumult: the father and brothers of Faress pursued, and overtook Aloyan, who defended himself against them with heroic courage. Hafza, getting free from her bonds, joined the assailants, and cast stones at her husband, one of which struck him on the head, and made him stagger; but although covered with wounds, Aloyan succeeded in beating down his foes. He killed the two brothers, and disarmed the father, saying that it would be disgraceful for him to kill an old man; so, returning him his horse, he told him to get home as fast as he could. He then once more seized upon his wife, and proceeded to his tribe without exchanging a single word with her. He called together all his relations, and placing Hafza in the midst, he said to her, 'Give thyself an account of all that has passed; I will be guided by the judgment of thy father and thy brother.' Hafza told the truth; and her father, full of indignation, drew his sabre, and laid her prostrate at his feet.

Having now arrived within four hours of Bagdad, M. Lascaris secretly resorted there to see the French consul, M. Adrien de Correncé, and to negotiate with him for the advance of a large sum of money. On the following day, after passing the Tigris, at Machad, we fixed our quarters near the river El Cahaun, when we learnt that

a fierce war had sprung up between the Bedouins who took part for or against our alliance. Scheik Ibrahim urged the Drayhy not to linger, but to join our allies as quickly as possible. Consequently we proceeded to encamp near several small springs at El Darghouan, twenty hours from Bagdad, and the following day we traversed a high chain of mountains. We had filled our skins, which was a necessary precaution, as we had a march of twelve hours to make over burning sands, where neither water nor pasturage was to be found. When we reached the frontiers of Persia, we met a messenger from the tribe El Achgaha, who bore a letter from the chief Dehass, who claimed the assistance 'of the father of heroes, the chief of most redoubtable warriors, the puissant Drayhy,' against his enemies, who were 15,000 tents strong. We were six days from this tribe. The Drayhy, issuing his orders to continue the march, cleared the distance in three days, giving us no interval of rest, not even for meals. The chief part of the fatigue in this forced march fell upon the women, who had to make bread, and milk the camels without halting. The arrangement of their locomotive cookery was curious enough. At fixed distances were women occupied upon it without intermission; the first, mounted on a camel loaded with wheat, had in front of her a hand-mill. The wheat once ground, she passed the meal to her neighbour, who was occupied in kneading it with water, contained in leathern bottles suspended down the sides of the camel. The paste was passed to a third female, who baked it in thin slices on a chafing-dish with wood and straw. These slices were distributed by her to the division of warriors whom it was her province to feed, and who came every minute to secure their portions. Other women walked by the side of the she-camels to draw the milk into *cadahs* (wooden bowls, holding four quarts). These were handed about from mouth to mouth to satisfy thirst. The horses fed as they went, having sacks hung to their necks. When any one wished to sleep, he stretched his full length on his camel, his feet fixed in the bags, for fear of falling. The slow and even movement of the camel induces sleep, like the rocking of a cradle, and I never slept better than in this journey. The wife of the Emir Faress gave birth to a son in her haudag, who was called Harma, after the place we were passing when he came into the world. Harma is the point of junction of the Euphrates and Tigris. We shortly afterwards joined three tribes—El Harba, El Suallemé, and El Abdellé. We had 7000 tents when Dehass came to meet us. This imposing array infused fresh courage into us; we gave him a magnificent supper, after which he put his seal to our treaty.

The enemy was still at a day's distance from us. Our horses and men having great occasion for rest, the Drayhy ordered a halt of two days; but our foes were not disposed to accord us so desirable a truce. As soon as they heard of our arrival, they put themselves in marching order, and the next day 30,000 men were encamped at an hour's space from us. The Drayhy caused his army to make an instant advance to the banks of the river, in the fear that they pur-

posed to intercept us from water, and we took up a position near the village of El Hutta. On the following day the Drayhy sent a conciliatory letter to the chiefs of the five tribes* which had come to attack us; but this manœuvre was attended with no success; their reply was a declaration of war, the style of which proved clearly that our intentions had been misrepresented, and that these chiefs acted upon some extraordinary impulse. Scheik Ibrahim proposed to send me to them with presents, to endeavour to come to an explanation. My embassies had succeeded so well previously, that I accepted the mission with pleasure, and departed with a solitary guide; but we had scarcely reached the tent of Mahdi, who was in the van, than the advanced guard of the Bedouins fell upon us like wild beasts, plundered us of our presents and clothes, clapped irons on our feet, and left us naked on the burning sand. It was in vain that I supplicated for permission to explain my mission; they threatened me with immediate death if I did not hold my tongue. In a few minutes I saw the perfidious Absi, the pedlar, coming towards me. I then understood the cause of the unheard-of treatment with which I had been visited; he had travelled from tribe to tribe to raise up enemies against us. The sight of him roused me to such a pitch of anger, that I felt my prostrated courage revive, and found myself in a state to die bravely, if I could not live to avenge myself. He came up to me, and spitting on my face, cried out, 'Infidel dog!—in what manner dost thou wish me to separate thy soul from thy body?' 'My soul,' I observed in reply, 'is not in thy power; my days are numbered by the great God; if they are now to finish, it is a small matter how; but if I have still to live, thou hast no power to make me die.' He retired, in order to irritate the Bedouins against me, and with such effect, that they all, men and women, came to look at and ill-use me; some spat on my face, others threw sand in my eyes, and several pricked me with their djerids—in a word, I remained twenty-four hours without eating or drinking, enduring a martyrdom impossible to describe. Towards the evening of the second day a young man named Jahour came up to me, and drove off the children who were tormenting me. I had already taken notice of him; for amongst all those whom I had seen that day, he alone had not maltreated me. He offered to bring me some bread and water at the fall of night. 'Hunger and thirst are of little moment to me,' I answered him with thanks; 'but if you can extricate me from this condition, I will reward you generously.' He promised to attempt it; and in fact, in the middle of the night, he came back with the key of my irons, which he had had address enough to procure whilst the chiefs were at supper. He unlocked them without noise; and, not allowing myself time to dress, I regained our camp as fast as I could run. Everybody was asleep in the camp, with the exception of the four negroes on guard at the entrance to the Drayhy's tent. They uttered

* The tribes were El Fedhay, chief Douackry; El Modiann, chief Saker Ebn Hamed; El Sabha, chief Mohdi Ebn Heud; Mouayégé, chief Bargiass; and Mehayedé, chief Amer Ebn Noggiès.

a loud shout when they saw me, and hastened to awake their master, who came out with Scheik Ibrahim. They embraced me with tears, and liberally recompensed my deliverer. The Drayhy was grievously afflicted at the treatment I had suffered, and so gross a violation of the public law excited his indignation. He gave immediate orders for preparations for the fight; and at the rising of the sun we saw that our enemies were as ready as ourselves. During the first day there was no decided advantage on either side. Auad, chief of the tribe Suallemé, lost his mare, for which he had refused 25,000 piastres. All the Bedouins participated in his affliction, and the Drayhy gave him one of his best horses, which, however, was far inferior to the filly he had lost. The next day the battle raged with more virulence than the preceding one, and our loss was greater than the enemy's. We were obliged to act with extreme caution, having only 15,000 men to oppose to them. Forty of our party fell into the power of the enemy, whilst we made only fifteen prisoners: but Hamed, the son of the chief Saker, was amongst them. The captives were put in irons on both sides.

After these two days' fighting, there was a tacit truce for three days, during which the armies remained in presence of each other, without any hostile demonstration. On the third day, the Scheik Saker, accompanied by a single follower, came to our camp. He was uneasy as to the fate of his son, a courageous youth, who was adored by his father and the Bedouins of his tribe: he came to offer a ransom for him. Hamed had been very well treated by us, and I had myself dressed his wounds. The Drayhy received Saker with great distinction. After the usual compliments, the latter spoke of the war, expressing his astonishment at the ardour of the Drayhy for this coalition against the Wahabites, and intimating that he could not credit such disinterestedness, but that there must be secret motives or personal views. 'You cannot take it amiss,' he added, 'if I do not join you, without knowing the object proposed. Put me in your confidence, and I will second you with all my power.' We replied to him that we were not in the habit of admitting to our secrets those of whose friendship we were not well assured, but that if he would sign our treaty, nothing would be concealed from him. He then asked to be informed touching the terms thereof; and after hearing the different articles read, he appeared well contented with them, assuring us that matters had been represented in a very contrary light; and he then related to us the calumnies that Absi had spread concerning us. He concluded by affixing his seal to the foot of the treaty, and afterwards pressed us to communicate to him the end that we designed to attain. Scheik Ibrahim informed him that our intention was to open a passage from the coasts of Syria to the frontiers of India for an army of 100,000 men, under the command of a potent conqueror, who would enfranchise the Bedouins from the yoke of the Turks, restore to them the sovereignty over the whole country, and hand over to them the treasures of India. He assured him that there was nothing to lose, but everything to gain, by the

execution of this project, the success of which depended on the union of forces and unanimity of will. He undertook that their camels would be hired, at a very high price, for the carrying supplies for this huge army, and opened to his view the commerce of these vast countries, as inevitably leading to an inexhaustible source of wealth. Saker entered completely into our views; but it behoved us further to explain to him that the Wahabite* might render our plans abortive, as his religious fanaticism would unquestionably oppose the passage of a Christian army, and his ambition for dominion, which had already rendered him master of Yemen, Mecca, and Medina, would inflame him with a desire for Syria, where the Turks were unable to offer any serious resistance; besides, there was another consideration, that a great maritime power, the foe of that which we favoured, would undoubtedly form an alliance with him, and send troops by sea to cut us off from the road through the desert. After much argument, in which Saker exhibited an equal portion of judgment and sagacity, he gave in entirely to our propositions, and pledged himself to use all his influence over the other tribes. It was settled that he should be the chief of the Arabs in the country we now occupied, as the Drayhy was of those of Syria and Mesopotamia, and he bound himself to unite, under his orders, the different tribes in the course of the next year, whilst we pursued our route; and he promised that, upon our return, everything would be arranged. We then separated, delighted with each other, and we loaded his son with presents, and set the other prisoners at liberty. On his side he sent back our forty horsemen. The next day Saker wrote to us that Mohdi and Douackry would no longer oppose our designs, and that they were going to confer with Bargiass, three hours from the camp. Accordingly, they struck their tents, and we did the same; for the congregating of so great a number of people and animals had covered the earth with filth, and rendered our sojourn in that spot quite intolerable.

We proceeded to encamp six hours off at Maytal el Ebbed, where we remained eight days. Saker came to visit us, and it was agreed that he alone should take charge of the union of the Bedouins in these districts, whilst we returned into Syria, lest that, by abandoning our first conquest for too long a time, our enemies should take advantage of our absence to embroil our affairs, and detach the tribes from our alliance. Besides, spring was already advanced, and it behoved us to make haste, for fear the pasturages of Syria and Mesopotamia should be occupied by others. We therefore deferred to the following year the project of pushing our progress to the frontiers of India. By that time Saker would have an opportunity of preparing the people to second our exertions, for, as he said, 'we uproot a tree by one of its branches.' A few days' march reconducted us through Mesopotamia. We took two days to pass the Euphrates, near Mansouri, and clear the desert called El Hamad.

* Ebn Sihoud, the king of the Wahabites, is often thus called.

We encamped in a place where there was no water fit to drink. It is got only by making deep holes, but when obtained, it can be used only by the beasts, for men cannot drink it. This spot is called Halib el Dow, because there is nothing but milk to satisfy thirst. From there we went to El Sarha, which was abundantly provided with water and pasturage. We hoped to make amends for our late privation, but a singular circumstance gave us a very speedy disgust. The soil there is covered with an herb named *el khraffour*, which the camels eat with avidity, and which possesses the property of inebriating them to such an extent as to render them mad. They run to the right and left, crushing all that they encounter, overturning the tents, and pursuing the men. During forty-eight hours no person could close an eye; the Bedouins were incessantly employed in calming the fury of the camels, and getting the mastery over them. An actual war would have been preferable to this continual strife with animals whose prodigious strength, increased by delirium, exposed us to incalculable dangers. But it seemed that the triumph of skill over force had great charms for these children of nature; for when I went to the Drayhy to deplore the state of confusion in which this novel revolution kept us, he did nothing but laugh, and assured me that it was one of the greatest amusements of the Bedouins. Whilst we were speaking, a camel of astonishing height advanced right upon us, its head aloft, and tossing up the dust with its broad hoofs. The Drayhy, seizing one of the stakes of his tent, waited for the furious animal, and lent it a violent blow on the skull. The wood broke, and the camel turned away to exercise its ravages elsewhere. A dispute thereupon arose as to which was the strongest, the camel or the scheik. The latter argued that if the stake had not snapped, he would have broken his adversary's head; but the witnesses asserted the superiority of the animal, because it had shivered the obstacle which was opposed to it. As for me, I decided that they were both of equal strength, since neither had been vanquished. This judgment excited the laughter of the whole auditory. The next day we raised the camp. A messenger from Saker overtook us on the road, bringing us an account of his bad success in the negotiation with Bargiass. Absi, the pedlar, engrossed all his favour, and animated him more and more against us. He had decided upon joining Mehanna, and uniting himself with the Wahabites, who were to send an army to destroy us. The Drayhy returned for answer that he need not trouble himself, for God was stronger than they, and would cause the righteous side to triumph. After this interruption, we continued our journey.

Shortly afterwards, we learnt that the tribe El Calfa was encamped at Zualma. The Drayhy judged it of importance to be assured of the co-operation of that powerful and courageous tribe. Its scheik, Giassem, was an old friend of the Drayhy; but he could neither read nor write, and therefore it was dangerous to address a letter to him which might be read by a Turk, which circumstance would give an essential derangement to our affairs, as we had learnt to our cost

by the example of the writer Absi. It was therefore I once more who was despatched to visit him. I went off with an escort of six men, all mounted on dromedaries. At the end of two days we arrived at the place designated; but, to our great disgust, we found that the camp had been broken up, and left no trace whither it had gone. We passed the night without eating or drinking, and held a consultation on the following day as to what was to be done. The most pressing emergency was to supply the want of water, for, as is well known, thirst is far more insupportable than hunger, and it was absurd to imagine that we should fall in with a spring and the tribe at the same time. We wandered three entire days without finding either water or food. My palate was so parched, that I could no longer move my tongue, or utter an articulate sound. I had exhausted all the means of cheating thirst, by putting pebbles and leaden balls into my mouth, and my face became black, and my strength altogether forsook me. Suddenly my companions shouted out with ecstacy, 'Gioub el Ghamin!' * and rushed forward. These men, hardened to fatigue, sustain privations in a manner perfectly inconceivable, and they were far from the deplorable state to which I was reduced. Seeing them go off, the irritability of my nerves, produced by extreme exhaustion, made me despair of ever reaching the well, in which it occurred to me they would not leave a single drop, and I threw myself on the ground, and wept. Seeing me in this state, they came back, and encouraged me to make an effort to follow them. When arrived at the brink of the well, one of them, leaning on the parapet, drew out his sabre, saying that he would strike off the head of any one who ventured to come nearer. 'Be guided by my experience,' he added, 'or you will perish.' His authoritative tone awed us, and we obeyed in silence. He called us one by one, and made us bend over the edge of the well, to breathe first of all the humid air. Then he drew a small quantity of water, and touched our lips with his fingers dipped in it, beginning with me. By degrees he allowed us to drink half a cup, then a whole cup, and thus continued for three hours administering it to us in rations, at the end of which time he addressed us as follows:—'Now, you may drink away; you run no risk; but if you had not followed my directions, you would have been all dead, as it usually happens to those who, after suffering thirst a long time, slake it without caution.'

We passed the night in this place continually drinking, as much in the way of a substitute for food as to appease our thirst; and the more we poured down our throats, the more we wished to pour down. The next day we mounted on a height to have a more extended view; but, alas! no object presented itself to our vision in this immense desert. At last, however, one of the Bedouins thought he descried something in the distance, and declared that it was a haudag, covered with scarlet cloth, and borne on a very lofty camel. His comrades saw nothing; but having no more flattering symptom

* The name of a well-known well in the desert.

to look after, we turned our eyes in the direction he pointed out, and in fact shortly afterwards we perceived a great tribe, and had a distinct view of the haudag, which had served us as a beacon. Very fortunately it was the tribe we were in search of. Giassem gave us a civil reception, and endeavoured to make us forget our fatigues. Having finished matters with him, he dictated a letter for the Drayhy, in which he bound himself to place his men and goods at his disposal, saying that the alliance between them should be one of the very closest, on account of their old friendship. I departed, guarding well this important document, but much disturbed at the news he gave me of the arrival of a princess, the daughter of the king of England, in Syria, where she displayed a regal luxury, and where she had been received with the highest honours by the Turks. She had loaded Mehanna el Fadel with magnificent presents, and had been escorted by him to Palmyra, where she had distributed her largesses with profusion, and secured a formidable party amongst the Bedouins, who had proclaimed her their queen.* Scheik Ibrahim, to whom I communicated this intelligence, was struck dumb with dismay, as he doubted not it was an intrigue which would blast all his projects. The Drayhy, taking notice of our chagrin, told us not to be cast down, as sacks of gold might be scattered from Hama to the portals of India, without detaching any friendly tribe from the solemn alliance which it had contracted. 'The word of a Bedouin,' he subjoined, 'is sacred; so pursue your designs without disturbing yourselves about any reports. As for myself, I have fixed my plan for the campaign; I shall depart for the Horan, in order to keep an eye over the proceedings of Ebn Sihoud, for he alone is to be feared by us. I will afterwards return, and encamp in the neighbourhood of Homs.' Scheik Ibrahim, having no money or goods, decided upon sending me without delay to Corietain, whence I should despatch a messenger to Aleppo to bring a *heap of tallaris.* I set off in a joyous mood, enchanted with the idea of seeing my friends, and of taking some repose amongst them for a short time. The first day of my journey passed over without any occurrence worthy to be recorded; but the next day, about four in the afternoon, when at a place called Cankoum, I fell into the midst of a tribe which I believed our friends, but which I found to be that of Bargiass. It was too late to go back; so, putting the best face on the matter I could, I went straight up to the tent of the scheik, preceded by my negro Fodda; but scarcely had he put his foot on the ground, than he was massacred before my eyes, and I perceived with alarm that all their swords were raised above me. My affright was so great, that I know not what followed. I only recollect having cried out, 'Hold! I claim the protection of the daughter of Hedal;' after which I fell down in a swoon. When I opened my eyes, I was lying in a tent, surrounded by a score of women, who were striving to restore me by holding burnt hair, vinegar, and onions to my

* This pretended princess was no other than Lady Hester Stanhope.

nostrils, whilst others were deluging me with water, and besmearing my parched and contracted lips with melted butter. As soon as I had come to my senses, the wife of Bargiass took hold of my hand, and said, 'Never fear, Abdallah; you are with the daughter of Hedal; no one can injure you.'

Shortly afterwards, Bargiass having presented himself at the door of the tent, to make, as he said, his peace with me, she exclaimed, 'By the head of my father, you shall not come in until Abdallah is completely cured!' I remained three days under the tent of Bargiass, tended in the most affectionate manner by his wife, who in the meantime negotiated for a reconciliation with her husband. I was so enraged at his brutality, that I had great difficulty in pardoning him. However, after some delay, I consented to forget the past, on condition that he signed the treaty with the Drayhy. We then embraced, and swore fraternity. Bargiass gave me a negro, saying at the same time, 'I have sacrificed your silver, and I give you a jewel in return.' This was a pun on the names of the two negroes, *Fodda*, silver, and *Giauhar*, a jewel. He afterwards made ready a feast in honour of our reconciliation. In the midst of the repast, a courier from the Drayhy arrived at full gallop, bearing to Bargiass a declaration of war, in terms by no means flattering. It ran thus: 'Oh, thou traitor, who violatest the sacred law of the Bedouins! thou infamous fellow, who slayest thy guests! thou blackfaced Osmanli! learn that all the blood of thy tribe will be an insufficient sacrifice for that of my dear Abdallah! Prepare for the combat; my steed shall enjoy no rest until I have destroyed the last of thy race!' I instantly departed, to prevent bloodshed, and to inform Scheik Ibrahim and the Drayhy of the true state of the case. I cannot describe the joy with which I was received; they could not believe their eyes, so miraculous did they conceive my safety. I gave them an account of all that had passed.

On the following day I resumed the route to Corietain, in which place I remained twenty days, waiting the return of the messenger I had sent to Aleppo. I had great need of this repose, and of the opportunity it afforded of getting my clothes renewed, as they were all hanging in rags. I was compelled to tarry longer than I wished, for news came that an army of Wahabites had burst into the desert of Damascus, and plundered several villages, massacring the men and children, and sparing nothing but the women. The scheik of Corietain, in no condition to make active resistance, shut the gates of the town, forbade any one leaving, and awaited the course of events in fear and trembling. We soon learnt that the enemy had attacked Palmyra, and that the inhabitants, having retired into the enclosure of the temple, had defended themselves with success, insomuch that the Wahabites, being unable to force their defences, had contented themselves with killing the camel-herds, and carrying off the flocks. From there they had gone to pillage the village of Arack, and had spread themselves in the neighbouring district. This disastrous intelligence gave me much alarm for the fate of

my messenger, who nevertheless arrived safe and sound with Scheik Ibrahim's money. He had taken refuge for some time in Saddad, whose inhabitants, having just paid a heavy contribution, had nothing to fear for the moment. I availed myself of this circumstance; and putting off my Bedouin dress, I attired myself as a Christian of Saddad, and gained that village, where I obtained tidings of the Drayhy, who was encamped at Ghaudat el Cham with the tribe of Bargiass. I joined him as quickly as possible; and I learnt with much vexation that a formidable coalition had been formed between Mehanna el Fadel and the tribe of the Samarcand country. They had entered into plots with the governors of Homs and Hama, thus uniting both Turks and Bedouins against us. In this critical situation I called to mind our friend Soleyman-Pacha, and I induced Scheik Ibrahim to go to Damascus and hold a conference with him. We immediately departed, and stopped at the house of the pacha's prime minister, Hagim, who told us the name of the pretended English princess, and also that it was by means of Lady Stanhope's presents that Mehanna had secured a powerful party amongst the Turks. These details confirmed our suspicion that England, being apprised of our projects, had subsidised the Wahabites in one quarter, whilst in another she strove to unite the Syrian Bedouins with the Turks, by the influence of Lady Stanhope. Our meeting with an Englishman, who took the name of Scheik Ibrahim, at the house of M. Chabassan, strengthened these conjectures. He endeavoured to question us, but we were too much on our guard. Having obtained from Soleyman-Pacha what we desired, we hastened to regain our tribe.

The courage of the Drayhy did not slacken, for he assured us he would make head against the strongest party. The *bouyourdi* which Soleyman-Pacha had granted us, imported that the governors of Homs and Hama were to respect his faithful friend and well-beloved son, the Drayhy Ebn Challan, who was to be strictly obeyed in his character of supreme chief of the desert of Damascus, and that all alliances against him were contrary to the wish of the Sublime Porte. Fortified with this document, we advanced towards Hama; and a few days afterwards, Scheik Ibrahim received an invitation from Lady Hester Stanhope to pay a visit to her, as well as his wife, Madame Lascaris, who had remained at Acre. This invitation vexed him the more, that he had for three years shunned letting his wife know anything about him, in order that she might not learn the place of his abode, or his intimacy with the Bedouins. As it was, however, necessary to give some answer to Lady Stanhope, he wrote to her that he would do himself the honour of waiting upon her as soon as circumstances permitted; and at the same time he despatched a courier to his wife to instruct her to decline the invitation on her part; but in this latter step he was too late. Madame Lascaris, being uneasy as to the safety of her husband, had immediately proceeded to Hama to visit Lady Stanhope, hoping through her to get some trace of him. M. Lascaris thus found himself compelled

to go and join her. During these transactions, Mehanna came nearer and nearer, believing himself sure of the co-operation of the Osmanlis. The Drayhy, judging that the proper time was come to produce the pacha's bouyourdi, sent his son Saher to Homs and Hama, where he was received with the greatest distinction. On seeing the order which he bore with him, the two governors placed their troops at his disposal, declaring Mehanna a traitor for having called the Wahabites the most bitter enemies of the Turks. Lady Hester Stanhope having invited Saher to visit her, loaded him with presents, both for himself and his wife and mother, presented each horseman in his suite with a maslah and a pair of boots, and announced her intention of shortly visiting his tribe. M. Lascaris did not derive so agreeable a return from his residence under her roof. Lady Stanhope having vainly tried, by adroit cross-questioning, to get from him some information as to his relations with the Bedouins, assumed at last an imperious tone, which gave M. Lascaris a pretext to break with her. He sent back his wife to Acre, and quitted Lady Stanhope in complete enmity.

Mehanna prepared to commence the struggle; but perceiving that the Drayhy gave no symptoms of fear at his approach, he judged it prudent to be assured of a reinforcement of Osmanlis, and therefore sent his son Faress to Homs to claim the execution of the governor's promise; but he, instead of investing Faress with the command of a body of troops, had him well ironed, and thrown into prison. Mehanna, dismayed at this disastrous state of things, saw himself fall in one moment from the supreme command to the doleful and humiliating necessity not only of submitting himself to the Drayhy, but also of soliciting his protection against the Turks. The poor old man, dumbfounded at this unexpected stroke, was compelled to implore the mediation of Assaf, scheik of Saddad, who promised him to negotiate a peace. Accordingly, he accompanied him with 100 troopers; and leaving him with his escort at some distance from the camp, he advanced alone to the tent of the Drayhy, who received him as a friend, but refused for some time to entertain the submission of Mehanna. We then interposed in his favour, Scheik Ibrahim thus repaying him the hospitality with which he had received us on our first arrival in the desert. Saher also, kissing his father's hand twice, joined his solicitations to ours. The Drayhy having at last yielded, the chief men of the tribe put themselves in order to proceed and meet Mehanna, according to the respect due to his age and rank. When he had dismounted, the Drayhy made him sit in the place of honour, in the corner of the tent, and ordered coffee to be brought. Then Mehanna, rising up, said, 'I will not drink thy coffee until we shall be completely reconciled, and have buried the seven stones.' At these words the Drayhy also rose; they both drew their sabres, and gave them to each other to kiss, after which they embraced, as well as all the spectators. Mehanna then made a hole about a foot deep in the ground with his lance; and selecting seven small stones, he addressed himself to the Drayhy thus:—'In

the name of the God of peace, for thy guarantee and mine, we will thus bury our discord for ever.' As they threw the stones into the hole, the two scheiks covered them up by pushing in the earth with their feet, whilst the women uttered deafening shouts of joy. This ceremony (which is called *hasnat*) being finished, they resumed their seats, and coffee was served. From that moment it was not permitted to recall the past, or to speak of the war. I was assured that a reconciliation, to be regular, should always be made in this manner. After a plentiful repast, I read over the treaty, to which Mehanna and four other chiefs of tribes appended their seals.* Their united forces amounted to 7600 tents, and, what was much more important, the Drayhy became, by this junction, the chief of all the Syrian Bedouins, amongst whom there did not remain a single enemy. Saher went to Homs to solicit the freedom of Faress, whom he brought with him, decked in a pelisse of honour, to take part in the general rejoicings; after which the tribes separated, and occupied the whole country from the Horan to Aleppo.

We now only waited for the end of summer to take our departure for the East, so as to bring the affairs we had commenced in the preceding year, with the tribes of Bagdad and Bassorah, to a successful issue. This interval of calm and leisure was taken up with preparations for the marriage between Giarah, son of Faress, chief of the tribe El Harba, and Sabha, daughter of Bargiass, the most beautiful maid in the desert. I took an especial interest in the affair, as I had known the bride whilst residing in her mother's tent. Faress begged the Drayhy to accompany him to the camp of Bargiass, to make the demand of marriage. The chief men of the tribe, in their richest clothes, escorted them. We arrived at the tent of Bargiass without any one coming to meet us. Bargiass did not even rise to receive us, such being the usage in similar circumstances, as the least appearance of eagerness would be looked upon as improper. After some moments of silence, the Drayhy, opening his mouth, said, 'Why do you give us so poor a welcome? If you will not give us anything to eat, we will return home.' During this period Sabha, having withdrawn into the part of the tent reserved to the women, scrutinised her admirer through an opening in the cloth. Before entering upon the negotiation, the young girl is called upon to give a sign that she likes the man who aspires to her hand; for if, after the secret survey of which I have spoken, she makes known to her mother that he does not please her, things go no farther. But on this occasion it was a handsome young man, of noble and haughty mien, who presented himself, and Sabha made the signal of consent to her mother, who then answered the Drayhy, 'You are very welcome! Not only will we give you to eat most cheerfully, but we will also grant whatever you ask.' To which gracious announcement

* These chiefs were—Zarack Ebn Fahrer, chief of the tribe El Gioullan; Girah Ebn Meghiel, chief of the tribe El Giahma; Ghaleb Ebn Ramboun, chief of the tribe El Ballahiss; and Faress Ebn Nedged, chief of the tribe El Maslekher.

the Drayhy replied, 'We are come to ask your daughter in marriage for the son of our friend; what do you wish for her dowry?' Bargiass replied, 'One hundred nakas,* five horses of the Negde breed, 500 ewes, three negroes, and three negresses to wait upon Sahba; and for the bridal wardrobe a mashla embroidered with gold, a robe of Damascus silk, ten bracelets of amber and coral, and a pair of yellow boots.' The Drayhy made some observations upon the exorbitancy of this demand, saying, 'Thou wishest surely to prove the Arab proverb, *If you are not willing to marry your daughter, demand a high price for her.* Be more reasonable, if thou desirest this marriage to take place.' After a discussion, the dowry was fixed at fifty nakas, two horses, 200 ewes, a negro, and a negress. The wardrobe remained such as Bargiass had demanded; and they even added to it by giving mashlas and yellow boots to the mother and several others in the family. After having written down the terms of the convention, I read them aloud. Afterwards the assistants recited the prayer *Faliha*, the *paternoster* of the Moslems, which imparts, as it were, a sanction to the contract, and then they served round camels' milk, as they would have served lemonade in a town of Syria. After the collation, the young men mounted on horseback to pursue the games of the djerid† and other sports. Giarah distinguished himself in order to gratify his bride, who observed with great satisfaction his agility and gracefulness. We separated at the fall of night, every one having his mind full of the preparations for the nuptials. At the end of three days, the dowry, or rather the price, of Sabha was in readiness. An immense concourse went forth in the following order:—At the head marched a horseman, with a white flag at the end of his lance, who cried out, 'I bear the stainless honour of Bargiass.' After him were camels, adorned with garlands of flowers and leaves, accompanied by their conductors; then the negro on horseback, richly dressed, surrounded by men on foot singing popular airs. Behind them rode a troop of warriors, armed with muskets, which they kept constantly discharging. A woman followed, carrying a large dish of fire, into which she threw incense. Then came the milk ewes, conducted by shepherds, singing as Chibouk, the brother of Antar, did nearly 2000 years before—for the manners of the Bedouins never alter. After them appeared the negress on horseback, surrounded by 200 women on foot; this group was not the least noisy, for the shouts of joy, and the marriage songs of the Arab females, are more shrill than can be imagined. The cavalcade was closed by a camel bearing the bridal wardrobe; the mashlas, embroidered with gold, were extended on all sides, and completely covered the animal; the yellow boots hung around his flanks, and the jewels, arranged in festoons, and displayed with art, formed a most brilliant spectacle. A youth of the most distinguished family was seated on the camel, crying out

* She-camels of the best breed.

† An equestrian exercise with staves, which are thrown like javelins. These staves are called djerids.

with a loud voice, 'May we always be victorious! May the fire of our enemies be for ever extinguished!' Other boys accompanied him, chanting 'Amen.' As for myself, I ran from one spot to another to enjoy the sight more fully. On this occasion Bargiass came to meet us with the horsemen and women of his tribe. On the junction of the two cavalcades the shouts and songs became absolutely deafening, and the horses, darting on all sides, shortly enveloped us in a cloud of dust. When the presents were displayed, and ranged in order around the tent of Bargiass, coffee was made in a huge caldron, and each took some whilst waiting for the feast. Ten camels, thirty sheep, and a prodigious quantity of rice, formed the groundwork of the repast, after which a second caldron of coffee was emptied. The dowry being approved of, the ceremony was concluded by a fresh recital of the prayer, and it was agreed that Giarah should come and take his bride in three days. Before departing, I went to the women's apartment to introduce Scheik Ibrahim to a more particular acquaintance with the wife of Bargiass, and to again thank her for the care she had taken of me. She replied that she was disposed to increase my obligations to her by giving me her niece in marriage; but Scheik Ibrahim deferred to the next year my profiting by her good wishes in this respect.

On the eve of the day fixed for the nuptials a report came that a formidable army of Wahabites had appeared in the desert. Couriers were despatched to all the tribes to order three or four of them to join together, so that they might be ready to receive the enemy at all points. Little was now wanting for the nuptials to be ushered by a fight to the death, instead of the mock battle which is usual on such events. The Drayhy and the other chiefs went forth at an early hour with 1000 horsemen and 500 women, to proceed to the conquest of the beautiful Sabha. When at a short distance from the camp, the cavalcade halted; the old men and women got off their horses, and awaited the issue of a combat between the young men who strove to carry off the bride and those of her tribe who opposed their design. This fight is sometimes attended with fatal consequences; but the bridegroom is not permitted to take part in it, as his life might be exposed to the plots of his rivals. This time the combatants got off with a score or so of wounds, and the victory, according to reason, was with our champions, who bore away the bride, and consigned her to the females of our tribe. Sabha was accompanied by twenty young maidens, and followed by three loaded camels. The first carried her haudag, covered with scarlet cloth, trimmed with fringes and knobs of various-coloured worsted, and ornamented with ostrich plumes. Festoons of shells, and little fillets of coloured glass, adorned the interior, and formed the framework of small mirrors, which, placed at intervals, reflected the scene on all sides; silken cushions were also prepared to receive the bride. The second camel was loaded with her tent, and the third with her carpets and cooking utensils. The bride being seated in

her haudag, and surrounded by the wives of the chiefs, likewise mounted on their camels, and other women on foot, the march commenced. Horsemen, cantering in front, announced our approach to the tribes who were to meet us; and they came forward, sprinkling incense and slaughtering sheep at the feet of the bride's camels. No description can give an exact idea of this scene, nor of that which continued all the day and all the night. It would be impossible to depict the dances, songs, firing of muskets, banquets, shouts of all sorts, or the tumult, which followed our arrival. Two thousand pounds of rice, twenty camels, and fifty sheep, were consumed at the table of the chiefs. Eight entire tribes were fed by the hospitality of Faress, and they still kept shouting in the middle of the night, 'Let any one who is hungry come and eat.' My reputation was so great amongst them, that Giarah asked me for a talisman to assure the happiness of his marriage. I accordingly wrote his cipher and that of his wife in European letters, and delivered him the same with much solemnity. No one could have doubted the efficacy of this charm on beholding the satisfaction of the newly-married pair.

Some days after this solemnisation, having been apprised that the Wahabites, with a force of 10,000 fighting men, were besieging Palmyra, the Drayhy issued orders to proceed to their encounter, and we came up with them at El Dauh. A few shots were exchanged to the fall of night, but without coming to any serious combat. I had an opportunity of appreciating the benefits of the mardouffs in these desert wars, where the supplies for the army must be carried with it for a lengthened period. These camels, each bearing two men, are like locomotive fortresses, and are provided with all that is necessary for the nourishment and defence of their riders. A leathern jar of water, a sack of meal, another of dried dates, a jug of butter, and munitions of war, form a sort of square tower on the back of the animal. The men, comfortably perched on rope seats on each side, need no assistance from any one. When they are hungry, they knead a little meal with some butter, and eat it without being baked; a few dates and a mouthful of water completing the repast of these moderate men. They do not quit the camel to sleep, but stretch themselves out as I have already explained. There was a more serious fight the following day. Our Bedouins fought with more energy than their foes, because they had behind them their women and children; whilst the Wahabites, far from their homes, and in search of nothing but plunder, were not anxious to risk their lives when there was nothing to gain. Night parted the combatants, but at the dawn of day the battle recommenced with fury. At last victory declared in our favour towards evening: we slew sixty of their warriors, took twenty-two prisoners, fourteen fine mares, and sixty camels. The rest fled, and left us masters of the field of battle. This victory considerably increased the renown of the Drayhy, and Scheik Ibrahim was beside himself with joy, crying out at repeated intervals, 'Thanks be to God, our business prospers!'

Having no more enemies to fear in the desert of Syria, Scheik Ibrahim separated for some time from the Drayhy, and went to Homs to buy merchandise, and to write to Europe. During our sojourn in this town he gave me full liberty to amuse and solace myself after all my fatigues. I made excursions into the country every day with my young friends, and I felt a double enjoyment in this life, by the contrast which it afforded to that I had led amongst the Arabs. But alas! my joy was destined to be of short duration, and to be quickly changed into bitter sadness! A messenger, who had been to Aleppo bringing money for M. Lascaris, handed me a letter from my mother, who was plunged into the depths of affliction by the death of my elder brother, carried off by the plague. Her letter was quite incoherent, on account of her grief. She was ignorant what had become of me for nearly three years; and she conjured me, if I were still in the land of the living, to come and see her. This dismal intelligence took away my senses, and I remained three days unconscious where I was, and without taking any nourishment. Owing to the attentions of M. Lascaris, I recovered from my swoon by degrees, but all the favour I could obtain from him was liberty to write my poor mother, and send her my letter only the day before our departure, lest she should herself come in search of me. But I pass over the details of my personal feelings, which cannot interest the reader, to return to our journey. The Drayhy having given us to understand that he would soon depart for the East, we hastened to get on the road to join him. He had placed at our disposal three camels, two mares, and four guides. The day of our departure from Homs I felt so extraordinary an oppression on my heart, that I was disposed to regard it as a presentiment of misfortune. It seemed to me that I was marching to a premature death. However, I reasoned as well as I could upon the matter, and at length persuaded myself that the heaviness I experienced was occasioned by the depression into which my mother's pitiable letter had plunged me. So we set off; and after marching the whole day, our guides induced us to continue the journey by night, as we had only a twenty hours' distance to clear. Nothing of moment occurred to us until midnight. The monotonous motion of the march was setting us a-dozing, when the guide in front exclaimed, 'Keep your eyes wide awake, and take care of yourselves, for we are on the brink of a deep precipice.' The path was only a foot broad; on one side we had a perpendicular mountain, and on the other the precipice called Wadi-el-Hail. I awoke with a start, rubbed my eyes, and seized hold of the bridle, which I had let fall on the neck of my mare; but this precaution, which was intended for safety, was precisely what endangered my life, for the horse having stumbled against a stone, fear made me jerk the reins with too much force; the animal reared, and in coming to the earth again, it got off the track, and tumbled headlong down the precipice, carrying me with it. What followed the first moments of agony I know not, but Scheik Ibrahim favoured me afterwards with the account, which

I here give. Trembling with alarm, he descended from horseback, and attempted to pry into the gulf down which I had disappeared; but the night was too dark, the noise of my horse alone giving any token of the disaster, and he could see nothing but a black abyss beneath his feet. Then he began to weep, and to conjure the guides to descend the precipice; but they pronounced it impracticable in the deep gloom, assuring him, besides, that it was quite useless, as I must of necessity not only be dead, but brayed to atoms by the projections of the rocks. He thereupon declared he would not stir from the spot until the daylight permitted a search to be made; and he promised 100 tallaris to him who should bring up my body, however mutilated it might be, as he could not consent to leave it a prey to wild beasts. He therefore seated himself on the edge of the gulf, awaiting in mournful despair the first glimmerings of the dawn.

As soon as it was light, all the four men descended with difficulty, and found me without consciousness, hanging by my belt, head downwards. The mare, quite dead, was lying a few fathoms lower down, at the bottom of the ravine. I had ten wounds on my head, my left arm was completely unfleshed, my ribs crushed, and my legs lacerated even to the bone. When they laid me at the feet of Scheik Ibrahim, I gave no sign of life; he threw himself upon me weeping; but having some surgical knowledge, and never travelling without a small medicine chest, he gave not himself up long to a barren grief. He first of all convinced himself, by applying spirits to the nostrils, that I was not quite dead, so he carefully placed me on a camel, and returned to the village El Habedin. During this short passage my body swelled prodigiously, but gave no other sign of life. The scheik of the village had me laid on a mattress, and sent to fetch a surgeon from Homs. I remained nine whole hours without evincing the least sensibility. At the end of that time I opened my eyes, without having any perception of what was going on around me, or the least recollection of what had befallen me. I felt myself as if under the influence of a dream, experiencing no pain. In this lethargic state I continued twenty-four hours, and came out of it only to be tortured by inconceivable agonies. It would have been a hundred times better that I had remained at the bottom of the precipice. Scheik Ibrahim never left me for an instant, and was incessant in his promises of recompense to the surgeon if he succeeded in saving my life. This latter was full of zeal and good wishes for my recovery; but his ability was not of the first order, and at the end of thirty days I was in a state so deplorable that gangrene was feared. The Drayhy had come to see me as soon as he heard of my accident; he also shed tears over my shattered person, and stimulated the activity of my professional attendant by bribes to his cupidity. In the midst of his acute sensibility, however, he could not avoid an occasional lamentation for the loss of his mare Abalge, which was of the pure breed, and worth 10,000 piastres. But both he and Ibrahim were truly chagrined, for they

were apprehensive not only of losing me, to whom, indeed, they were sincerely attached, but still more of seeing all their operations overthrown in consequence of my death. I endeavoured to reassure them, by telling them that I did not believe I should die; but there was no expectation to be indulged that I should be in a fit state to travel for a very long time, if I did not finally succumb.

The Drayhy was obliged to take leave of us, to continue his migration to the East, where he was to pass the winter. Scheik Ibrahim was in utter despair when he saw my condition become daily worse. At last, having been informed that a more skilful surgeon than the first one lived at El Daïr Attié, he sent for him; but he refused to come, requiring that the invalid should be brought to him. Consequently they made ready a species of litter as well as they could, and carried me to him, at the risk of witnessing my dissolution on the road. This new surgeon entirely changed the dressing of my wounds, and washed them with hot wine. I stayed three months with him, suffering a pure martyrdom, and a thousand times regretting the death I had escaped from. I was subsequently transported to the village of Nabek, where I was confined to bed for other five months. It was only then that a state of convalescence really commenced, although it was often interrupted by relapses: when I saw a horse, for instance, I grew pale, and fell off in a fit. This nervous state continued for nearly a month longer. By degrees I succeeded in overcoming this feeling; but I must confess that a disagreeable thrill always seizes me when I see that animal, and I swore at that time never to mount one without an absolute necessity.

My illness cost nearly 500 tallaris to Scheik Ibrahim—but what valuation shall I affix to his paternal care and solicitude! I surely owe my life to him. During my state of convalescence we learnt that our friend the pacha of Damascus was displaced for another, Soleyman Selim. This intelligence annoyed us very much, as we feared we might thereby endanger our influence with the Turks. Ten months were elapsed, a second spring had come, and we were impatiently awaiting the arrival of our friends the Bedouins, when a courier fortunately reached us with the happy tidings of their approach. We hastened to send him back to the Drayhy, who gave him a large reward for the good news he brought of my recovery: it caused a general joy in the camp, where I had been long regarded as a dead man. We waited for a few days more, until the tribe had come nearer to us. In this interval a singular story came to my ears, which I think worthy of being related as a picture of manners.

An Anatolian merchant, with an escort of 50 men, was driving 10,000 sheep to sell at Damascus. On the road he got acquainted with three Bedouins, and formed a friendship with one of them; at the moment of separating from them his friend proposed to unite in a fraternity with him. The merchant saw no great purpose to be served by his having a brother among the beggarly Bedouins, he being a man of ten thousand sheep, and escorted by fifty soldiers;

but the Bedouin, by name Chatti, insisting upon the matter, to get rid of his importunity he consented to give him two piastres and a handful of tobacco as pledges of fraternity. Chatti divided the two piastres between his comrades, saying to them, 'Be witnesses that this man has become my brother.' They then separated, and the merchant thought no more about it. When he had arrived at a spot called Ain el Alak, a party of Bedouins, superior in number, attacked his escort, put it to flight, seized upon his sheep, and completely despoiled him, leaving him nothing but the shirt on his back. In this denuded plight he reached Damascus, cursing the Bedouins and his pretended brother Chatti, whom he accused of betraying and selling him. The news of so rich a capture soon spread throughout the desert, and came to the ears of Chatti, who, seeking out his two witnesses, came with them before Soultan el Berak, chief of the tribe El Ammour, announced to him that he was the brother of the merchant who had been plundered, and summoned him to get justice executed, so that he might fulfil the duties of his fraternity. Soultan, having heard the evidence of the two witnesses, was obliged to accompany Chatti to the scheik of the tribe El Nahimen, who had got possession of the sheep, and demand their restitution according to the Bedouin laws. The scheik felt himself constrained to restore them; and Chatti, being well assured that not one was wanting, set off for Damascus with the herds and flocks. Leaving them outside the city, he entered alone to seek out his brother, whom he found seated in doleful mood before a café in the bazaar. He went straight to him with a joyous air; but the merchant averted his face in a rage, and Chatti had great difficulty in getting him to listen to him, and still more in convincing him that his sheep were waiting for him beyond the walls. He feared a fresh snare, and consented most reluctantly to follow the Bedouin. When the sight of his flock assured him of the truth, he fell upon the neck of Chatti, and expressing to him the fulness of his gratitude, he urged him to accept a recompense proportioned to so great a service. But the Bedouin would only receive a pair of boots and a *cafié* (handkerchief), worth at the most a tallari, and after eating with his friend, he set off to rejoin his tribe.

Our first interview with the Drayhy was truly touching. He came himself, with the chief men of his tribe, to seek us at the village of Nabek, and carried us, as it were, in triumph to the camp. On the road he told us of the wars he had sustained in the territory of Samarcand, and the success he had had in conquering four of the principal tribes,* and afterwards inducing them to sign the treaty. It was of great importance to have detached in time these tribes from the alliance of the Wahabites, whose tributaries they had formerly been; for rumour ran that our enemies were preparing a formidable army, and flattering themselves with the prospect of becoming

* The tribe El Krassa, chief Zahauran Ebn Houad; the tribe El Mahlac, chief Nabac Ebn Habed; the tribe El Meraikrat, chief Roudan Ebn Abed; and the tribe El Zekcr, chief Matlac Ebn Fayhan.

masters of all Syria. We shortly afterwards had authentic intelligence that this army was on the march, spreading everywhere on its passage terror and devastation. The pacha of Damascus sent orders to the governors of Homs and Hama to mount guard night and day, and to keep their troops ready for battle. The inhabitants fled to the coast, to get out of the way of the Wahabites, whose name alone was sufficient to scare them from their hearths. The Drayhy was honoured with an invitation from the pacha to come to Damascus, and hold a conference with him. Fearing some treachery, he excused himself under the pretext of being unable to quit his post at this critical juncture. He demanded some auxiliary troops from him, hoping with them to make head against the enemy. Whilst waiting for this reinforcement, the Drayhy caused a solemn declaration of war to be made, according to the custom of the Bedouins on grand occasions, in the following manner:—A white she-camel was selected, which they completely blackened with smoke and oil; they put a halter of black hair upon her, and set on her back a young maiden dressed in black, her face and hands being likewise painted black. Ten men conducted her from tribe to tribe, and upon arriving at each, she cried out three times, 'Recruit! recruit! recruit! Who will whiten this camel for you? See a piece of the Drayhy's tent which threatens ruin! Hasten, hasten, great and generous champions. The Wahabite comes; he will carry away your allies and brethren. All you who hear me, address your prayers to the prophets Mahomet and Ali, the first and the last!'

On uttering these words, she distributed handfuls of black hair, and letters from the Drayhy, indicating the place of rendezvous on the banks of the Orontes. In a short time our camp was swelled with thirty tribes, united upon one plain, the ropes of the tents touching each other. The pacha of Damascus sent 6000 men to Hama, commanded by his nephew, Ibrahim Pacha, to wait there for other troops, which the pachas of Aleppo and Acre had to furnish. They had scarcely effected a junction, when the arrival of the Wahabites at Palmyra was announced by the inhabitants, who fled for refuge to Hama. Ibrahim Pacha wrote to the Drayhy, who shortly visited him, and they arranged in concert their plan of defence. The Drayhy, who had taken me with him as his counsellor, informed me of his agreement; and I observed to him that the stipulation, fixing the union of the Bedouins and Turks in the same camp was very dangerous, as the latter, during the tumult of battle, had no means of distinguishing their friends from their enemies. In fact, as the Bedouins are all dressed alike, they only recognise each other in the fray by their war-cries, each tribe continually repeating its own—as Khraïl el Allia Doualli; Khraïl el Biouda Hassny; Khraïl el Hamra Daffiry; &c. Khraïl signifies cavaliers; Allia, Biouda, Hamra, indicate the colour of some favourite mare; Doualli, Hassny, Daffiry, are the names of tribes; it is as if we said, *Cavalier of the red mare of Daffir*, &c. Others invoke their sisters, or some other beauties; thus the war-cry of the Drayhy is, *Ana akhron Rabda*—

'I, the brother of Rabda;' that of Mehanna, 'I, the brother of Fodda.' Both of these chiefs had sisters renowned for their beauty. The Bedouins are very proud of their war-cries, and treat him as a coward who dares not pronounce his own in the moment of danger. The Drayhy gave ear to my arguments, and got Ibrahim Pacha to consent, though with much difficulty, to a division of their forces.

The next day we returned to the camp, followed by the Mussulman army, composed of Dalatis, Albanians, Mogrebins, Houaras, and Arabs; in all, 15,000 men. They had with them some pieces of ordnance, some mortars, and bombs. They pitched their tents half an hour's distance from ours. Their haughty miens, the variety and richness of their costumes, and their banners, formed an imposing prospect; but in spite of their fine appearance, the Bedouins ridiculed them, and said they would be the first to fly. On the afternoon of the second day we descried a thick cloud towards the desert, stretching out like a black mist as far as the eye could reach; by degrees this cloud dispersed, and we had a view of the opposing army. This time they had with them their wives, children, and flocks. They fixed their camp an hour from us. Their army was composed of fifty tribes, forming in the whole 75,000 tents. Around each tent were camels and several sheep, which, joined to the horses and warriors, presented a formidable concourse to the eye. Ibrahim Pacha was terrified at it, and sent in all haste for the Drayhy, who, after instilling a little courage into him, returned to the camp to get the necessary intrenchments made. For this purpose they collected all the camels, bound them together by the knees, and placed them in a double row before the tents. To complete this rampart, a trench was dug behind them. The enemy did the same on his side. The Drayhy afterwards ordered the Hatfé to be prepared. This singular ceremony consists of the following particulars:—They choose the most beautiful of the Bedouin maidens, and place her in a haudag richly decorated, which is borne by a large white she-camel. The selection of the maiden who is to occupy this honourable but perilous post is of the highest importance, as the success of the battle almost always depends upon her. Planted in front of the enemy, and surrounded by picked warriors, her province is to excite them to the combat; the principal strife always rages around her, and prodigies of valour are exhibited in her defence. All would be lost if the Hatfé fell into the power of the enemy; so, to avoid that misfortune, half the army must always encompass her. The combatants succeed each other at this station where the fight is thickest, and every one seeks enthusiasm from her looks. A young girl named Arkié, who joined the highest degree of courage to eloquence and beauty, was chosen for the Hatfé. The enemy prepared his also, and shortly afterwards the battle began. The Wahabites were divided into two bodies; the first, and the most considerable, was commanded by Abdallah el Hedal, the generalissimo, and was in front of us; the second, under the command of Abou-Nocta, was before the Turks. The character

of the Turks, and their manner of fighting, are diametrically opposed to those of the Bedouins. The Arab, prudent and cool, commences at first with calmness; then becoming animated by degrees, at last grows furious and irresistible. The Turk, on the contrary, proud and self-sufficient, falls impetuously on the enemy, thinking he has only to appear to conquer: he thus throws all his energy into the first shock.

Ibrahim Pacha, seeing the Wahabites attacking leisurely, believed himself strong enough to disperse their whole army by his own force alone; but before the day was over, he was, after a costly fashion, learnt to respect his adversary. His troops were compelled to fall back, and leave us the whole weight of the action. The setting of the sun suspended the fight, a great many being killed on both sides. The next day we received a reinforcement: the tribe El Hadida arrived. It was 4000 strong, all mounted on jackasses, and armed with muskets. We numbered our forces, and found them amount to 80,000 men: the Wahabites had 150,000, so the battle on the following day was to their advantage; and the noise of our defeat, exaggerated as always happens in such cases, reached Hama, and threw the inhabitants into consternation. The second day more accurate intelligence calmed their fears. For twenty days an alternation of good and bad fortune put our constancy to the proof. The fighting became every day more terrible. On the fifteenth we had to resist a new enemy, more formidable than the Wahabites—famine. The town of Hama, which alone could furnish subsistence to the two armies, exhausted or concealed its supplies. The Turks took to flight, and our allies dispersed, to avoid dying of hunger. The camels, forming the ramparts of the camp, gnawed each other. In the midst of these frightful calamities the courage of Arkié winced not for a moment. The bravest of our warriors were slain by her side. She never ceased encouraging, exciting, and applauding them. She animated the old men by praising their valour and experience, and the young men by promising to marry him who should bring her the head of Abdallah el Hedal. I kept constantly near her haudag, and I saw the warriors present themselves to her, to hear her words of encouragement, and then rush into the thickest of the fight, roused to enthusiasm by her eloquence. I confess that I felt more comfortable in listening to than receiving her eulogies, for they were almost the invariable precursors of death.

I was near one day when a handsome young man, one of our bravest warriors, presented himself before her haudag. 'Arkié,' said he, 'oh thou, the most beauteous amongst the beautiful! allow me to see thy visage; I am going to fight for thee.' Arkié, showing herself, answered, 'Behold me! oh thou most valiant of men! thou knowest my price, the head of Abdallah!' The young man brandished his lance, gave spurs to his charger, and dashed amongst the enemy. In less than two hours he was dead, covered with wounds. 'God preserve you,' said I to Arkié; 'the noble youth is killed.' 'He is not the only one who has not returned,' she replied mournfully. At

this moment appeared a warrior cased in a cuirass from head to foot; his boots even were plated with steel, and his horse covered with a coat of mail. The Wahabites had twenty of these invulnerable soldiers in their ranks, and we had twelve. He advanced towards our camp, summoning the Drayhy to single combat. This usage is of high antiquity amongst the Bedouins: he who is challenged cannot refuse the combat without dishonour. The Drayhy hearing his name, prepared to answer the appeal, but his relations joined with us in preventing him. His life was of too much importance to risk it in this manner; his death would have involved with it the total ruin of our cause, and the destruction of the two allied armies. But persuasion was useless, and we were compelled to use force. We bound him with cords, hand and foot, to the stakes in the ground, in the middle of his tent, whilst the most influential chiefs soothed him, and strove to calm him, by pointing out to him the absurdity of exposing the safety of the army by answering the insolent bravado of a savage Wahabite. This latter, however, continually shouted out, 'Let the Drayhy come out!—his last day is arrived: I am the man to cut short his career.'

The Drayhy heard him, and grew completely furious: he foamed with rage, and roared like a wild beast; his eyes, red with blood, started out of his head, and he strove against his bonds with a fearful force. The tumult he made drew a considerable assembly round his tent. Suddenly a Bedouin, making his way through the crowd, presented himself before the Drayhy. A shirt girt about his loins by a leathern belt, and a cafié upon his head, were his sole garments. Mounted upon an Alezan horse, and with no other weapon than a lance, he demanded leave to fight the Wahabite, instead of the scheik, reciting the following verses:—

'This day, I, Tehaisson, have become master of the horse Hadidi: I have long desired him. I wish to receive on his back the praises due to my valour. I go to fight and conquer the Wahabite, for the bright eyes of my bride, and to render myself worthy the daughter of him who has always vanquished his foe.'

He said, and sprang to the combat against the antagonist champion. No one imagined that he could resist for the space of half an hour his powerful adversary, whom his armour rendered invulnerable; but if he did not deal out very murderous blows, he contrived with marvellous address to escape those directed against himself for the two hours that the combat continued. All was in suspense, and the most intense interest was manifested on both sides. At last our champion turned his horse, and seemed to fly. All hope was extinguished; the enemy was about to proclaim his triumph. The Wahabite pursued him, and with a hand invigorated by the confidence of victory, threw his lance at him; but Tehaisson, foreseeing his intention, bent down to the bow of his saddle, and the weapon passed whistling over his head: then turning suddenly round, he dug the iron into his adversary's throat, seizing the instant when he raised his head to rein in his horse. This motion leaving an interval

between the helmet and cuirass, below the chin, the lance passed right through, and killed him on the spot; but the corpse, sustained in the saddle by its armour, was borne by the horse to the midst of the enemy, and Tehaisson returned in triumph to the tent of the Drayhy, where he was received with enthusiasm. All the chiefs embraced him, and loaded him with praises and presents, nor was Scheik Ibrahim the last to make him feel the weight of his gratitude. But the famine still continued as well as the war; we remained two days in the tent of the Drayhy without eating anything. On the third he received three *couffes* of rice, which Mola Ismael, chief of the Dallatis, sent him as a present. Instead of husbanding it as a last resource, he gave orders for the whole of it to be baked, and invited to supper all those who were present. His son Sahep would not sit down to table; but being urged by his father, he demanded that his portion should be given him, and he carried it to his mare, saying that he preferred suffering himself to seeing her want food.

It was now the thirty-seventh day since the commencement of the war; on the thirty-eighth there was most terrible fighting. The camp of the Osmanlis was taken and plundered. The pacha had scarcely time to save himself in Hama, where he was pursued by the Wahabites, who laid siege to the place.

The defeat of the Turks was the more disastrous to us, as it left the second division of the enemy, commanded by the famous negro Abou-Nocta, at liberty to join Abdallah, and attack us in concert. The next day a frightful encounter took place; the Bedouins were so mingled together, that the two parties could no longer be distinguished. They fought man to man with the sabre; the whole plain flowed with blood; the colour of the soil was changed from the saturation; never perhaps was such a bloody strife. It lasted eight days without intermission. The inhabitants of Hama, persuaded that we were all exterminated, no longer sent us those rare supplies which from time to time had saved us from perishing of hunger. At last the Drayhy, seeing the evil at its height, assembled the chiefs, and thus addressed them:—'My friends, we must make a last attempt. To-morrow we must die or vanquish. To-morrow if God permits it, I will destroy the enemy's camp, and we will gorge ourselves with his spoils.'

An incredulous smile greeted his harangue; but some of the more courageous answered, 'Say on; we will obey you.' He continued—'This night you must pass over, without noise, your tents, women, and children, to the other side of the Orontes. Let all have disappeared before the rising of the sun, without the enemy having any inkling of the matter. Then, having nothing more to care about, we will fall upon him with desperation, and exterminate him or perish ourselves. God will be with us: we will be victorious!'

Everything was executed as he had commanded with an incredible order, silence, and despatch. The next morning only the warriors remained. The Drayhy divided them into four troops, ordering them to attack the enemy's camp on four sides at the same time.

They threw themselves on their prey like famished lions. This impetuous and simultaneous charge was attended with all the success that could be desired. Confusion and disorder ensued amongst the Wahabites, who took to flight, abandoning women, children, tents, and baggage. The Drayhy, without giving his soldiers time to seize the booty, forced them to pursue the fugitives even to Palmyra, and allowed them no repose until the enemy was utterly dispersed. When the victory was secured for us, I departed with Scheik Ibrahim to announce the happy news at Hama; but no one would give credit to our tale, and they were inclined to treat us ourselves as fugitives. The inhabitants were in a most excited state: some were running to the walls, whence they could see nothing but clouds of dust; others were getting ready their mules to fly to the coast; but the defeat of the Wahabites being shortly placed beyond doubt, the most extravagant demonstrations of joy succeeded their excessive terror. A Tatar was despatched to Damascus, who returned with forty loads of wheat, 25,000 piastres, a sabre and pelisse of honour for the Drayhy, who made his triumphal entry into Hama, escorted by all the chiefs of the allied tribes. He was received by the governor, the agas, the pacha, and all his court, in magnificent style.

After four days spent in rejoicings, we quitted Hama, to rejoin the tribes, and conduct them to the east on the approach of winter. The Drayhy took his departure with twelve of them; the remainder, in clustres of five or six together, spread themselves over the desert of Damascus. Our first halt was at Tall el Dehab, in the territory of Aleppo, where we found four tribes that had taken no part in the war. The chiefs came to pay their respects to the Drayhy, impressed with a due awe for his recent exploits, and soliciting the favour of being permitted to sign our treaty of alliance.* From there we marched without stopping to join our friend the Emir Faher, who received us with the most lively symptoms of joy. We crossed the Euphrates with him and several other tribes, who were going like us into Mesopotamia, some towards Hamad, and others to the desert of Bassorah. We received on the road a letter from Fares el Harba, announcing to us that six of the great tribes who had fought against us with the Wahabites were encamped in the Hébassie, near to Mechadali; that they were well disposed to make peace with us; and that if the Drayhy would send me to him, with full powers to treat, he believed success was inevitable. I lost not a moment in availing myself of his invitation, and after a six days' march, I arrived at his camp without accident. Fares el Harba, having immediately struck his tents, conducted me to a day's journey from these tribes.† Then I wrote in his name to the Emir Douackry,

* Fares Ebn Aggid, chief of the tribe El Bechake, 500 tents; Cassan Ebn Unkban, chief of El Chiamsi, 1000 tents; Selamé Ebn Nahssan, chief of El Fuaher, 600 tents; Mehanna el Saneh, chief of El Salba, 800 tents.

† The tribe El Fedhan, composed of 5000 tents; El Sabba, 4000 tents; El Fekaka, 1500; El Messahid, 3500; El Salca, 3000; and Benni Dehabb, 5000 tents.

the chief of the tribe El Fedhay, to invite him to form an alliance with the Drayhy, promising him a complete oblivion of the past. Douackry came in person to the camp of Fares el Harba, and we soon struck an agreement; but he told us he could only answer for his own tribe, and considered it a very difficult matter to succeed with the other five. He proposed to me, however, that I should accompany him home, offering to invite the chiefs to his tent, and use all his influence with them. Accepting his proposal, I departed with him. When we arrived in the midst of what ought to have been an encampment, I was much concerned to perceive countless crowds of Bedouins squatted in the open air. Having lost their tents and baggage in battle, they had no bed but the earth, and no covering but the sky. A few rags, hung here and there upon stakes, gave a little shade to these miserable people, who had taken off their only garment to procure a feeble shelter against the burning heat of the sun, and who were lying quite naked, exposed to the bites of insects, and the prickly points of the plant which the camels crop. Several had no defence whatever against the heat of the day and the chillness of night, the contrast between which at this season is quite murderous, when the winter is beginning to be felt.

I had never conceived the idea of so perfect a misery. The sad spectacle oppressed my heart, and drew tears from my eyes: I was some time in recovering from the emotion it occasioned. The following day Douackry assembled the chiefs and old men, to the number of 500. Alone, in the midst of such a concourse, I despaired of making myself heard, and, above all, of drawing them to one opinion. These men, of different characters and manners, and soured by misfortune, had all their own ideas to propound; and if none had any hope of rendering his own counsel predominant, he at least stuck to it obstinately as a point of honour, leaving each at perfect freedom to do the same. Some voted for going to the country of Negde, others for retiring to Samarcand; some vociferated imprecations on the head of Abdallah, general of the Wahabite army, and others denounced the Drayhy as the author of all their ills. Amid this din, I armed myself with courage, and endeavoured to refute all their arguments. I first of all began by shaking their confidence in the Wahabites, telling them that Abdallah had necessarily become their enemy, since they had abandoned him on the day of the concluding engagement, and that he would do all in his power to revenge himself upon them; that, by going into the Negde, they voluntarily precipitated themselves into the yoke of Ebn Sihoud, who would crush them with contributions, and make them support the whole weight of a disastrous war; and that, having once deserted his cause, and escaped from his fangs, it was better not to follow the example of the bird which, avoiding the gun of the shooter, flew to the net of the fowler. Finally, I called to mind the fable of the bundle of sticks; and conceiving that such a practical illustration would have an effect upon their simple minds, I determined to make the application of it before them. Therefore, after setting forth the advantages of union as a resistance

to oppression, I took from the hands of the scheiks thirty djerids, and I presented one to the Emir Fares, begging him to break it, which he did with great ease. I presented to him in succession two and three together, which he likewise broke, for he was a man of great muscular power. At last I presented to him the whole bundle, which he could neither break nor bend. 'Machalla,' said I to him, 'thou hast no strength,' and I passed the staves to another, who had no better success. Then a general murmur arose in the assembly. 'What man is there who could break such a mass?' they exclaimed with one accord. 'I take you upon your own words,' I answered; and in the most energetic language I explained the apologue to them, adding, that I had been so painfully affected at seeing them without shelter or clothes, that I bound myself to solicit from the Drayhy the restitution of their baggage and tents, and that I was sufficiently acquainted with his magnanimity to answer for the success of my request, if they frankly entered into the alliance, the advantages resulting from which I was come to explain to them. Then all with one voice shouted out, 'Thou hast prevailed, Abdallah; we are thine in life and death!' and they came and clasped me in their arms. In conclusion, it was agreed that they should give a meeting to the Drayhy, in the plain of Halla, to affix their seals to the treaty.

The next day I again crossed the Euphrates, and rejoined our tribe upon the fifth day. My friends were troubled at my long absence, and the recital of my fortunate negotiation filled them with rapture. I have so often described meetings, repasts, and rejoicings of all sorts, that I will pass over those that took place at the signing of the treaty of peace. The Emir Douackry buried the seven stones, and thus consummated the alliance. After dinner there was a ceremony performed, which I had never previously witnessed, that of taking the oath of fidelity upon bread and salt. The Drayhy ultimately declared that he was ready to fulfil the engagement I had taken in his name, by restoring the booty taken from the six tribes, who had just become his allies. But it was not sufficient to have this generous disposition; the difficulty was to find means to execute it. In the pillage of the camp of the Wahabites and their allies, the spoils of fifty tribes had been confounded together, and to distinguish the property of each was no easy task. It was agreed that the women alone could manage it; and it would be impossible to give an idea of the fatigue and tiresomeness of the five days which were employed in selecting the animals, tents, and baggage of the different tribes. Every camel and every sheep has two ciphers marked on its thigh by a hot iron; that of the tribe, and that of the owner. But as these letters resembled each other, or were half effaced, as constantly happens, the difficulty became extreme, and it needed more than generosity to arrange the disputes, and tire one's self to death in attempting to harmonise the opposing pretensions. I was indeed tempted to repent my emotion of compassion and my imprudent promise.

At this period a large caravan going from Bagdad to Aleppo

passed, and was plundered by the Fedans and Sabhas. It was very richly loaded with indigo, coffee, spices, Persian carpets, Cashemire stuffs, pearls, and other precious objects; we valued it at ten millions of piastres. As soon as this capture was known, merchants came, some of them from a great distance, to get by purchase or barter these rich possessions of the Bedouins, who sold them, or rather gave them away, for nothing. Thus they exchanged a measure of spices for a measure of dates, a Cashemire worth 1000 francs for a black mashla, a chest of indigo for a cotton robe, and entire pieces of Indian fabrics for a pair of boots. A merchant from Moussoul bought for a chemise, a mashlah, and a pair of boots, merchandise worth more than 15,000 piastres, and a ring of diamonds was given for a *rotab* of tobacco. I could have made my fortune on this occasion; but M. Lascaris forbade me to buy anything, or accept a present, and I scrupulously obeyed his orders. Every day tribes came to us from the country of Negde, abandoning the Wahabites to join us; some being attracted by the great reputation of the Drayhy, and others impelled by quarrels with King Ebn Sihoud. An event of this sort brought us five tribes all at once. The emir of the tribe Beny Tay had a very beautiful daughter named Camare (the moon). Fehrab, the son of the chief of a neighbouring tribe, and a relation of the Wahabite, became enamoured of her, and contrived to inspire her with a passion for him. The father of the maiden having perceived what was going on forbade her to speak to the prince, and he himself refused to receive him, or listen to his proposals, as Camare was destined for her cousin Tamer. It is a usage amongst the Bedouins, which is similar to one related in the Bible, that the nearest relation is preferred to every other, when a maiden is given in marriage. But Camare paid no attention to this custom of her country, or to the threats of her father, as she refused most positively to espouse her cousin; and her love augmenting in proportion to the obstacles which were opposed to its gratification, she ceased not to profit, by every opportunity, to hold correspondence with her lover. However, the latter, despairing of obtaining her by the consent of her parents, resolved to carry her off, and submitted the scheme to her by means of an old woman whom he had gained to his interests. Her consent being given, he introduced himself into the tribe of Beny Tay disguised as a mendicant, and arranged with her the hour and place of elopement. In the dead of night the young maid crept noiselessly out of her father's tent, and threw herself into the arms of the prince, who was waiting for her at the gate of the camp. He placed her behind him on his mare, and darted over the plain; but the secrecy and despatch with which the affair had been managed failed to shield it from the jealous eyes of Tamer. He, loving his cousin, and a maintainer of his rights according to law, had been watching the manœuvres of his rival for some time, and he himself mounted guard every night near the tent of Camare. He was making his round when the lovers went off; but he perceived them, and put himself in pursuit. Fehrab's mare, which possessed all the swiftness

natural to the breed of Negde, put forth all its speed, urged by the impatience of its master; but having the weight of two persons to bear, she had at last no strength left, and the redoubled blows of the spur could only induce a languid start, the sure symptom of complete exhaustion: the poor beast fell to the ground. Fehrab saw that Tamer was close upon him, so he seated his mistress on the ground, and made ready his defences. The combat was terrible, and its issue tragical. Tamer prevailed, slew Fehrab, and seized upon his cousin; but exhausted with fatigue, and lulled with a sense of security, he fell into a short slumber at her side. When Camare perceived that he was dozing, she snatched the sabre reeking with her lover's blood, severed her cousin's head from his body, and then threw herself upon the point of his lance, and dug it into her heart. All three were found in this condition when the people came who were in search of them. A murderous war between the two tribes followed this unpleasant event; that of Fehrab, supported by the Wahabites, forced Beny Tay to retreat, and it, accompanied by four allied tribes,* came to ask protection from the Drayhy, whose power was thenceforth without a rival. Five hundred thousand Bedouins, all ranged under our standard, formed but one camp, and covered Mesopotamia as if with a cloud of locusts.

Whilst we were in the vicinity of Bagdad, another caravan coming from Aleppo was plundered by our allies. It was loaded with European manufactures; cloths, velvets, satins, amber, coral, &c. Although the Drayhy took no part in this spoliation, it was too much after the fashion of the Bedouins for him to think of opposing it. The pacha of Bagdad demanded satisfaction, but obtained it not. Seeing that he would need an army of at least 50,000 men to procure justice, he gave up his claims, too happy to remain the friend of the Bedouins at any price. Scheik Ibrahim thus saw his hopes realised far beyond his most sanguine anticipations; but so long as anything remained to be done, he would take no repose. Therefore, crossing the Tigris at Abou el Ali, we pursued our march, and entered Persia. The renown of the Drayhy had preceded him, and the tribes of the country came continually to unite in fraternity with us; but in our vast plan of operations these partial alliances were not sufficient: it behoved us, above all things, to be assured of the co-operation of the great prince, the Emir Sahid el Bokhrari, chief of all the Persian tribes, whose sway extends to the frontiers of India. The family of this prince has possessed for many ages the sovereignty over the wandering tribes of Persia, and pretends to be descended from the kings Beni el Abass, who conquered Spain, and whose descendants still style themselves Bokhranis. We were informed that he was in a far-distant province. The Drayhy, having convoked a general council of all the chiefs, it was determined to traverse Persia, keeping as near as possible to the sea-coast, in order to avoid the mountains with which the interior of the country is bristled, and to have better pas-

* The tribe Beny Tay, composed of 4000 tents; El Hamarnid, 1500 tents; El Daffir, 2500 tents; El Hagiager, 800 tents; and Khresahel, 500 tents.

turage, although water was not plentiful on that route. On the march of a tribe, grass is of more importance than water, for the latter can be transported; but nothing can supply the want of grazing for the flocks, upon which the existence of the tribe itself depends.

The journey lasted fifty-one days. During all this time we met with no obstruction on the part of the inhabitants; but our march was often very painful, principally on account of the scarcity of water. On one occasion Scheik Ibrahim, taking notice of the nature of the soil, and the rankness of the grass, advised the Drayhy to dig in search of it. The Bedouins of the district treated this attempt as a piece of pure folly, saying that water had never been found in that place, and that it was necessary to send a distance of six hours to fetch it. But the Drayhy was not easily turned from his purpose: 'Scheik Ibrahim is a prophet,' said he; 'he must be obeyed in all things.' They dug in consequence at several points, and in truth, four feet down, excellent water was found. On beholding this happy result, the Bedouins proclaimed, with loud shouts, Scheik Ibrahim to be a true prophet, and his discovery a miracle. Little was wanting in the excess of their gratitude for his being worshipped by them as a god. After passing the mountains and valleys of Karman, which took several days, we arrived at the river of Karassan, a deep and rapid stream; having crossed it, we proceeded towards the coast, where the road was less difficult. We made acquaintance with the Bedouins of Agiam Estan, who received us with cordiality; and on the forty-second day's march from our entry into Persia, we reached El Hendouan, where one of their most considerable tribes was encamped, under the chieftainship of Hebiek el Mahdan. We hoped that our journey was near its close, but this scheik gave us to understand that the Emir Sahid was still nine days' march from there—namely, at Merah-Fames, upon the Indian frontier. He offered us guides to conduct us there, and to point out the places where a stock of water was required to be laid in. Without this precaution, we had probably perished in this last passage.

Couriers were sent in advance to apprise the great prince of our approach, and to assure him of our pacific intentions. On the ninth day he appeared in front of us, at the head of an army of most formidable aspect. At first, we were not over and above certain whether this display of force was intended to do us honour or to intimidate us. The Drayhy began to repent of having adventured so far from his allies. However, he put a good face on the matter, placed the women and baggage in the rear, and went forward with some picked warriors, and accompanied by his friend the Scheik Saker. (This was he to whom, in the preceding year, he had delegated the command in the desert of Bassorah, and who had laid the train for all our alliances during our sojourn in Syria.) The friendly intentions of the prince were quickly declared; for he, separating from his troops, advanced with some horsemen into the middle of the plain which separated the two armies. The Drayhy did the like, and

the two chiefs met midway, descended from their horses, and embraced each other with marks of the most perfect cordiality.

If I had not so frequently described the hospitality of the desert, I would have had many things to say upon the reception given us by the Emir Sahid, and the three days of festival which were passed with him; but in order to avoid repetitions, I will not speak of them, and will merely remark that the Persian Bedouins, being more pacific than those of Araby, easily entered into our views, and had a surprising conception of the value of the commercial intercourse we wished to establish with India. This was all that we needed to make them understand touching the object of our enterprise. The emir promised the co-operation of all the Persian tribes under his dominion, and volunteered his influence to win those of India, who have a high regard for him on account of the antiquity of his race, and his personal reputation for wisdom and generosity. He made a separate treaty with us, conceived in these terms: 'In the name of the beneficent and merciful God, I, Sahid, son of Bader, son of Abdallah, son of Barakat, son of Ali, son of Bokhrani, of happy memory, declare I have given my sacred word to the puissant Drayhy Ebn Chahlan, Scheik Ibrahim, and Abdallah el Kratib. I pronounce myself their faithful ally; I accept all the conditions which are specified in the general treaty which is lodged in their hands. I engage myself to aid and support them in all their projects, and to guard an inviolable secrecy touching the same. Their enemies shall be my enemies; their friends my friends. I invoke the name of Ali, the first amongst men, and the well-beloved of God, in testimony of my word.'

(*Signed and sealed.*)

We remained yet six days with the tribe of Sahid, and had an opportunity of remarking the difference between the manners of those Bedouins and our own. They are milder, and more moderate and patient, but less brave and generous, and much less respectful to the women. They have a considerable share of religious prejudice, and follow the precepts of the sect of Ali. Besides the lance, sabre, and musket, they have also battle-axes. Prince Sahid sent the Drayhy two fine Persian mares, led by two negroes, and he in return made the prince a present of a black mare, of the breed of Negde, called Houban Heggin, of great value. He likewise added some ornaments for the women. Our camp was fixed not far from Menouna, the last town of Persia, twenty leagues from the frontier of the East Indies, on the banks of a river called by the Bedouins El Gitan. On the seventh day, after taking leave of Sahid, we commenced our retrograde march in order to reach Syria before the heats of summer. We journeyed rapidly, and without caution, when one day, being in the province of Karman, our cattle were forayed, and on the morrow we ourselves were attacked by a powerful tribe, commanded by the Emir Redaini, who is the self-constituted guardian of the caliphate of Persia—an imperious man, and one jealous of his authority. These Bedouins, although much superior to us in number, were far

below us in the essentials of courage and discipline; besides, our troops were under a more experienced general. But the position of the Drayhy was extremely critical; we were lost if the enemy gained the least advantage, as all the Karman Bedouins would have encompassed us, as if with a net, from which it had been impossible to break loose. We therefore perceived the necessity of impressing respect by a decisive victory, which would take from them for the future any desire to enter the lists with him. He made the most skilful dispositions and combinations to secure the triumph of courage over numbers; he displayed all the resources of his military genius and his long experience, and performed in his own person prodigies of valour. Never had he evinced more calmness in command or impetuosity in the fight. Thus was the enemy compelled to beat a retreat, and leave us alone. However, the Drayhy, thinking that it would be imprudent to leave behind a hostile tribe, though beaten, stopt the march, and sent back a courier to the Emir Sahid to inform him of what had come to pass. This messenger returned at the end of some days, charged with a very friendly letter for the Drayhy, and enclosing one addressed to Redaini, couched in these terms :—'In the name of God, the supreme Creator. Let homage and prayer be addressed to the greatest, most potent, most honourable, most learned, and most beautiful of the prophets; the bravest of the brave, the greatest of the great, the caliph of the caliphs, the lord of the sabre, the red ruby, the converter of souls, the Imaun Ali! This letter is from Sahid el Bokhrari, the master of the two seas, and the two Persias, to his brother, the Emir Redaini, son of Kroukiar. We make known to you that our brother, the Emir Drayhy Ebn Chahlan, of the country of Bagdad and Damascus, is come from afar to visit us, and make our alliance. He has marched upon our land, and eaten of our bread; we have accorded to him our friendship, and, furthermore, we have entered into particular engagements with him, from which a great good and general tranquillity will result. We desire that you will do as much on your part; be careful not to fail herein, for otherwise you will lose our esteem, and act contrary to the will of God, and the glorious Imaun Ali!'

To this were appended several citations from their holy books, the Giaffer el Giameh, and the usual salutations. We sent this letter to the Emir Redaini, who came to visit us, accompanied by 500 horsemen, all very richly clad in stuffs, worked with gold: their weapons were mounted with chased silver, and the blades of their sabres of the pure Damascus temper. Amicable explanations having been entered into, Redaini copied with his own hand the particular treaty of the Emir Sahid, and subscribed it; he afterwards took coffee, but refused to dine with us, the fanatics of the sect of Ali not being allowed to eat either with Christians or Turks. To ratify the contract, he took an oath upon bread and salt, and then embraced the Drayhy with great protestations of brotherly love. His tribe, which is called El Mehaziz, contains 10,000 tents. Having taken leave of him, we continued our march by forced journeys, making fifteen leagues a day

without any stoppages. At last we arrived before Bagdad; and Scheik Ibrahim entered the city to take up money, but the season pressing on us, we tarried as short a time as possible. In Mesopotamia we had news of the Wahabites. Ebn Sihoud had given a very unfavourable reception to his general Hedal after his discomfiture, and had taken an oath to despatch a more powerful army than the last, under the command of his son, to wreak his vengeance on the Drayhy, and exterminate the Bedouins of Syria; but that, after being better informed of the resources which the Drayhy could deploy against him, and especially of his personal reputation, he had altered his language, and determined to draw him into an alliance. The foreign relations, which were becoming complicated, gave much probability to this report, for the pacha of Egypt, Mahomet-Ali, was preparing an expedition to invade Arabia Petræa, and seize upon the riches of Mecca, which were in the hands of Ebn Sihoud. We rejoiced with great glee at the prospect either of making peace with him, or of seeing him weakened by a foreign power. We continually encountered tribes which had not had a previous opportunity of signing the treaty, and now did so with alacrity.* On arriving in Syria, we received a courier from the king of the Wahabites, who brought us a small piece of paper, three finger-breadths broad, and nearly six long. These people affect the usage of the most diminutive forms, in order to present as striking a contrast as possible to the Turks, who write their firmans on very large sheets. The Arab characters take up such little room, that on this pitiful clout a very long and imperious letter was indited. It commenced by an act of faith or declaration, that God is alone, and without an equal—that he is *one*, universal, and has no likeness; then came all the titles of the king, whom God has invested with his sabre, to maintain his unity against the idolaters (Christians), who say the contrary. It continued thus:—'We, Abdallah, son of Abdel Aziz, son of Abdel Wahabs, son of Sihoud—we make known to you, oh son of Chahlan (may the only adorable God direct you in the right path!) that if you believe in God, you will obey his slave Abdallah, to whom he has delegated his power, and come to us without fear. You will be our well-beloved son; we will pardon the past, and treat you like one of us. But avoid stubbornness and resistance to our summons; for he who listens to our voice is numbered with the inmates of paradise.

We salute thee!

(Signed) El Manhoud Menalla Ebn Sihoud Abdallah.'

Upon receipt of this letter, we held a grand council of war; and after maturely weighing all the perils of the expedition against the advantages to be gained from an alliance with Ebn Sihoud, the Drayhy resolved to accede to his invitation. Scheik Ibrahim there-

*At Maktal el Abed we met two tribes; that of Derkajé, commanded by Sahdoum Ebn Wuali, 1300 tents strong; and that of Mahimen, commanded by Fahed Ebn Salche, of 300 tents. On crossing the Euphrates before Haiff, we also made alliance with Alayan Ebn Nadjed, chief of the tribe Bouharba, composed of 500 tents.

upon asked me if I had courage enough to face this fanatic, to whom I replied, 'I am well aware that I risk more than any other, on account of his hatred to the Christians; but I put my trust in God. Having to die some time, and having already offered up my life as a sacrifice, I am ready to do it once again, to conduct to an issue the enterprise which I have commenced.' The desire of seeing a country so interesting, and the extraordinary man himself, roused my spirit of daring; therefore, after recommending to M. Lascaris the care of my poor mother, in case I should meet an untimely end, I set off with the Drayhy, his second son Sahdoun, his nephew, his cousin, two of the principal chiefs, and five negroes, all mounted on dromedaries. During the absence of his father, Saher was nominated to command the tribe, and to conduct it to Horan, to meet the Drayhy, who reckoned upon returning by Hegiaz.

We made our first halt among the Bedouins of Beny Toulab, whose entire possessions consist of a few jackasses, and who live by the hunting of gazelles and ostriches. They clothe themselves with the gazelle-skins, rudely stitched together, in the form of a long robe, with very wide sleeves. The fur is on the outside, which gives them the appearance of fallow deer. I have seldom seen anything so perfectly uncouth as the appearance of these people. They favoured us with the diversion of an ostrich hunt, which was extremely interesting to me. The female ostrich lays her eggs in the sand, and fixes herself at some distance, keeping her eyes fixed upon them; she hatches them, as it were, with those organs, for she never averts them from the nest. She thus remains motionless half the day, until the male comes to relieve her; she then proceeds in search of food, whilst he stands sentry in his turn. The hunter, after discovering the eggs, forms a sort of stone screen, behind which he conceals himself, and awaits the favourable moment. When the female is alone, and the male at a sufficient distance not to be alarmed at the sound of a gun, he fires with ball, runs and picks up the bird mortally wounded, stanches the blood, and replaces it in the same position near the eggs. When the male returns, he approaches, without suspicion, to assume his station. The hunter, still in ambush, shoots him, and thus secures a double prey. If the male bird has been at all alarmed, it goes off at a rapid pace, and they then pursue it; but he defends himself by throwing stones behind him, as far as a gun will carry, and with great force. He is a dangerous animal to approach too nearly when he is roused to anger, for his prodigious strength and height render an encounter perilous, especially for the eyes of the pursuer. When the season for the chase of ostriches is over, the Bedouins bestride their asses, and proceed to Damascus, and even Bagdad, to sell their plumes. When one of them is wishful to marry, he secures the half of his hunting produce to the father of his bride, to pay her dowry. These Bedouins have a great veneration for the memory of Antar, whose descendants they claim to be; but I know not how far such pretensions are warranted by the fact. They recited to us several fragments of his poems. After bidding

this tribe adieu, we pursued our route with the huge strides of the dromedaries, and encamped on the borders of a lake of great extent, called Raam Beni Hellal. It receives its waters from a hill we had skirted on the way.

The next day, when we had arrived in the middle of a dry desert, we perceived a small oasis, formed by shrubs called *jorfé*. Having approached within a few paces of it, our dromedaries suddenly stopped short. We thought at first that they wished to rest in a place where a degree of vegetation seemed to assure them of water, but we soon found that their stand-still proceeded from an instinctive horror, which displayed itself in all the symptoms of uncontrollable alarm; neither by coaxing them nor belabouring them could they be induced to move. My curiosity was roused to the highest pitch, so I got off to ascertain the cause of their terror; but scarcely had I set my foot in the thicket, than I recoiled with an involuntary start. The earth was strewed with the skins of serpents, of all sizes and species. There were myriads of them, some as thick as the cable of a ship, others slim as needles. We retreated precipitately from this spot, returning thanks to God that it was only the skins of these detestable reptiles that we had found. In the evening, being unable to discover any shelter, we were obliged to pass the night in the midst of the desert, and I confess that my imagination, haunted by the horrible spectacle of the thicket, prevented my closing an eye. I expected every instant to see some huge serpent glide stealthily into the tent, and lay its disgusting head upon my pillow. On the morrow we came up with a considerable tribe, tributary to the Wahabites, which hailed from Samarcand. We carefully concealed our pipes, for Ebn Sihoud rigorously forbids smoking, and inflicts death upon the least disregard of his fulmination against tobacco. The Emir Medjioun afforded us hospitality, but was unable to restrain his surprise at our boldness in thus putting ourselves at the mercy of the Wahabite, whose ferocity he depicted in truly startling terms. He did not conceal from us that we ran great danger, Ebn Sihoud making little scruple to use false promises to decoy the unwary, and treat them with infamous treachery. The Drayhy, being himself a man full of good faith, had proceeded upon the invitation of the king, without imagining the possibility of his breaking his word, and he began to feel uneasy at his too-credulous reliance; but his pride prevented him from turning back, and we therefore continued our journey. We soon reached the country of Negde, a district intersected by valleys and mountains, and strewed with towns and villages, as well as a multitude of wandering tribes. The towns had a very ancient aspect, and bespoke a population formerly more numerous and rich than that which then occupied them. The villages are peopled by Bedouin husbandmen; the land produces wheat, vegetables, and especially dates, in abundance. They related to us that the first inhabitants of that country abandoned it for an establishment in Africa, going forth under the leadership of one of their princes, by name Beni Hetal.

We everywhere experienced a cordial hospitality, but everywhere also our ears were stunned with interminable complaints of the tyranny of Ebn Sihoud. Terror alone seemed to retain these people in subjection to his sway. At last, after a march of fourteen days, at dromedary pace, which supposes a distance triple what a caravan would cover in the same time, we arrived at the capital of the Wahabites. The town is surrounded with a wood of date-trees; the trees touch each other, and scarcely leave room for a horseman to pass between their trunks. The town is completely hid behind this natural rampart, which is styled the date forest of Darkisch. After traversing this wood, we found a second intrenchment of hillocks, formed by the heaped-up kernels of dates, resembling a dyke of small stones, and behind them was the wall of the town, which we skirted to get to a gate which conducted us to the palace of the king. This is a large two-storeyed building, constructed of white hewn stone.

Ebn Sihoud, being made acquainted with our arrival, ordered us to be conducted into an elegant and well-furnished apartment, where they served us with a plentiful repast. This beginning augured well, and we gave ourselves credit for not yielding to the suspicions with which they had wished to inspire us. In the evening, having put our dress in order, we proceeded to present ourselves to the king. We found him to be a man of about forty-five, with a harsh eye, a bronzed complexion, and a very black beard. He was attired in a gombaz, tied round his loins with a white sash, a turban with red and white streaks on his head, and a black mashla thrown over his left shoulder; and he held in his right hand the wand of the king of Mahlab, the insignia of his authority. He was seated at the end of a large hall of audience, rather richly furnished with mats, carpets, and cushions. The lords of his court were grouped around him. The furniture and garments were all of cotton or worsted, silk being prohibited in his dominions, as well as everything that recalls the luxury and usages of the Turks. I enjoyed sufficient leisure to make my observations, for Ebn Sihoud, having answered rudely, and with an icy aspect, to the compliments of the Drayhy, we sat down, and waited in silence until it pleased him to open a conversation. However, after an interval of half an hour, the Drayhy, perceiving that he neither ordered us coffee, nor relaxed the muscles of his face, raised his voice, and said—'I see, oh son of Sihoud, that you do not receive us as we had reason to expect. We have toiled over your territories, and have entered your dwelling, upon your own invitation; if you have anything to allege against us, let us know what it is without concealment.'

Ebn Sihoud, darting a fiery glance upon him, replied, 'Of a verity I have many things to say against you; your crimes are unpardonable! You have revolted against me, and have refused to obey me; you have laid waste the tribe of Sachrer, in Galilee, well knowing that it belonged to me. You have corrupted the Bedouins, and drawn them into a league against my authority. You have destroyed

my armies, pillaged my camps, and aided my mortal enemies, the Turks, those idolaters, profaners, scoundrels!'

Growing more and more inflamed, and heaping invective upon invective, his rage at last knew no bounds, and he ordered us to instantly quit his presence, and wait his further pleasure. I saw the eyes of the Drayhy gathering flame, and his nostrils puffing; I feared every instant an explosion of impotent fury, which would have only served to push the king to the last extremities; but feeling himself entirely defenceless, he curbed his passion, and raising himself with dignity, he slowly retired to reflect upon what was to be done. All trembled before the rage of Ebn Sihoud; none dared to thwart his will. We remained two days and nights in our apartment without hearing any intelligence; no one cared to come near us, and those who had appeared the most eager in our service on our arrival, now fled from us, or mocked our credulous confidence in the faith of a man so well known for his perfidious and bloody character. We expected every instant to see the satellites of the tyrant arrive to take our lives, and we vainly sought to discover some means of extricating ourselves from his clutches. On the third day, the Drayhy shouted out that he would rather be dead than endure this uncertainty; and he sent for one of the ministers of Ebn Sihoud, named Abou el Sallem, to whom he spoke as follows:—'Go and deliver these words to your master from me—*What you intend doing, do promptly; I will make you no reproaches; I shall only accuse myself for having fallen into your power.*'

El Sallem obeyed, but returned not, and the answer we got was twenty-five armed negroes, who drew up at our door. We were then beyond question prisoners! How I cursed the insane curiosity which had brought me into a peril so purely gratuitous! The Drayhy had no fears for death, but constraint was insupportable to him; he paced up and down the room with great strides, as a lion growling behind the bars of his cage. At length he addressed himself to me:—'I will put an end to this; I will go to Ebn Sihoud, and reproach him with his perfidy. I see that good-nature and patience are quite useless, so I will at least die with dignity.'

He again demanded El Sallem; and as soon as he appeared, he said to him, 'Return to your master, and inform him that, upon the faith of the Bedouins, I claim a right to speak with him; he will have plenty of time to do as he likes after he has heard me.'

The Wahabite having granted an audience, El Sallem ushered us before him: when in his presence, he never asked us to sit down, or responded to the usual greeting.

'What do you want?' said he gruffly.

The Drayhy, drawing himself up with dignity, replied in the following set speech:—'I came to your place of abode, oh son of Sihoud, on the faith of your promises, with a suite of only ten persons —I, who command myriads of warriors! We are without means of defence in your hands; you are in the very seat of your power, and you can grind us to the dust; but know that, from the frontier

of India to the frontier of Negde, in Persia, Mesopotamia, Hemad, the two Syrias, Galilee, and Horan, every man who wears a cafié will ask an account of my blood, and seek vengeance for my death. If you are the king of the Bedouins, as you pretend, how come you to degrade yourself with treachery? Such is the vile calling of the Turks. Treachery is not the part of the powerful, but of the feeble and the poltroon. You, who boast of your armies, and pretend to hold your power from God himself, if you wish your glory to be untarnished, restore me to my country, and fight me in the open field; for, in abusing my confidence, you render yourself an object of contempt to all, you are utterly dishonoured, and your kingdom will hasten to decay. I have spoken. Now do what you please; you will repent your conduct some day. I am only one of thousands; my death will not diminish my tribe, nor extinguish the race of Chahlan. My son, Saher, will take my place; he yet remains to lead on my Bedouins, and exact the uttermost vengeance for my slaughter. Be then admonished, and open your eyes to the truth.'

During this discourse the king played with his beard, and checked his rising anger. After a moment's silence, he said to the Drayhy, 'Go in peace; nothing but good shall befall you.'

We then retired, but we were still beset by guards. This first success brought round the courtiers, who had listened with speechless terror to the bold words of the Drayhy, and were wonder-struck at the calmness with which the tyrant had supported the infliction. They now began to visit us, and Abou el Sallem even had us to dine with him. Nevertheless, I was very far from being at ease on my own account; I thought that Ebn Sihoud would certainly not dare push matters to extremity with the Drayhy, but I had considerable fears that he might throw all the blame on my counsels, and immolate me, a poor obscure giaour, to his resentment. I communicated my apprehensions to the Drayhy, who reassured me, by swearing that they should only come at me by marching over his body, and that I should be the first to leave the gates of Darkisch.

On the following day, Ebn Sihoud caused us to be summoned to the presence, and he received us very graciously, and ordered coffee to be brought. He afterwards began to question the Drayhy as to the persons who accompanied him. 'Now is my turn,' thought I to myself, and my heart palpitated somewhat; but I took courage; and when the Drayhy named me, the king, turning towards me, said, 'Are you, then, Abdallah the Christian?'

On my answering in the affirmative, he resumed, 'I see that your actions are much larger than your body.'

'The ball of a rifle is a trifling object,' said I in return, 'yet it slays great men.'

His majesty smiled. After a pause, he continued, 'I have much difficulty in believing all that is said of you. I wish you would answer me frankly. Pray what is the object of this alliance you have been labouring to effect for several years?'

'The object is a very simple one,' I replied. 'We have endeavoured to unite all the Bedouins of Syria under the command of the Drayhy, to resist the Turks; and it must be evident to you that we thus form an impenetrable barrier between you and your enemies.'

'That is all very good,' he said; 'but if it be so, how come you to have sought the destruction of my armies before Hama?'

'Because you were an obstacle to our designs,' I answered; 'it was not for you, but the Drayhy, that we were at work. His power once established in Syria, Mesopotamia, and as far as Persia, we would have desired an alliance with you, so as to become, by such means, invulnerable in the possession of our liberty. The children of the same nation, we have to defend the same cause; and it is with this view that we have come here to form an indissoluble union with you. You have received us in a most disagreeable manner, and the Drayhy has reproached you in terms not too pleasing to your ears; but our intentions are open, and we have given a good proof of it, by coming unarmed in reliance upon your good faith.'

The countenance of the king grew brighter as I spoke; and when I had concluded, he said, 'I am content.' Then turning to his slaves, he ordered *three* courses of coffee. I internally thanked the Lord for having so happily inspired me. The rest of the interview was passed in the best understanding, and we retired in great satisfaction. In the evening we were invited to a grand supper at the house of one of the ministers, called Adramouti, who entertained us with a confidential relation of the cruelties of his master, and of the universal execration into which he had fallen. He spoke to us also of his immense riches; the wealth he got hold of on the pillage of Mecca was not to be reckoned. From the first years of the Hegira, the Mussulman monarchs, the caliphs, the sultans, and the kings of Persia, sent every year to the tomb of the prophet considerable gifts, in jewels, lamps, golden candelabras, precious stones, &c. besides the offerings of the faithful commonalty. The throne alone, the gift of a Persian king, of solid gold, encrusted with pearls and diamonds, was of inestimable value. Every prince sent a crown of gold, enriched with precious stones, to suspend in the vault of the chapel; there was a countless multitude of them when Ebn Sihoud plundered it. A single diamond, of the size of a walnut, which was placed on the tomb, was regarded as beyond all price. When we reflect upon all that successive ages had accumulated on this one spot, we need not be surprised that the king loaded forty camels with precious stones, in addition to massive articles of gold and silver. Upon estimating these prodigious treasures, and the tithes he exacts every year from his allies, I believe that he may be regarded as the richest potentate on earth, especially if we consider that he has no expenses to bear; that he forbids luxury under severe penalties; and that, in time of war, each tribe has to furnish subsistence to his armies, and support all the charges and losses, without ever obtaining the least return.

The next day I felt so happy at having recovered my liberty, that I walked about the whole day, and visited Darkisch and its environs in detail. The town, built of white stone, contains 7000 inhabitants, almost all of whom are the relations, ministers, or generals of Ebn Sihoud. I saw no artisans. The only trades which are exercised are those of armourers and farriers, and even they are in small number. There was nothing to buy, not even food. Each inhabitant lives on his own property; that is to say, on a plot of ground or a garden, which produces wheat, vegetables, and fruits, and supports a few chickens; their numerous flocks graze in the plain; and every Wednesday the inhabitants of Yemen and Mecca come to exchange their merchandise for cattle. This sort of fair is the sole commerce of the country. The women go out without veils, but they throw a black mashla over their heads, which is extremely ungainly; in other respects they are ugly enough, and tawny to a calamitous extent. The gardens, situated in a charming valley near the town, on the opposite side to that by which we arrived, produce the finest fruits in the world; bananas, oranges, pomegranates, figs, apples, melons, &c. interspersed with barley and maize. They are irrigated with great care.

The day following, the king having summoned us afresh, received us in a marvellously agreeable manner, and put a number of questions to me upon the different sovereigns of Europe, especially upon Napoleon, for whom he had a great veneration. The tales of his victories were his chief delight; and fortunately my frequent conversations with M. Lascaris enabled me to give him a variety of details on that subject. After each description of a battle, he exclaimed—'Of a surety that man is an envoy of God; I am convinced that he is in close communion with his Creator, since he is so highly favoured by him.'

Afterwards, relaxing more and more into affability, and changing the subject, he said to me, 'Abdallah, I am anxious for you to tell me the truth; what is the groundwork of Christianity?'

Knowing the prejudices of the Wahabite, I shuddered at hearing this question, but praying God to inspire me, I replied—'The groundwork of all religion, oh, son of Sihoud, is a belief in God. The Christians believe, like you, that there is only one God, the Creator of the universe, who punishes the wicked, pardons the repentant, and rewards the good; that he alone is great, all-merciful, and all-powerful.'

'That is good,' said he; 'but how do you pray?'

I repeated to him the Lord's Prayer; he made it be written down by his secretary to my dictation, then read it over, and put it in his vest; after which, resuming his interrogatory, he asked me on what side we turned to pray.

'We pray on all sides,' I answered, 'for God is everywhere.'

'In that respect I perfectly approve of your practice,' said he; 'but you must have precepts as well as prayers?'

I recited the ten commandments given by God to his prophet Moses. He appeared to know them, and pursued his questions.

'And Jesus Christ, how do you consider him?'

'As the word of God made flesh, as the divine word.'

'But he was crucified.'

'As the word, he could not die, but as man, he suffered by the machinations of the wicked.'

'It is wonderful! And the Holy Book which God has inspired Jesus Christ with, is it revered amongst you? Do you exactly follow its doctrines?'

'We preserve it with the greatest respect, and obey its precepts in all things.'

'The Turks have made a God of their prophet, and pray upon his tomb like idolaters; may they be effectually cursed, who give the Creator an equal! May the sabre exterminate them!'

Thus, entering upon the topic of the Turks, he inveighed against them in unmeasured terms, as also against tobacco, wine, and unclean meats. I felt too happy to have adroitly parried his perilous questions, to venture any dispute with him on insignificant points, and I allowed him to believe that I abhorred the use of that evil weed, for it was thus he stigmatised tobacco; which caused the Drayhy to smile, as he knew that one of the greatest possible sacrifices for me was the privation of smoking, and that I eagerly availed myself of every instant that I could, without fear of discovery, draw my much-loved pipe from its hidingplace. This very day, at this very time, I felt an extreme itching for it, for I had talked much, and drunk very strong Mocha.

The king seemed highly gratified at our conversation, and he said to me—'I see that we are always learning something. I believed, until now, that the Christians were the most superstitious of mortals; but I am convinced that they are much nearer the true religion than the Turks.'

Taking him on the whole, Ebn Sihoud is a well-informed man, and of great power of speech, but a fanatic in his religious opinions. He has a legitimate wife, and one slave, two sons married, and a daughter still very young. He only eats of food prepared by his women, for fear of being poisoned. The guarding of his palace is intrusted to a troop of 1000 negroes, well armed. He can bring together in his own dominions a million and a-half of Bedouins capable of bearing arms. When he intends nominating a governor of a province, he summons the person to whom he has destined the post, and invites him to eat with him. After the meal, they perform their ablutions and prayers together; and the king, then girding him with a sabre, says, 'I have chosen you, by orders from God, to govern his slaves; be humane and just. Collect the tithe to the uttermost, and cut off the heads of the Turks and infidels who say that God has an equal; allow not one of them to tarry in your district. May the Lord give victory to those who believe in his unity!'

He delivers him afterwards a small piece of writing, which enjoins the inhabitants to obey the governor in all things, under pain of severe chastisement. We visited the stables of the king. It would be impossible, I think, for an amateur in horse-flesh to find any sight more superb. There were eighty white mares, ranged in a single row, of an incomparable beauty, and so exactly alike, that I could not distinguish the one from the other; their hides, glittering like silver, dazzled the eyes. One hundred and twenty of different colours, but equally symmetrical in form, occupied another building. In spite of my antipathy for horses, since the accident which had so nearly cost me my life, I was seized with admiration whilst surveying the contents of these stables. We supped one evening with the generalissimo Hedal, who was reconciled with the Drayhy. The famous Abou-Nocta, who was one of the guests, likewise treated him with the greatest politeness. For several days we were shut up in secret conclave with Ebn Sihoud, to treat upon affairs. The detail of the negotiation would be tedious. It is sufficient to say that an alliance was concluded between him and the Drayhy, to their mutual satisfaction, and the king declared that *their two bodies were directed by only one soul.* The treaty being arranged, he made us eat with him for the first time, and he tasted of every dish before offering it to us. As he had never seen any one eat except with the fingers, I made a spoon and fork with a piece of wood, spread out my handkerchief in the shape of a napkin, and commenced eating in the European fashion, which exhibition gave him a hearty laugh. 'Thanks be to God!' said he, moderating his hilarity, 'every nation believes its own customs the best, and is thus contented with its lot.'

Our departure being fixed for the following day, the king sent us, as presents, seven of his finest mares, led by as many slaves, mounted on camels; and when each of us had made his choice, we had sabres presented to us, the blades of which were very exquisite, but the scabbards were without ornament. He ordered our servants to receive more ordinary sabres, mashlas, and 100 tallaris. We took leave of Ebn Sihoud with the accustomed ceremonies, and were accompanied beyond the walls by all the officers of his court. When we reached the gates of the town, the Drayhy stopped, and turning towards me, invited me to pass first, saying with a smile that he must keep his word. I confess that, notwithstanding the politeness that was shown to us at the end of our visit, the anguish I had suffered at the commencement had made such an impression upon me, that I cleared the gateway with a feeling of rapture. We took the road towards the country of Heggias, sleeping each night among the tribes which covered the desert. On the fifth day, after passing the night under the tents of El Henadi, we arose with the sun, and went out to saddle our dromedaries, when we found, to our great surprise, that their heads were buried in the sand, and it was not possible for us to draw them out. We called the Bedouins of the tribe to our aid, who informed us that the instinct of the camels led them to con-

ceal their heads thus in order to escape the simoom; that their doing so was an infallible presage of that terrible tempest of the desert, which would not be long in breaking loose; and that we could not proceed on the journey without meeting a certain death. The camels, who perceive the approach of this fearful storm two or three hours before it bursts, turn themselves to the side opposed to the wind, and dig into the sand. It is impossible to make them stir from that position either to eat or drink during the whole tempest, were it to last for several days. Providence has endowed them with this instinct of preservation, which never deceives them. When we learnt with what we were threatened, we partook the general consternation, and hastened to take all the precautions which they pointed out to us. It is not sufficient to put the horses under shelter; it is requisite also to cover their heads and stop up their ears, otherwise they will be suffocated by the whirlwinds of fine impalpable sand which the storm sweeps furiously before it. The men collect under the tents, block up the crevices with the greatest care, and provide a supply of water, which they keep within reach; they then lie down on the ground, their heads covered with the mashlas, and thus remain all the time that the tornado continues.

The camp was thrown into the greatest tumult, each bent on providing safety for his cattle, and afterwards withdrawing precipitately under his tent. We had scarcely got our beautiful Negde mares under cover, than the tempest burst. Impetuous blasts of wind hurled clouds of red and burning sand in eddies, and overthrew all upon which their fury fell; or heaping up hills, they buried all that had strength to resist being carried away. If at this period any part of the body be exposed, the flesh is scorched as if a hot iron had touched it. The water, which was intended to cool us, began to boil, and the temperature of the tent exceeded that of a Turkish bath. The hurricane blew in all its fury for six hours, and gradually subsided during six more; an hour longer, and I believe we had been all stifled. When we ventured to leave the tents, a frightful spectacle presented itself; five children, two women, and a man, were lying dead upon the still burning sand, and several Bedouins had their faces blackened, and entirely calcined, as if by a blast from a fiery furnace. When the wind of the simoom strikes an unfortunate wretch on the head, the blood gushes in streams from his mouth and nostrils, his face swells, becomes black, and he shortly dies of suffocation. We returned thanks to the Lord for not having surprised us with this fearful scourge in the midst of the desert, and for having thus preserved us from so deplorable a death.

When the weather permitted us to quit the camp of Henadi, a twelve hours' march brought us to our own tribe, where I embraced Scheik Ibrahim with a truly filial love. We passed several days in recounting our adventures; and when I was completely recovered from my fatigues, M. Lascaris, taking me aside, addressed me as follows:—'My dear son, we have nothing more to do here. Glory be to God, all is terminated, and my enterprise has succeeded beyond

my utmost hopes. We must now go and give an account of our mission.' We quitted our friends, in the hope of seeing them again shortly at the head of the expedition for which we had prepared the way and smoothed the difficulties. Proceeding by Damascus, Aleppo, and Caramania, we arrived at Constantinople in the month of April, after a journey of twenty-six days, frequently through snows. In this fatiguing march I lost my beautiful Negde mare, the present of Ebn Sihoud, which I reckoned upon selling for at least 30,000 piastres; but this was only the forerunner of the misfortunes which were in wait for us. The plague was raging at Constantinople, and General Andreossi made us take up our quarters at Keghat-Kani, where we passed three months in quarantine. It was during this period that we learnt the dismal catastrophe of Moscow, and the retreat of the French army on Paris. M. Lascaris was at the height of despair, and knew not what step to take. After two months of uncertainty, he decided upon returning into Syria, to await the issue of events. We accordingly embarked on board a vessel loaded with wheat. A furious tempest drove us to Chios, where we again met the plague. M. de Bourville, French consul there, procured us a lodging, in which we remained shut up for two months longer.

Having lost almost all our effects in the storm, and being unable to hold communication outside, on account of the contagion, we found ourselves without clothes, and exposed to very great privations. At length the quarantine was removed. M. Lascaris having received a letter from the consul-general at Smyrna, who invited him to a conference with the Generals Lallemand and Savary, determined upon going there, and permitted me to pass some time with my poor mother, whom I had not seen for six years.

My travels possessing no further interest, I pass over the interval which elapsed between my separation from M. Lascaris and my return to Syria, to arrive at the sad conclusion.

Being at Latakia with my mother, and waiting for a vessel to transport me to Egypt, where M. Lascaris had ordered me to rejoin him, I saw a French brig of war arrive. I hastened on board to get my letters, and I learnt the melancholy intelligence of the death of my benefactor at Cairo. No words can give an idea of my despair. I felt the love of a son for M. Lascaris, and furthermore, I lost with him all my hopes for the future. M. Drovetti, French consul at Alexandria, wrote me to come to him with all possible despatch. It was forty days before I could find an opportunity of embarking, and when I arrived at Alexandria, M. Drovetti had departed for Upper Egypt; I followed, and reached him at Asscout. He informed me that M. Lascaris having arrived in Egypt with an English passport, Mr Salt, English consul in Egypt, had taken possession of his effects. He instructed me to apply to him for payment of my salary (500 tallaris per annum), which was about six years in arrear, and recommended me strongly to insist upon restitution of the manuscript of M. Lascaris' travels, as it was a document of the highest importance. I returned immediately to Cairo. Mr Salt received me very coldly,

and told me that M. Lascaris having died under English protection, he had sent his effects and papers to England. All my remonstrances were useless. I remained a long time at Cairo, in the hope of getting my arrears of salary paid, and of obtaining the papers of M. Lascaris. At last Mr Salt threatened to have me arrested by the Egyptian authorities; and it was owing to the generous interference of M. Drovetti that I escaped that peril. Tired of this fruitless strife, I quitted Egypt, and returned to Latakia to my family, more unfortunate and impoverished than when I quitted it on departing from Aleppo for the first time.

END OF THE STORY OF FATALLA SAYEGHIR.

[The translator of the present edition of Lamartine has considered that the translation of the poems of Antar would appear more appropriately immediately succeeding the relation of Fatalla Sayeghir's residence amongst the Bedouins of the desert, with whose manners these poems are intimately connected, than in an earlier part of the work. Their perusal will, it is conceived, be more relished from the previous insight which Fatalla's story has given into the usages of those singular tribes.]

FRAGMENTS OF THE POEM OF ANTAR.

FIRST FRAGMENT.

One day, Antar, having come to the tent of his uncle Mallek, was agreeably surprised at the favourable reception with which he was greeted. He owed this welcome, so novel to him, to the lively remonstrances of the King Zoheir, who that very morning had strongly urged Mallek to yield to the wishes of his nephew, by granting him his cousin Abla, whom he passionately loved. They spoke of preparations for the marriage; and Abla being anxious to know from her cousin what his projects were, he said to her, 'I am ready to do everything that is agreeable to you.' 'But,' replied she, 'I only ask for myself what has been accomplished for others, what Kaled-Ebn-Moharab did before his marriage with his cousin Djida.' 'Fool!' exclaimed her father wrathfully, 'who has told you of that? No, nephew,' he added, turning to Antar, 'we will not follow that example.' But Antar, overjoyed at perceiving his uncle, for the first time, so amiable towards him, and desiring to give his cousin satisfaction, begged her to relate to him the details of this marriage. 'Behold then,' said she, 'what the women who came to compliment me on your return have told me. Kaled, on the day of his marriage, slew a thousand camels and twenty lions, these last with his own hand. The camels belonged to Malaeb-el-Assené, an emir re-

nowned amid the most valiant warriors. He fed for three days three great tribes whom he had bid to the wedding. Each plate contained a piece of the flesh of lions. The daughter of the King Eben-el-Nazal held the halter of the naka* which Djida mounted.' 'What, then, is there so wonderful in all that?' said Antar. 'By the king of Lanyam and Hattim, none other shall lead your naka but Djida herself, with the head of her husband hung in a sack about her neck.'

Mallek scolded his daughter for having broached this subject, pretending to be much displeased with her, whilst it was he who had secretly incited the women to give all these details to Abla, in order to throw Antar into difficulty. Being satisfied with the oath of his nephew, and desirous of turning the conversation, he poured out wine for him, hoping he would become yet more bound to the demands of his daughter.

When the evening was over, as Antar was about to retire, Mallek begged him to forget the remarks of Abla, wishing thus indirectly to recall them to his mind. Having returned home, Antar told his brother Chaiboub to get ready his horse, El Abgea, and he immediately departed, proceeding towards the mountain of Beni-Touailek. On the road he related to Chaiboub what had passed that very evening with Abla. 'Cursed be your uncle!' exclaimed his brother; 'what a wicked man! From whom has Abla learnt what she has recounted to you, but from her father, who wishes to get rid of you, by precipitating you into such great perils!' Antar, without paying the least attention to the words of Chaiboub, told him to hasten his steps, so as to arrive a day earlier, so eager was he to fulfil his engagement. He then recited the following verses:—

'I traverse rough paths in the darkness of night. I march through the desert full of the loftiest ardour, with no companion but my sabre, and numbering not my enemies. Lions, follow me! you will see the earth strewed with corpses to fatten the birds of the sky!

Kaled† is no longer rightly named, since I am seeking for him. Djida can exult no more!

Their lands are no longer in safety; tigers will soon be the only inhabitants.

Abla! receive thus early my congratulations upon all those things that shall adorn your triumph!

Oh thou! whose glances, similar to arrows charged with death, have inflicted upon me such incurable wounds, thy presence is paradise, thy absence a devouring flame!

Oh Allan-el-Fandi! May thou be blessed by the all-powerful God!

I have drunk of wine sweeter than nectar, for it was poured out for me by the hand of beauty.

So long as I shall behold the sun, I will proclaim her merit, and if I die for her, my name will not perish.'

When he had finished, the day commenced to appear. He con-

* She-camel. † Happy.

tinued his route towards the tribe of Beni-Zobaïd. Kaled, the hero of that tribe, enjoyed in it more consideration than the king himself. He was so formidable in war, that his name alone made the neighbouring tribes tremble. Behold his history, and that of his cousin Djida :—

Two emirs—Mohareb, father of Kaled, and Zaher, father of Djida—governed the Bedouins called Beni-Aumaya, renowned for their valour. They were brothers. The eldest, Mohareb, commanded in chief; Zaher served under his orders. One day, after a hot dispute, Mohareb raised his hand to his brother, who returned home with his heart full of resentment. His wife, being informed of the cause of the excited state in which she saw him, said to him, 'You ought not to suffer such an affront—you, the most valiant warrior of the tribe—you, renowned for your strength and courage.' He answered, 'I must respect an elder brother.' 'Well, then,' rejoined his wife, 'quit him; go elsewhere, and establish your residence; but remain not here in humiliation. Follow the precepts of a poet whose verses are as follow :—

"If you experience crosses or misfortunes in a place, remove from it, and let the house regret him who built it.

Your food is the same everywhere; but your soul once lost, can never be recovered.

Never charge another with your affairs; you will always transact them best yourself.

Lions are fierce, because they are free.

Sooner or later, man must submit to his destiny; what signifies the place where he dies?"

Follow, therefore, the counsels of experience.'

These verses made Zaher resolve to forsake his home, with all that belonged to him; and when ready to depart, he recited the following verses :—

'I will go far from you, to a distance of a thousand years, each year a thousand leagues long. If you offered me, as an inducement to remain, a thousand Egypts, each watered by a thousand Niles, I would still remove from you and your lands, repeating, to justify our separation, a couplet which is without an equal: "Man should fly the places where barbarity reigns."'

Zaher, proceeding on his march, went to the tribe of Beni-Assac, where he was most favourably received, and chosen its chief. Zaher, being grateful, settled there. Some time afterwards he had a daughter named Djida, whom he passed for a boy, and who grew up under the name of Giaudar. Her father made her accompany him on horseback, exercised her in combat, and thus drew out her natural disposition and courage. A scholar of the tribe learnt her the arts of reading and writing, in which she made rapid progress. She was perfection itself, for she united to all these qualities an admirable beauty. Thus it was said on all sides, 'Happy the woman who shall espouse the Emir Giaudar!'

Her father having fallen dangerously ill, and believing himself on

the point of death, called his wife, and said to her, 'I conjure you not to contract a fresh marriage after my death, which would separate you from your daughter; but contrive affairs so that she may continue to pass for a man. If, after I am gone, you do not here enjoy the same consideration, return to my brother; I am sure he will receive you well. Take good care of your riches. Money will make you everywhere respected. Be generous and affable, and you will find your reward; in a word, always continue to act as you do at present.'

After an illness of a few days, Zaher got better. Giaudar never intermitted his warlike forays, and gave such undoubted tokens of valour in all circumstances, that it became a proverbial saying, 'Take care how you approach the tribe of Giaudar.' As to Kaled, he accompanied his father Mohareb in his daily exercises, in which the most courageous warriors of the tribe took part. They were like a real battle, each day producing its wounded. Kaled caught in them the spirit of emulation to become a great hero, a spirit which the renown gained by his cousin for valour excited still more. He was actuated by a powerful desire to go and see his cousin, but durst not do so, as he was aware of the dissensions that prevailed between their parents. At the age of fifteen, Kaled had become the most valiant warrior of his tribe, when he had the misfortune to lose his father. He was chosen to fill his place; and as he exhibited the same virtues, he was not long in gaining general esteem and respect. Having one day proposed to his mother to go and see his uncle, they immediately departed, bearing with them rich presents in horses, caparisons, arms, &c. Zaher received them with unbounded joy, and lavished on his nephew all manner of kindnesses and attentions, for his reputation was well known to him. Kaled tenderly embraced his cousin Giaudar, and conceived for him a warm attachment during the time that he passed with his uncle. Every day he pursued with ardour his military exercises, and charmed Giaudar, who perceived him to be an accomplished warrior, full of courage and generosity, affable, eloquent, and of masculine beauty. They consumed whole days, and even the greater part of the nights, together. At last Giaudar grew so fond of Kaled, that he entered his mother's tent one day, and said to her, 'If my cousin returns to his tribe without me, I shall die of chagrin, for I am desperately in love with him.' 'I am far from disapproving your passion,' answered the parent; 'you have good reason to love him, for he pleases every one; besides, he is your cousin, you are of the same blood, almost of the same age, and a more fitting match than you Kaled could not find; but, in the first place, let me speak to his mother, and apprise her of your sex. We will wait until to-morrow: when she comes to visit me as usual, I will inform her of all; we will arrange your nuptials, and depart all together.' The next day she set herself to comb her daughter's hair at the time that the mother of Kaled generally came to her; and when the latter entered the tent, she inquired who that beautiful girl might be; and

then the mother of Djida related to her her daughter's history, and the will of her father to have her concealed under the garb of a man. 'I make known to you this secret,' added she, 'because I wish to give her in marriage to your son.' 'I consent to that project most cordially,' replied the mother of Kaled: 'what an honour for my son to possess so glorious a beauty!' Then, going in search of Kaled, she communicated to him the whole history, affirming that there was no woman existing whose beauty was to be compared to that of his cousin. 'Go, therefore,' said she, 'and ask her in marriage from your uncle; and if he is good enough to grant her to you, you will be the happiest of mortals.' 'I was decided in my own mind,' replied her son, 'not to separate myself from my cousin Giaudar, so greatly was I attached to him; but since he is a girl, I will have nothing more in common with her. I prefer the society of warriors, the strifes of combat, the hunting of elephants and lions, to the possession of beauty: let there be, therefore, no more question of this marriage, for I am determined to depart this very instant.' In fact he ordered the preparations for departure, and went to take leave of his uncle, who asked him what put him in such a hurry, and begged him to remain a few days longer. 'It is impossible,' answered Kaled: 'my tribe is without a chief; it is quite necessary I should return to it.' With these words, he set off on his route, accompanied by his mother, who had uttered her farewell to Djida's mother, apprising her at the same time of her conversation with her son.

On learning the refusal of her cousin, Djida abandoned herself to the bitterest grief, and refused to eat or drink, so powerful was her passion for Kaled. Her father, seeing her in this state, believed her afflicted with illness, and ceased to take her with him in his excursions. One day, when he was gone to a distance, to surprise an antagonist tribe, she said to her mother, 'I will not die for a person who has treated me with so little regard; by the assistance of Providence, I will find out a means of making him also suffer various torments, even those of love.' Then, rising with the rage of a lioness, she mounted on horseback, telling her mother that she was going to the chase, and departed for the tribe of her cousin, in the costume of a Bedouin of Kegiaz. She was lodged with one of the chiefs, who, taking her for a warrior, gave her a most hospitable reception. The next day she presented herself for the military exercises under the command of her cousin, and commenced a combat with him, which lasted until noon. The struggle between these two heroes excited the admiration of all the spectators. Kaled, astonished beyond measure at encountering a warrior who could make head against himself, ordered that all possible civilities should be paid to him. The next day witnessed a similar strife, which continued the third and the fourth day. During all this time Kaled exerted his ingenuity to learn who the stranger was, but without success. On the fourth day the combat lasted until evening, without either being able to wound the other during the whole time. When

it was over, Kaled said to his adversary, 'In the name of that God who has gifted you with so stout a valour, let me know your country and your tribe.' Then Djida, raising her mask, said to him, 'I am she who, though despised by you, yet wished to marry you, and whom you rejected, preferring, as you said, battles and hunts to the possession of a woman. I have come here to make you aware of the force and courage of her whom you cast from you.'

After uttering these words, she resumed her mask, and returned home, leaving Kaled in sadness and irresolution, without strength or presence of mind, and so overwhelmed, that he fell back in a swoon. When he came to himself, his ardour for war and the hunting of wild beasts had given place to love: he went to his mother, and communicated to her this sudden change, giving her likewise an account of his combat with Djida. 'You deserve what has befallen you,' she said to him; 'you would not believe me formerly. Your cousin has acted as she ought, by punishing you for your pride towards her.' Kaled remarked that he was not in a state to support her reproaches, and that he had more need of compassion, and he intreated her to go and ask his cousin for him. She immediately went off to the tribe of Djida, in great distress for her son, whom she left in a deplorable state. As to Djida, after she made herself known to her cousin, she returned to her tribe. Her mother had been uneasy at her absence, and she related to her her adventure, which not a little surprised her, when she heard of so much courage. Three days after her return, the mother of Kaled arrived, who immediately addressed herself to Djida. She told her she was come on the part of her cousin to join them together, and intimated to her at the same time the mournful condition in which she had quitted him. 'Such a marriage is now impossible,' said Djida: 'I will never espouse him who has refused me. I merely intended to teach him a lesson, and punish him for having made me suffer so cruelly.' Her aunt, representing to her that if he had caused her some pain, he was at this moment more unfortunate than she—'if I were to die,' cried Djida, 'I never would be his wife!' Her father not having yet returned, the mother of Kaled could not speak with him. Finding that she got no satisfaction from Djida, she returned to her son, whom she found pining with love, and already much changed. She gave him an account of her mission, the result of which increased his despair and agony. 'There is only one step left for you,' said his mother: 'take with you the chiefs of your tribe, and those of the tribes your allies, and go to her father and ask her from him; if he says he has no daughter, relate to him your history, and he will deny you no longer, but feel himself compelled to grant her to you.'

Kaled that same instant convoked the chiefs and the old men of the tribe, and made them privy to the circumstances that had befallen him. The recital struck them with astonishment. 'It is a wondrous history!' said Mehdi-Karab, one of them; 'it deserves to be written in letters of gold. We were ignorant that your uncle

had a daughter; we knew only his son, named Giaudar: whence comes, then, this heroine? We will accompany you when you go to demand her hand, for no one is more worthy of it than yourself.' Kaled, being assured of his uncle's return, took his departure, escorted by twenty of the chief men of his tribe, and a hundred cavaliers. Rich presents followed in his train. Zaher welcomed them in his best style, without understanding the reason of his nephew's prompt return, as he was quite ignorant of his meeting with Djida. On the fourth day of his arrival, Kaled, kissing his uncle's hand, demanded his cousin in marriage, and prayed him to return and dwell with him. Zaher affirmed that he had only a boy named Giaudar, the sole child whom God had granted him; but Kaled related to him all that had happened to him with his cousin. At this information Zaher was troubled, and after an interval of silence, he said, 'I did not think this secret would ever be discovered; but since it is otherwise, none can have better pretensions to the hand of your cousin than you, and I therefore yield her to you.' The price or dowry of Djida was afterwards fixed before witnesses at 1000 red-haired camels, loaded with the choicest productions of Yemen. Then Zaher, entering his daughter's apartment, informed her of the engagement he had come under with Kaled. 'I will subscribe it,' answered she, 'on condition that, on the day of my marriage, my cousin shall slay a thousand camels chosen from amongst those of Malaeb-el-Assené, of the tribe Beni-Hamer.' Her father, smiling at this request, bound his nephew to obey it. The latter having prevailed on his uncle with many prayers to return with him, they all set out together the next day. Zaher was received in his ancient tribe with all possible affection and respect, and was raised to the first station in it. The day following his arrival, Kaled, at the head of 1000 chosen warriors, went forth to surprise the tribe of Beni-Hamer, gave it battle, and dangerously wounded Malaeb, from whom he took a greater number of camels than was demanded by Djida, and then returned in triumph to his camp. A few days after that, as he was begging his uncle to hasten the nuptials, his cousin said to him that she would never see him again under her tent, if he brought not to her the wife or the daughter of one of the most valiant emirs of Kail, to hold the halter of her camel on the day of her marriage; 'for I am determined,' added she, 'that all the young girls shall envy me.' To satisfy this fresh demand, Kaled, at the head of a numerous army, attacked the tribe of Nihama Eben-el-Nazal, and after several battles, he succeeded in capturing Aniame, the daughter of Nihama, whom he took with him. Djida having no further request to make, he began of his own accord a hunt after lions. The day before that fixed for the wedding, as he was following the chase, he encountered a warrior, who, advancing towards him, cried out to him to surrender, and descend from his horse that very instant, upon pain of immediate death. Kaled replied to the summons by a vigorous attack upon this unknown enemy. A terrible combat ensued, and

continued more than an hour; at length, fatigued by the resistance of an adversary whom he could not subdue, Kaled exclaimed, 'Oh, son of a cursed race!—who are you?—what is your tribe?—and why come you to prevent me from continuing a chase which is of importance to me? May maledictions fall on you! Let me know at least whether I am fighting against an emir or against a slave.' Then his adversary, lifting the visor of his helmet, replied to him with a smile, 'How can a warrior talk in that strain to a young maiden!' Kaled, recognising his cousin, durst not answer her, so much was he overpowered with shame. 'I thought,' continued Djida, 'that you might meet with obstacles in your chase, and I am come to assist you.' 'By the all-powerful God!' exclaimed Kaled, 'I know no warrior so valiant as you, oh queen of beauty!' They then separated, agreeing to meet in the evening on the same spot; which they accordingly did, Kaled having slain one lion, and Djida a male and a female. They parted, more and more charmed with each other.

The nuptials lasted three days, with rejoicings of all sorts. More than 1000 camels and twenty lions were killed, the last by Kaled's own hand, with the exception of the two resulting from the hunt of his bride. Aniame led by the halter the naka which Djida mounted. The two lovers were at the height of bliss. Zaher died some time after this marriage, leaving the supreme command to his two children, Kaled and Djida. This heroic couple shortly became the terror of the desert.

Let us return to Antar and his brother. When they had arrived in the neighbourhood of the tribe, Antar sent forward his brother to observe the nature of the ground, and the situation of Kaled's tent, so that he might take measures to attack it. Chaiboub returned to him the next day, with the information that his good fortune surpassed the wickedness of his uncle, as Kaled was absent. He added, 'There are only 100 horsemen in the tribe with Djida. Her husband has departed with Mehdi-Karab, and she is appointed to watch over the common safety. She mounts on horseback every night to make her rounds, followed by a score of troopers, and often goes to a distance, according to the account given me by the slaves.' Antar, delighted at this news, told his brother that he hoped to make Djida a prisoner that very evening; that his duty would be to block the passage to her companions, in order that none of them might be able to warn the tribe, which would then start in pursuit. 'If you allow a single man of them to escape,' he added, 'I will cut off your right hand.' 'I will do all you require,' replied Chaiboub, 'since I am here to assist you.' They remained in concealment the whole day, and drew near the tribe after the sun had gone down. They soon saw several cavaliers coming towards them. Djida was at their head, singing the following verses:—

'The dust from the horses' feet is well scattered—war is my province.

The hunting of lions is a glory and triumph to other warriors, but none to me.

The stars know that my valour has eclipsed that of my fathers.

Who dares approach me when I traverse at night the mountains and the plain?

More than all others have I acquired renown in the discomfiture of the most formidable warriors.'

Antar, hearing these verses, told his brother to keep on the left; and he himself, darting to the right, uttered his war-cry in a voice so powerful, that he struck terror into the twenty horsemen in the suite of Djida. Antar, losing no time, dashed upon her, struck down her horse with a blow of his sabre, and gave her so violent a stroke on the head, that she lost all consciousness. He left her in order to pursue her companions, slew a dozen of them in a short time, and put the others to flight. Chaiboub, who awaited them in the rear, pierced six of them with his arrows, and Antar, flying to his assistance, disposed of the other two. He then told his brother to hasten to Djida and bind her before she recovered her senses, and to take for her one of the horses of the cavaliers whom they had just slain. But Djida, after remaining an hour without sense, had come to herself, and finding a horse without a rider, had taken possession of it. Hearing the voice of Antar, she drew her sabre, and cried out to him, 'Do not flatter yourself, son of an accursed race, that you will see Djida in your power. I am here to make you bite the dust, and never should you have seen me on the ground, had you not had the fortune to kill my horse.' At these words she precipitated herself upon Antar with the fury of a lioness robbed of its cubs. He boldly sustained the shock, and a most terrific combat ensued between them. It continued for three entire hours, without any marked advantage on either side. Both were exhausted with fatigue. Chaiboub kept guard at a distance, that no succour might arrive to Djida, who, although weakened by her fall, and wounded in several places, still made an obstinate defence, in the vain hope of being assisted. At last, Antar, falling desperately upon her, seized her by the throat, and she once more swooned away. He took advantage of that to take away her weapons, and to bind her arms. Then Chaiboub urged his brother to depart, before the events of the night came to the knowledge of Djida's tribe and of her allies, who would put themselves in pursuit. But Antar refused, being unwilling to return to Beni-Abbess without plunder. 'We cannot,' said he, 'thus abandon the fine flocks of this tribe, for we must then return a second time at the period of Abla's marriage. Let us wait for daylight; when they go to pasture, we will seize upon them, and then return to Beni-Abbess.'

In the morning, the flocks being led to graze, Antar took possession of a thousand nakas and a thousand camels, with their conductors, intrusted them to Chaiboub to convey them away, and remained to fight the guards, of whom he made a great carnage. Those who were able to escape ran to the tribe, crying out that a single negro warrior had seized upon all their flocks, slain a great number of them, and remained upon the field of battle, waiting for them to come

and attack him. 'We believe,' they added, 'that he has killed or taken Djida.' 'Is there in the world a warrior who can make head against Djida, and, still more, conquer her?' asked Giabe, one of the most distinguished chiefs. The others, knowing that she had issued forth the previous evening, and not seeing her return, thought that she was perhaps at the chase. They agreed, however, in all circumstances, to depart instantly to recover their flocks. They marched in troops of twenty and thirty, and soon came up to Antar, who calmly awaited the combat on his horse, and leaning his head on his lance. All cried out at the same time, 'Fool! who are you that thus come in search of instant death?' Without deigning any answer, Antar attacked them with impetuosity, and, in spite of their numbers (there were eighty of them), he easily put them to rout, after inflicting wounds upon several. He afterwards thought it expedient to rejoin his brother, for fear the herds had made away with him; but as he was setting off, he saw a great cloud of dust arise out of the middle of the desert, and conceiving it to be the enemy, 'This is the day,' cried he, 'that the man must show itself.' He continued his route, when he met Chaiboub, who was returning towards him. He asked him what he had done with Djida and the flocks. 'When the herds perceived that dust,' answered his brother, 'they revolted, and refused to continue the march, saying it was Kaled returning with his army. I slew three of them, but knowing you to be alone against a multitude, I have come to your succour. It were better to die together than separated.' 'Wretch!' exclaimed Antar, 'you were afraid, and have abandoned Djida and the flocks; but I swear by the All-powerful I will this day perform prodigies that will be celebrated in ages to come!' Having thus spoken, he flew after Djida, whom the herds had unloosed after the departure of Chaiboub. She was on horseback, but wounded, and without arms. Antar, having slain four of the herds, the rest being out of his reach, pursued Djida, who endeavoured to join the army, which was advancing, believing it to be her tribe. But when she was in the middle of the horsemen, she heard them chanting these words: 'Antar, most valiant hero, we come to aid you, although you have no need of our assistance.'

It was, in fact, the army of Beni-Abbess, commanded by the King Zoheir in person. This prince missing Antar, and fearing that his uncle had engaged him, according to custom, in some perilous enterprise, had sent to Chidad, his father, to gain intelligence of him. Being unable to obtain any from him, he had caused Mallek to be interrogated, who feigned to be no better informed. Chidad had then inquired of Abla, whose candour he knew; and having learnt all from her, he gave information to the king, whose sons, exasperated at Mallek, had taken an immediate resolution to go in search of Antar, saying that if they found him in safety and in health, they would celebrate his marriage on their return; and that, if he were dead, they would put Mallek to death, on account of the loss of the hero so precious to his tribe. Informed of the project of his sons,

Chass and Maalek, the king had determined to put himself at the head of his most valiant warriors, and had quitted the tribe, followed by 4000 cavaliers, in the number of whom was Mallek. During the march, the latter having asked the king what his purpose was, 'I wish,' answered Zoheir, 'to go and extricate Antar from the fatal expedition in which you have involved him.' 'I assure you,' replied Mallek, 'that I know nothing about it. Abla alone is culpable; to put an end to the matter, I will return home, and cut off her head.' Chass, taking up the conversation, said, 'Upon my honour, Mallek, it were better that you were dead; if I were not moved by respect for my father, and friendship for Antar, I would make your head fly from your shoulders.' Saying these words, he struck him a violent blow with his courbash, commanding him to be gone, he and his.

On returning from the tribe, Mallek, having collected his relations and friends together, departed, followed by 700 of his own people. The Rabek, one of the most renowned chiefs, and Herone Eben El Wuard, accompanied him with 100 chosen troopers. They marched all the day, and in the evening they pitched their tents, to hold a council, and decide where they were to go, and with what tribe they could unite themselves. 'We are,' said the Rabek, 'more than 700. Let us wait here for news of Antar; if he escapes the danger, and returns to Beni-Abbess, Zoheir will certainly come in search of us; if he perishes, we will migrate, and establish ourselves farther off.' This opinion having prevailed, they remained in that place. As to Zoheir, he had continued his march to the assistance of Antar, whom he at last met pursuing Djida. This latter, having obtained the promise of her life, was bound afresh, and given in charge to Chaiboub. As soon as Antar perceived the king, he got off horseback, and advanced to kiss his sandal, saying, 'My lord, you do too much for your slave! why take so much trouble for me?' 'Do you wish me then,' said Zoheir, 'to leave a hero such as you alone in an enemy's country? You should have communicated to me the demands of your uncle; I would either have satisfied him by giving him my own flocks, or accompanied you in your enterprise.' Antar, having thanked him, went to salute the two sons of the king, Chass and Maalek, and his father Chidad, who told him what had happened to the father of Abla. 'My uncle,' said Antar, 'knows my love for his daughter, and takes an improper advantage of it; but thanks to God, and the terror which our king Zoheir inspires, I have succeeded in my design, and if I had only had fifty horsemen with me, I would have rendered myself master of all the flocks of the three tribes, which were almost without defence; but since I find you here, we will proceed and seize upon them. It shall not be said that the king has taken the field without profit. It is better for him to rest here for a day or two, whilst we march and despoil these tribes.'

Zoheir, approving this scheme, caused the tents to be pitched on that very spot, recommending to the warriors who composed the expedition, above all things to respect the women. They remained

three days absent, in the course of which they captured, almost without opposition, a booty so considerable, that the king was quite astonished at its extent. On the following day, the order for departure having been given, the army retook the route to the tribe, to the satisfaction of all except Djida, who, surrounded by several cavaliers, performed the journey on a camel led by a negro. When three days' march from the tribe, they encamped in a vast plain. Antar, observing that it was admirably adapted for a field of battle, the king remarked that it was equally propitious for the chase. Antar replied, 'But I only love war, and I am ill at ease when I remain any length of time without fighting.' A few hours afterwards they descried a thick cloud of dust which seemed advancing towards the camp. Shortly the steel of the lances was seen glittering, and weeping and shouts of wo were heard. Zoheir, thinking that it was the army of Kaled who had been attacking the tribe of Beni-Amar, and was returning with his prisoners, told Antar to prepare himself for the combat. 'Don't be uneasy,' replied the hero; 'in a short time all those warriors will be in your power.' He instantly ordered the necessary preparations, appointing ten troopers and several negroes to guard the booty. He burned with desire to measure strength with his foe.

Before going further, it is expedient to make known to the reader what army was advancing. Kaled, having departed with 5000 warriors and the two chiefs, Kaiss-Ebn-Mouchek and Mehdi-Karab, to attack Beni-Amar, had found the country deserted. The inhabitants, being apprised of his design, had retired into the mountains with their possessions. He had therefore taken no plunder; and as he was returning without the capture of a solitary camel, his companions had urged him to go and surprise the tribe Beni-Abbess, the richest in the land. Kaled having turned towards that tribe, had fallen in with the camp of Abla's father, which he attacked; and after a whole day's fighting, had taken prisoners all the warriors who composed it, as well as the women and the flocks. Abla, having thus fallen into the power of Kaled, rejoiced at a misfortune which preserved her from a marriage which her father strove to force her to contract with one of his relations named Amara, as she preferred being captive rather than the wife of any other man than Antar. She never ceased calling upon his name, saying, 'Dear Antar, where are you? Would that you could behold to what position I am reduced!'

Kaled having asked one of his prisoners who that woman was who was incessantly repeating the same name, he being a sworn enemy to Antar, answered that she was called Abla, and that she had demanded of her cousin to bring Djida to hold the halter of her naka on her wedding-day. 'We have separated from our tribe,' he added, 'being unwilling to accompany the king Zoheir in that enterprise, to effect which, he departed with all his warriors, except 300 left to guard Beni-Abbess, under the command of Warka, one of his sons.' At this intelligence Kaled kindled into fury, sent Mehdi-Karab, at the head of 1000 warriors, to seize the women and flocks of Beni-

Abbess, with orders to massacre all the men whom he met with. He himself continued his route to rejoin his tribe, treating his prisoners with cruelty, and in great alarm for Djida. To beguile the tedium, he sang the following verses:—

'I have led horses armed with iron, and bearing warriors more formidable than lions.

I have been in the country of Beni-Kannab, of Beni-Amar, and of Beni-Kelal. At my approach the inhabitants have fled into the mountains.

Beni-Abbess is in imminent peril; its people shall weep night and day.

All those who have escaped from slaughter have fallen into my hands.

How many are the maidens whose bright eyes shed tears! They call Beni-Abbess to their succour, but Beni-Abbess is in chains.

Zoheir is gone with his warriors, to find death in a country where the women are more valiant than the men. Evil betide him if they have told me the truth! He has abandoned the certain for the uncertain.

The day of battle will prove which of us two has deceived himself.

My sword rejoices in my victorious hand. The steel of my enemy sheds tears of blood.

The most fearful warriors tremble at my aspect.

My name disturbs their sleep, if terror permits them any repose.

If I did not fear being accused of too much pride, I would assert that my arm alone is sufficient to overturn the universe!'

Kaled, thus pursuing his route, found himself at length in presence of the army of Beni-Abbess. The tears and shouts of the prisoners having reached the ears of Antar and of his warriors, they believed they heard the voices of friends, and apprised Zoheir thereof, who instantly despatched a trooper named Absi to reconnoitre the enemy. Kaled perceiving him from afar, exclaimed, 'Behold an envoy of Beni-Abbess, who comes to make me propositions; but I will listen to none! I shall make it a war of extermination, and all the prisoners shall be slaves. But whence comes the booty which I perceive? Doubtless they have gained possession of it when Djida was hunting lions.' He thereupon despatched Zobaïde, one of his warriors, to meet the envoy of Zoheir, with orders to gain a knowledge of his mission, and inform himself of the fate of Djida. When they came together, Zobaïde, taking the word, said, 'Oh you who come here to meet death, hasten to say what brings you, before your head rolls in the dust.' 'I despise your vain threats,' replied Absi; 'we shall soon meet in the field of battle. I come here for three things: to give you news, to warn you, and to get information. First, I announce to you that we have seized upon your women and your flocks. Secondly, I warn you that we are about to give you battle, under the conduct of the valiant Antar. Thirdly, I come to take note

of the booty you have made, for we know that you have attacked the three tribes Beni-Kannab, Beni-Amar, and Beni-Kelal. I have spoken. Answer!' 'Our booty,' said Zobaïde, 'has come to us without trouble; terror for the name of Kaled has sufficed.' He then related what has been before mentioned concerning the father of Abla, and added that 1000 warriors had been despatched to surprise Beni-Abbess. 'In my turn,' he concluded, 'I demand from you news of Djida.' 'She is a prisoner,' replied Absi, 'and suffering from her wounds.' 'Who then has been able to vanquish her—her, who is brave as her husband?' asked the envoy of Kaled. 'A hero whom none can resist,' said Absi; 'Antar the son of Chidad.'

The two envoys having fulfilled their missions, returned to give an account to their respective chiefs. Absi, upon arriving, shouted out, 'Oh, Beni-Abbess! fly to arms to wash out the affront inflicted on you by Beni-Zobaïde.' Then, addressing himself to Zoheir, he sang the following verses:—

'Beni-Abbess, surprised by the enemy, lies desolate. A destroying wind has swept the place; the echo alone remains.

They have despoiled you of your goods; the men have been massacred; your wives and children are in the power of the enemy. Hear their cries of distress; they call for your aid. Beni-Zobaïde is triumphant; hasten to vengeance!

Oh, Antar, if you saw the despair of Abla, how it exceeds that of her companions!

Her garments are steeped in tears; the very earth is swimming with them!

Abla, the most beauteous amongst the beautiful!

Fly then to arms! The day of victory or death is come! May death follow the blows of your redoubtable arms!'

At this recital Zoheir could not prevent himself from weeping. His affliction was shared by all the chiefs who surrounded him. Antar alone experienced some degree of satisfaction on learning the sad fate of his uncle, who had been the cause of all his misfortunes; but his love soon drove all pleasurable sensations from his heart.

The envoy of Kaled, when arrived in his presence, tore his clothes, and repeated the following verses:—

'Oh, Beni-Zobaïde, you have been surprised by the warriors of Beni-Abbess, borne upon horses fleet as the wind!

Your most precious possessions have been plundered.

Will you be merciful to those who have carried off even your wives?

Oh, Kaled! if you could see Djida, with her eyes bathed in tears!

Oh you, the most potent of warriors, hasten to attack your enemies sword in hand!

Death is preferred by the brave to a life without honour.

Let not the wicked brand you with the name of coward!'

Upon hearing these things, Kaled was excited to rage, and gave orders to march to the combat. Zoheir, perceiving this movement,

likewise advanced, followed by his soldiers. The plain and the mountains trembled at the approach of the two armies. Zoheir, addressing Antar, said, 'The enemy is numerous; this day will be terrible!' 'My lord,' answered Antar, 'man can but die once. Behold the day is come at last which I have so long desired. If Kaled has with him Caesar and the king of Persia, I will deliver our women and children, or I will perish.' He then recited the following verses:—

'Man, whatever may be his condition, can never support contempt.

The man generous towards his guests owes them the succour of his arm.

He ought to know how to bear misfortune when valour fails to give him the victory.

He ought to protect his friends, and redden his lance with the blood of his foes.

The man who possesses not these virtues, deserves to be held in no estimation.

I wish to make head against the enemy by myself alone.

What has been plundered from us I will this day recapture.

The battle which I am about to give shall make the highest mountains quake.

Let Abla rejoice, her captivity shall soon be ended.'

On hearing these verses, Chass exclaimed, 'How you make your voice heard above the clamour—you, who surpass all the learned in eloquence, and all warriors in valour!'

Kaled, before coming to blows, gave orders to make as many prisoners as possible. Antar went in the direction of the captives, to endeavour to deliver Abla, but he found them guarded by a considerable number of horsemen. Kaled, in the same manner, drew near the place where Djida was kept, flattering himself that Beni-Abbess would not stand an hour before him. He commenced by attacking the warriors who encompassed Zoheir, and succeeded in wounding Chass. His father defended him like a lion, and the combat lasted till the close of day. Darkness alone separated the two armies, which retired into their respective camps. After prodigies of valour, Antar returned, and learnt from the king that Kaled had wounded his son. 'By the All-Powerful!' cried Antar, 'I will commence to-morrow by vanquishing Kaled! I would have done so to-day, but I sought to deliver Abla, and have not succeeded. When Kaled is slain, or made prisoner, his army will promptly disperse, and we shall be able to save our unfortunate friends. Beni-Zobaïde shall learn that we surpass it in bravery.' 'Oh, bravest of the brave!' exclaimed Zoheir, 'I do not doubt our success, but I cannot avoid shuddering when I think that Mehdi-Karab, at the head of numerous warriors, has gone to surprise our tribe, guarded only by my son Warka and a small number of our men. I fear he will obtain possession of our women and children. What will become of us if we are not the conquerors to-morrow?' Antar, having promised to bring the affair to a conclusion the next day, they took a light

repast, and retired into their tents to enjoy a little rest. Instead of reposing like the others, Antar, taking a fresh horse, set off to make his rounds, accompanied by Chaiboub, to whom, as they proceeded on the way, he recounted his fruitless efforts to deliver Abla. 'I was more fortunate than you,' said Chaiboub, 'for, after many endeavours, I succeeded in seeing her to-day, and I will tell you how. When I saw battle joined in the plain, I took a long circuit by traversing the desert, and I reached the place where the prisoners were detained. I saw the Rabek, his brother Herone Ebn-el-Wuard, your uncle Mallek, his son, and the other warriors of our tribe, bound across the backs of camels. Near them were the women, and amongst them Abla, whose beautiful eyes were pouring torrents of tears. She stretched her arms towards our camp, exclaiming, "Oh, Beni-Abbess, is there not one of thy sons who will come and deliver us?—not one who will tell Antar of the sad condition in which I languish?" One hundred warriors surrounded the captives, as a ring encircles the finger. I endeavoured, however, to carry off Abla, but I was recognised and pursued. In retreating, I let fly my arrows at them. Thus I passed the whole day, ever returning to the charge, and always pursued. I slew more than fifteen of their soldiers. But you see how sad is the fate of Abla.' This recital drew tears from Antar, who was choked with rage. After making a considerable circuit, they at last arrived at their destination.

At the dawn of the day, the two armies drew up in order for the combat, and were only waiting the signals of their chiefs to fall upon each other, when a rumour was spread through the ranks of Beni-Abbess that Antar had disappeared. This disastrous intelligence discouraged the warriors of Zoheir, who already considered themselves vanquished. The king was about to demand a suspension of arms, to wait until the return of Antar, when he saw from afar a thick dust arise, which grew greater as it advanced. At length were heard cries of despair and pain. This third army fixed the attention of the two others. Shortly they perceived warriors supple as saplings, all cased in steel, advancing joyously to the combat. At their head marched a veteran tall as a cedar, firm as a rock; the earth trembled beneath his tread. Before him were men bound upon camels, and surrounded by troopers leading several unmounted horses. These troopers shouted out, 'Beni-Zobaïde!' and their voices echoed through the desert. It was Mehdi-Karab, who had been sent by Kaled to despoil Beni-Abbess. He was returning, after happily accomplishing his mission. Having arrived at that tribe as the sun was rising, he had gained instant possession of all the horses, of the best camels, and of several maidens, daughters of the first families. But Warka, having collected in haste the few warriors that were with him, had set off in pursuit. When Mehdi-Karab saw himself followed, he sent the plunder forward under an escort of 200 cavaliers, and attacked the squadron of Warka, which, though very inferior in numbers, sustained the fight with obstinacy till the fall of day. Then Beni-Abbess, having lost half its troops,

and Warka being captured, the remainder dispersed. Mehdi-Karab, after this affair, resumed his route; and hastening forward, he arrived in time to take part in the action about to commence. He immediately ranged his force in battle-array. At this sight Zoheir exclaimed, 'Behold my fears realised! but no matter, let the sabre decide between us. Any fate is preferable to the shame of witnessing our women reduced to slavery, and rendered bodies without souls.'

Mehdi-Karab was received by his comrades with transports of joy; and after relating the events of his expedition, he inquired after Kaled, and learnt with dismay that, having mounted his horse the previous evening to keep guard, he had not returned. Concealing his disquietude, he fell with impetuosity upon Beni-Abbess, followed by the whole army uttering their war-cry. The warriors of Zoheir sustained the terrible shock like men in despair, determined to die rather than live apart from those they loved. Streams of blood flooded the field of battle. At noon the victory was still undecided, but Beni-Abbess began to grow faint. The foe made a frightful carnage in its ranks. Zoheir, who was in the left wing, with his sons and chief men, seeing the centre and right wing yielding, was in the greatest distress, not knowing how to prevent the dispersion of his army, when he perceived behind the enemy a squadron of 1000 picked warriors, shouting aloud 'Beni-Abbess!' It was commanded by Antar, who, like a tower of brass, was advancing with all speed, preceded by Chaiboub, crying with stentorian voice, 'Evil betide you, ye children of Beni-Zobaïde! Seek safety in flight! Hide yourselves from the death which is hovering above you. If you do not believe me, open your eyes, and behold at the point of my lance the head of your chief, Kaled-Ebn-Mohareb!'

SECOND FRAGMENT.

Antar, during his captivity in Persia, having rendered the king of that country important services, that monarch granted him his liberty, and dismissed him, loaded with rich presents in silver, horses, slaves, flocks, and arms of all sorts. Antar, encountering on his route a warrior renowned for his valour, who had seized upon Abla, slew him, and took his cousin with him. When near his tribe, he sent to give his parents notice, as they believed him dead long ago; the announcement of his return filled them with joy, and they set off to meet him, accompanied by the principal chiefs, and the King Zoheir himself. On perceiving them, Antar, intoxicated with gladness, sprang to the earth to kiss the stirrup of the king, who embraced him with affection. The other chiefs, delighted to see him again, pressed him in their arms. Amara, his despicable rival, was alone discontented. To do honour to his king, Antar continued the march by his side, intrusting the guard of his bride to ten negroes, who during the night fell asleep on their camels. Abla, having done the same thing in her haudag, was alarmed when she awoke at find-

ing herself far from the rest of the troop. Her cries awakened the negroes, who then perceived that the camels had strayed from the right path. Whilst they dispersed to endeavour to find out the road again, Abla descended from her haudag, and was immediately seized by a cavalier, who lifted her in his arms, and placed her behind him on his horse. It was Amara, who, rendered furious at the honours paid to his rival, had separated from the tribe, and meeting his cousin alone, had taken the resolution to possess himself of her person. When she reproached him for his treachery, so unworthy of an emir, he said to her, 'I prefer carrying you off to dying of chagrin by seeing you marry Antar.' Then continuing his journey, he proceeded to seek refuge in a powerful tribe, the enemy of Beni-Abbess. In the meantime the negroes, having discovered the road, had returned to take the haudag, ignorant that Abla had quitted it. Antar, having accompanied the king as far as his tent, turned back to meet his bride, whom, to his great surprise, he found no longer in her haudag. The information given by the negroes as to her disappearance being unsatisfactory, he mounted his horse, and flew off to seek Abla, holding his course for several days, with lamentations for her loss, and singing the following verses :—

'Sleep flies my eyelids; tears have furrowed my cheeks.

My constancy causes my agony, and leaves me no rest.

We saw each other for so short a time, that my sufferings are augmented in consequence.

This removal, these continual separations, tear my heart. Ah! how I regret your tents, Beni-Abbess!

How many useless tears I shed far from my beloved!

To be happy, I only asked to remain near you as long as a miser would allow a sight of his treasure.'

Antar returned after long and fruitless searches, and he determined to despatch his brother Chaiboub in disguise. After a long absence, Chaiboub came back, and informed him that he had discovered Abla with Mafarey-Ebn-Hammarn, who had wrested her from Amara with the intention of marrying her; but that she, unwilling to form the union, had pretended madness, and her abductor, to punish her, had made her work like a slave, in which capacity she was exposed to bad usage on the part of Mafarey's mother, who employed her in the roughest labour. 'I heard her call upon you,' added Chaiboub, 'singing the following verses :—

'Come and deliver me, oh my cousins! or at least inform Antar of my woful state.

My sufferings have exhausted my strength; nothing but misfortune has befallen me since I quitted the lion.

A slight breeze sufficed to make me ill, so judge what I endure from the hardships to which I am reduced.

My patience is at an end. My enemies may be satisfied; how many are my humiliations since I lost the hero of my heart!

Ah! if it be possible, bring Antar to me; the lion alone can protect the gazelle!

My misfortunes would melt rocks!'

Antar, refusing to hear more, departed on the instant, and after long and bloody fights, he delivered Abla.

REFLECTIONS OF ANTAR.

'Let your enemies stand in awe of your sword; remain not where you are despised.

Settle amongst the witnesses of your triumphs, or die gloriously with arms in your hands.

Be a despot with despots, a wicked man amongst the wicked.

If your friend forsakes you, seek not to bring him back, but close your ears to the calumnies of his rivals.

There is no shelter against death.

It is better to die fighting than to live in slavery.

Whilst I was counted in the number of slaves, my thoughts traversed the clouds.

I owe my renown to my sword, not to the nobility of my birth.

My great deeds will make my birth respected by the warriors of Beni-Abbess, who are tempted to despise it.

The warriors and the steeds themselves are there to attest the victories of my arm.

I have darted my horse into the midst of the enemy, into the dust of the combat during the heat of action; I have brought it out spotted with blood, suffering from my matchless activity; at the end of the fight it had only one colour.

I have slain their fiercest warriors; Rabiha-Hafrebar, Giaber-Ebn-Mehalka, and the son of Rabiha-Zabkan, have remained upon the field of battle.

Zabiba* blames me for exposing myself at night; she fears I may fall by the weight of numbers; she would wish to scare me with death, as if it were not to be endured some day.

Death, said I to her, is a fountain at which we must drink sooner or later.

Cease then to torment yourself, for if I do not die, I must be slain.

I will conquer all the kings who are already at my feet, trembling for the blows of my redoubtable arm.

Tigers and lions even have submitted to me.

The chargers remain mournful, as if they had lost their masters.

I am the son of a woman with a black forehead, the limbs of an ostrich, and hair like grains of pepper.

Oh, you who return from the tribe, what is passing there?

Bear my salute to her whose love has preserved me from death.

* Antar's mother.

My enemies desire my humiliation; cruel fate!—my degradation is their triumph.

Tell them that their slave deplores their absence.

If your laws permit you to kill me, satisfy your desire; no one will ask an account of my blood.'

Antar, precipitating himself into the midst of the foe, disappeared from the eyes of his comrades, who, fearing for his life, were about to carry succour to him, when he reappeared holding the head of the enemy's chief in his hand. He sang the following verses:—

'If I slake not my sabre in the blood of the enemy, if it flows not at its stroke, may my eyes enjoy no sleep, and I will renounce the happiness of seeing Abla in my dreams!

I am more active than death itself, for I burn with desire to destroy those for whom it consents to wait.

Death, on witnessing my exploits, respects my person. The arms of the Bedouins are not long enough to reach me, the most terrible of warriors—me, the furious lion—me, whose sword and lance give souls their liberty.

When I shall see death, I will make it a turban with my sabre, the blood of which will increase its lustre.

I am the lion who protects all that belongs to him.

My actions will be crowned with immortality.

My black complexion becomes white when the heat of combat inflames my heart; my love becomes extreme; persuasion then has no empire over me.

May my neighbour be always triumphant, my enemy humiliated, cowed, and without asylum.

By the All-powerful, who has created the seven heavens, and who knows the future, I will not cease to fight until I destroy my enemy, for I am the lion of the earth, always ready for war!

My refuge is in the dust of the field of battle.

I have put the opposing warriors to flight, throwing on the ground the corpse of their chief. See his blood which trickles down my sabre!

Oh, Beni-Abbess! make ready your triumphs, and be proud of a negro who has a throne in the heavens.

Ask my name from sabres and lances, they will tell you that I am called Antar.' *

The father of Abla, unwilling to give his daughter to Antar, had quitted the tribe during his absence. On his return, the hero not finding his cousin, spoke the following verses:—

'How shall I deny the love I bear to Abla, when my tears testify to the grief that her absence causes me? When at a distance from her, the fire which devours me becomes every day more ardent. I cannot conceal sufferings which are unceasingly renewed.

My patience diminishes, whilst my desire to see her again augments.

To God alone I complain of my uncle's tyranny, for none comes to my aid.

* Courageous.

My friends! love is killing me, me, so vigorous and formidable!

Oh, daughter of Mallek! I banish sleep from my exhausted body; besides, how could I yield myself to it, when on a bed of burning coal?

I weep so much, that the birds even will recognise my grief, and weep with me.

I kiss the earth which you touched; perhaps its freshness may cool the fire of my heart.

Oh, beautiful Abla! my spirit and my heart wander, whilst your flocks are in safety under my guard.

Have pity on my sad state; I will be faithful to you to all eternity.

In vain my rivals rejoice; my body will taste no repose.'

FRAGMENTS OF ARAB POETRY.

A caliph being at the chase, wandered after losing his suite, and arrived near a spring, where three young Bedouin maids were drawing water; having asked them to let him drink, they all three hastened eagerly to present him with water. Charmed with their kindness, the caliph wished to reward them; but finding himself without money, he broke some of his arrows, which were of gold, and distributed the pieces among them. Each returned him thanks in verse.

The first said: 'If your arrows are of gold, it is to show your generosity, even for the enemy. You thus give the wounded wherewithal to get well tended, and the dead means to pay for their burial.'

The second said: 'In battle, your too liberal hand extends its largesses even to your enemies; your arrows are of a precious metal, in order to prove that war prevents you not from bestowing favours.'

The third said: 'In days of battle he throws his foes arrows of massive gold, so that the wounded may not be abandoned, and the dead may purchase their winding-sheets.'

An Arab having made a young girl blush by looking at her, said, 'My glances have sown roses upon your cheeks, wherefore forbid me from plucking them! The law permits him who plants to reap.'

Tanbé-Eben-Homager made a great number of verses for his mistress, Lailla-el-Akeatial; amongst others, those which follow:—'When I am dead, if Lailla-el-Akeatial comes to the place where I am at rest to speak to me, in order to answer her, my voice will clear the earth and the stones that cover me, or the echo of my tomb will make itself heard.'

The passion of Tanbé was so violent, that he died. Not long after,

Lailla, having married, passed not far from the tomb of Tanbé, accompanied by her husband, who told her to go and speak to that fool, to see if he would answer her, as he had proclaimed in his verses. When she wished to excuse herself, her husband repeated the order with fury. Forced to obey, she turned the head of her camel towards the tomb, and on arriving at it, she exclaimed, 'Tanbé, are you there?'

At these words a huge bird flew from a bush close by, and alarmed her camel, which, bounding back, threw Lailla to the ground. She was killed by the fall, and was interred by the side of Tanbé.

Ehnassondi said to me: 'I have known you shed tears of blood, so great was your fidelity; why, then, are your tears become white?'

I answered: 'It is no proof either of my forgetfulness or inconstancy: but from weeping so much, time itself has whitened my tears.'

*** I entertained a design of adding here a translation of some modern Arab poems, to give at least an idea of them; but I learn that an able hand, and one more versed than mine, has been already occupied on the task. A volume, entitled *Mélanges de Littérature Orientale et Française* (Scraps of French and Oriental Literature), by J. 'Agoub, is to appear in a few days. I knew the author, a young poet of the highest hopes, removed prematurely from his family and glory. He was born in Egypt, and had been educated in France. We discover in the original fragments that he has left behind him, and we will doubtless find in his translations, the heated and deep colouring of his country, joined to the purity of the French taste. His works, published by his widow, are the sole heritage that he has left his family and his country.

A. DE LAMARTINE.

15*th April*, 1835.

AUTHOR'S POLITICAL SUMMARY.*

In the vicissitudes and leisure moments of eighteen months of travels, the mind thinks almost involuntarily. The different aspects under which human affairs present themselves to it, group and illumine them; in history, philosophy, and religion, a man reasons instinctively upon what he has seen, felt, and inferred; truths are impressed upon him, and when he questions himself, he discovers that in various respects he is another man. The world has spoken to him, and he has understood its language; if it were otherwise, of what use to the traveller would be the pain, the peril, or the prolonged tedium of separation, of absence from his friends and country? Travels would be a brilliant deception. They give, on the contrary, structure to the thought, through nature and mankind. But nevertheless a man, whilst travelling, departs not from himself; the ideas which preoccupied his age and country, when he quitted the paternal roof, still pursue and engage his mind when he moves onwards. Politics being the exciting topic for Europe, and especially for France, I reflected much upon them whilst in the East. In them, as in history, as also in philosophy and religion, conceptions more just, extended, and accurate, have resulted to me from the examination and impression of facts and places, in a political sense. Some things have been concentrated in my mind, and I now give the produce. It is the only page of these travelling notes that I would wish to display to Europe, for it contains correct views applicable to the present time, which are necessary to be understood whilst they are clear and apposite, and whilst they may tend to render the future fruitful in results. If they are understood and acted upon, they may save

* The reader is requested to bear in mind that the startling views promulgated in this summary were written by M. de Lamartine in 1835. The affairs of Europe, and the relations of its different nations, have since then undergone many changes, and it is not unlikely that the opinions of our author—certainly not one of the least mutable of men—may have experienced a similar transformation. No one can with greater justice apply to himself the Latin adage, '*Tempora mutantur*,' &c., than the Legitimatist of '34, the Liberalist of '40, and the Red Republican of '48.

Europe and Asia; they may multiply and improve the human race; they may produce an epoch in the laborious and progressive career of humanity; if they are contemned and rejected as impracticable dreamings, on account of some slight difficulties in their execution, the good or evil passions of Europe will explode upon itself, and Asia will remain as it is, a dead and sterile member of the human family.

Theories have carried Europe to one of those great organic crises of which history has preserved but one or two instances in its memoir; epochs in which an emasculated civilisation gives place to another in which the past has no longer any influence, in which the future presents itself to the masses in all the uncertainty and darkness of the unknown; epochs terrible in their consequences when they are not fertile of good; they are the critical convulsions of the human mind, which plunge it into annihilation for ages, or invigorate it for a new and lengthened existence. The French Revolution has been the tocsin to the world. Many of its phases are accomplished, but it is not yet concluded; nothing is finished in these slow, internal, and everlasting movements of the moral life of man. There are intervals of inertness; but during these very periods thought ripens, capabilities accumulate, and all is prepared for fresh action. In the progress of societies and ideas, the end is ever but a new starting-point. The French Revolution, which will hereafter be called the European Revolution—for ideas find their level like water—was not only a political revolution, a change of power, one dynasty set up in place of another, a republic substituted for a monarchy—all these things were but accidents, symptoms, instruments, or means. The operation was so much the more grave and portentous, that it could have been worked out under all the forms of political power, and that an individual might have been a monarchist or a republican, attached to one dynasty or to another, the partisan of this or that constitutional combination, without being the less sincerely or deeply a man of the revolution. He might have preferred one instrument to another by which to move the world, and change its position, and that was all. But the idea of a revolution, that is to say, of a fundamental alteration and improvement, did not the less brighten his mind, or the less warm his heart. Where is amongst us the thinking man, the man of feeling and reason, the man of religion and hope, who, putting his hand upon his heart, and questioning himself before God, and in sight of institutions which crumbled because they were anomalous and antiquated, will not answer, 'I was a revolutionist!' The age carries forward those who resist it, as well as those who go before and urge it. Time is a current so rapid and resistless, that those who row the most vigorously, and who strive to mount or stem the flow of its waters, find themselves insensibly borne very far from the spot they clung to in their hearts, and are astounded some day when they measure the way they have involuntarily made. There soon comes a mid-way era, when the revolution, ripened in the

mind, bursts into facts. It is at first but a combat, then a ruin; the dust of that struggle and ruin obscures all for a long time; men know not wherefore, or upon what ground, or under what banners, they fight. They draw, as if in darkness, upon their friends and brothers; re-actions follow the first movement, excesses sully all parties; and men retire with horror from a cause which crime is called in to serve, and which it injures, as it does invariably. They pass from one excess to another; they no longer understand the tumultuous struggles or the vicissitudes of the strife, or, in other words, the confusion and disorder, the triumph and discomfiture, the enthusiasm and dismay.

At the present day, we begin to comprehend the providential plan of that great contest between ideas and men. The dust has settled, the prospect is cleared. We perceive the positions taken up and lost, the ideas remaining on the field of battle, those which are mortally wounded, those which still survive, those which triumph, or are destined to triumph. We understand the past, we understand the era, and we lift up a corner of the future. It is a glorious and rare moment for the human mind. Man gains a knowledge of himself, and the work which he effects; he almost opens up the horison of his future. When a revolution is at length understood, it is accomplished; success may be deferred, but it is no longer doubtful. The new system, if it has not perfected its conquest, has at least gained an infallible weapon. This weapon is the press: that daily and universal revelation from all to all, is to the spirit of innovation and amelioration what gunpowder was to those who first understood its use; it assures the victory by a superior capability. For political philosophers there is no longer any question of fighting, but only of moderating and directing the invincible weapon of the new civilisation. The past is extinguished, the soil is free, the field is empty; equality of rights is admitted as a principle; liberty of discussion is consecrated in the governing forms, and power carried back to its source; the interest and reason of all are engaged in institutions, which have weakness to fear more than tyranny; speech, spoken and written, has the right of making, at all times and places, its appeal to the general intelligence. This great tribunal of reason controls, and will more and more control, all the other powers that emanate from it; it stirs, and will stir, all the social, religious, political, and national questions, with the force which opinion lends to it, according to its temporary convictions, until human reason, illumined by the ray which it pleases God to shed upon it, has entered upon possession of the whole social world, and when, satisfied with its intellectual achievement, it says, like the Creator, 'What I have done is good,' and rests itself for some days, if repose be at any time in heaven and upon earth.

But the social questions are complicated. The solution of those relative to internal policy requires a solution, in the same spirit, of those which are without. All things have a mutual dependence in the world, and one operation always re-acts upon another. Let us

see, then, with regard to the East, what should be logically the plan and action of the European political systems; I say European, for although the constitutional, or, better named, the rational system, prevails in its forms only in France, England, Spain, and Portugal, it prevails throughout in spirit; the thinkers are everywhere its partisans; the people are imbued with its idea; and a revolution, when commenced or perfected in the mind, is soon brought about in fact; an opportunity only is wanting—it is a mere affair of time. Europe has various forms of polity, but already it has but one soul, that for renovation, and the government of men according to reason. France and England are the two countries of experience, charged, in these latter times, to promulgate and test theories. Glorious and fatal mission! France, the boldest, has taken the initiative; she is at present far in advance. Let us first speak of her. France has a glorious career and great dangers before her; she leads the nations, but she tries the route, and she may stumble on the abyss while seeking the social track. The hatred of all who cling to the past is aroused against her. In religion, philosophy, and politics, all who have a horror of reason have a horror of France; the secret prayers of men who are for retrograding, enamoured of the past, are for her ruin; she is for them the symptom of their own fall, the living proof of their powerlessness, and the mendacity of their forebodings. If she prospers, she belies their doctrines; if she crumbles, she verifies them; all experiments for the amelioration of human institutions end with her downfall; a shout of applause is raised, and the world remains the prey of tyranny and prejudice. The fanatics of tyranny and prejudice therefore ardently desire her subversion. At every movement that she makes, they proclaim its approach; on every occasion they look forward to it with hope: but France is powerful, much more by the active spirit which animates her, than by the number of her soldiers. She alone has faith, and a clear and generous instinct of the great cause for which she struggles. They oppose to her warlike machines, and she throws martyrs into the arena. Determination is more vigorous than an army. France, divided, ruined, tyrannised, flooded with blood within by executioners, attacked from without by her own sons, and the arms of entire Europe, has shown to the world that dangers from abroad fail to peril her safety; intestine strife is more serious, but it results from the novelty of her position. A transition is always a crisis; and the foreseen or unforeseen consequences of a new principle inevitably bring about unexpected phenomena in the social existence of a great people. The immediate consequences of the revolution in France, and the accidental circumstances of the convulsion she has just passed through, are numerous. I speak only of the main ones. Equality of rights has produced an equality in the pretensions and ambition of all classes, the desire of power, the general struggle for all employments, impediments to advancement in all careers, rivalry, jealousy, envy, amongst so many men pressing all at once upon the same outlets; a perpetual squeezing of men of

capacity, cupidity, and self-love, at the entrance to all public functions, and a crowd of rejected and envenomed minds thrown back upon society, and ready to seek revenge by embroiling it.

Liberty of discussion and examination, as established in a free press, has produced a spirit for contest and dispute, without good faith, and opposition in calling and attitude, a cynicism in words and logic, which affrights truth and moderation, which misleads and inflames ignorance, and draws contempt upon government, that first necessity of nations, in whatever hands it may be vested. Honest but timid men are alarmed, and weapons are given to all the most evil passions of the age and the country. Education, spread amongst the masses, although the primary want of populations, which have been kept so long apart from it, yet produces upon them at the first moment a sort of confusion of ideas, the full comprehension of which is still far from them, and a giddiness of mind from the light glaring too powerfully and too suddenly upon it. They are like a man who is drawn from darkness, in which he has long languished, and whose return to the sunbeams is too precipitately forced; like a famished man to whom too much food is thrown at once; the first is dazzled, and remains blind for a period; the other perishes, perhaps from the very aliment which was to restore him to life. It does not follow, however, that food and the light of the sun are baneful; it is the sudden transition which is mischievous. It is the same with the education of the masses; it produces at first a superabundance of capacity, eager for social employment, a want of level between capabilities and occupations, which may, and which must create, for a time a serious disturbance in political harmony, until the equilibrium on a higher scale is re-established, and the multitudes of instructed minds plan out for themselves their fitting modes of action. As to the industrial movement; it tears the people from their family manners and habits, from the peaceable and virtuous labours of the land; it over-induces work by the gain which it suddenly proffers, and which is as suddenly withdrawn; it inures to the luxury and vices of towns men who can no longer return to the simplicity and moderation of the rural life; hence are populations, to-day too few for the demand, to-morrow thrown out of employment, whom want renders a prey to disorder and sedition.

The prolétaires;* a numerous class, imperceptible in despotic, ecclesiastical, and aristocratic governments, in which they live under the wing of one of the powers which possess the soil, and have at least their existence guaranteed by their patrons; a class which, at present left to itself by the suppression of their superiors, and by *individualism*, is in a worse condition than it has ever been; it has gained barren rights without the means of subsistence, and will disturb society, until *socialism* has succeeded to this odious individualism.

* [The *prolétaires* is a new designation introduced into French political economy. The term may be said to comprise those who, having no actual property, live by the exercise of labour. M. de Lamartine seems to limit it to the class that we call farmers, or persons employed in agricultural pursuits, apart from the landlords.]

It is from the situation of the prolétaires that the question of property, which is now a universal topic, has sprung; a question which would be resolved by battle and partition, if it were not shortly settled by reason, policy, and *social charity*. Charity is *socialism;* selfishness is *individualism*. Charity, acting in concert with good policy, commands man not to abandon man to himself, but to come to his aid, to form a sort of mutual assurance, on equitable conditions, between the classes possessing and those not possessing. It says to the proprietor, 'Thou shalt preserve thy estate;' for, in spite of the brilliant dream of a community of goods, attempted in vain by Christianity and philanthropy, the right of property is to this day the *sine quâ non* of all society; without it there are no family ties, labour, or civilisation. But it says also, 'Thou wilt not forget that the right of property is not solely instituted for thee, but for all humanity; thou art entitled to it only on conditions of justice and utility, of sharing it with, and rendering it available to, all; thou wilt furnish therefore to thy brethren, from the superfluity of thy possessions, the means and elements of labour, which are necessary for them to gain their part in return; thou wilt recognise a right as superior to that of property—the rights of humanity.' Here justice and policy are the same. From all these facts in the new system, a palpable want has resulted to France and Europe—the want of more room. There is an absolute necessity that the expansion without should be in proportion to the immense expansion within, which has been produced by the revolution in affairs. Without this extension abroad, how are the perils to be obviated that I have just pointed out, how is equality in rights to be secured, when it is denied in fact! How can free discussion be permitted, and reason, and its organ the press, resisted? How can instruction be disseminated, and the minds pressed down which it multiplies? How can industry be put in motion, and provision be made for the agglomerations of masses, and the sudden cessations of work and wages, which result from it! How are those multitudes of prolétaires to be restrained who are continually increasing, and who are armed, although undisciplined, struggling between misery and a rising to pillage? How is property to be saved from the theoretical and practical attacks which it will have more and more to sustain?—and if this corner-stone of all society should give way, how is society itself to be saved? and where will security be found against a second barbarism? These perils are such, that if the foresight of the governments of Europe does not find palliatives, the ruin of the social world is inevitable within a given time. Now, by an admirable provision of Providence, who never creates new wants without presenting at the same time means to satisfy them, there is occurring at this very moment, when the great civilising crisis is progressing in Europe, and when the fresh necessities which result from it are becoming known to governments and people, a grand crisis of a contrary nature in the East and in Asia, and a boundless stage is opened to the populations and resources of Europe. The exuberance of life which threatens to break bounds

with us, may and ought to be poured upon that part of the world; the excess of productive power which torments us might be employed in those countries where vigour is exhausted and laid asleep, where the inhabitants are stationary, or diminish, and where the vital energy of the human race is defunct. The Turkish empire crumbles, and leaves from day to day a void for anarchy and disorganised barbarity, territories without people, and populations without guides or masters; and this ruin of the Ottoman empire requires no provoking or pushing; it is accomplished of itself, providentially, by its own action, by its very nature; it is accomplished like events decreed by fate, without its being possible to accuse any one of it, or for the Turks, or Europe, to prevent it. The population sinking on itself, is expiring from its own incapability of living, or rather it is no more. The Moslem race is reduced to nothing in the 60,000 square leagues of which its fertile dominion is composed; except in one or two capitals, there are scarcely any more Turks. Let us cast our eye over those rich and admirable countries, and seek the Ottoman empire; we find it nowhere. The stupid administration, or rather the destructive inertness, of the conquering race of Osman, has made a desert on all sides, or has allowed the conquered races to multiply and increase, whilst it was diminishing and perishing daily itself. Africa and its sea-coast no longer regard the Turkish sway. The Barbary regencies are independent in fact, and have not even that fraternity, that sympathy of religion and manners, which constitutes a shadow of nationality. The blow struck at Navarino was disregarded at Tunis; the blow struck at Algiers was heeded not at Constantinople; the branch is severed from the trunk; the sea-coast of Africa is neither Turkish nor Arabian—it is a collection of brigand colonies, usurping the land without rooting themselves in it, without title or right, or name amongst the nations, but holding only by force of arms. They are as a vessel without a flag, upon which all the world may fire. Turkey is not there.

Egypt, peopled with Arabs, commanded by all the alternate masters of Syria, has just detached itself in reality from the empire. Mehemet-Ali attempts the resurrection of the kingdom of the caliphs; but the fanaticism of a new dogma, which glowed around their sabre, is wanting to his. Arabia, divided into tribes, without cohesion, without uniformity in manners and laws, accustomed for many ages to the yoke of the pachas, is far from regarding Mehemet-Ali as a liberator; it does not consider him even as a civiliser, who summons it from barbarity and helplessness to discipline and independence; it sees in him but a fortunate and rebellious slave, who strives to increase the portion that fortune has given him, to enrich himself with the produce of Egypt and Syria, and to die without a master. After he is gone, it knows that it will fall again under some yoke, and it matters little whose.

Bagdad, on the confines of the desert of Syria, contains a population of Jews, Christians, Persians, and Arabs; a few thousands of Turks, commanded by a pacha who is driven away, or who revolts

every three or four years, are not sufficient to constitute a Turkish nationality in a town of 200,000 souls. Bagdad is, from its position, a free town, a caravanserai belonging to the whole of Asia, as a depôt for its internal commerce; it is another Palmyra in the desert. Between Bagdad and Damascus reign the vast deserts of Syria and Mesopotania, traversed by the Euphrates. There are in them no kingdoms, towns, or dominations; there are only the tents which unknown and independent tribes move to and fro on these plains; tribes who have nothing in common but their caprices, who recognise no country or master; children of the desert, who have for enemies all those who strive to subject them to control—yesterday the Turks, to-day the Egyptians. The Turks are not there. Damascus, a large and magnificent city, a holy city, where the Moslem fanaticism still prevails, has a population of 100,000 to 150,000 souls; of this number 30,000 are Christians, 7000 or 8000 are Jews, and more than 100,000 are Arabs. A handful of Turks still reign, from the spirit of conquest and identity of religion, in the country; but Damascus, unsettled and independent, revolts at every moment, massacres its pacha, and chases away the Turks. It is the same in Aleppo, a town infinitely less important, whence commerce is departing, and which is sinking under the devastations of its earthquakes. The towns of Syria, properly so called, from Gaza as far as Alexandretta, comprising in the list Homs and Hama, are in the same manner peopled by Arabs, Syrian Greeks, Jews, and Armenians. The total number of Turks in this fine and vast territory does not exceed 30,000 or 40,000. The Maronites, a sound, vigorous, intellectual, warlike, and commercial nation, occupy Lebanon, and despise or defy the Turks. The Druzes and Metualis, independent and courageous tribes, will form with the Maronites under the federal government of the Emir Beschir, the predominant population of Syria, and even of Damascus, when all shall be dismembered and abandoned to nature. In them is the germ of a great people, fresh and fit for civilisation; Europe has but to give a favourable glance, and cry to them 'Arise!' Then come Mount Taurus, and that immense Caramania (Asia Minor), the provinces of which were seven kingdoms, and on its shores were independent towns, or flourishing Greek and Roman colonies. I have traversed all its coasts, I have entered into all its gulfs, from Tarson to Tchesmé, and I have seen nothing but fertile and deserted plains, and a few miserable hamlets, inhabited by Greeks. The interior contains the unconquerable tribe of the Turcomans, who graze their flocks on the mountains, and encamp on the plains in the winter. Adana, Konia, Kutaya, and Angora, its chief towns, are each inhabited by some thousands of Turks. Smyrna alone is the centre of a vast population, containing about 100,000 souls, but more than the half are Christians, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews. If we skirt the shores of Asia Minor, we find the beautiful Greek isles of Scio, Rhodes, and Cyprus. Cyprus of itself is a kingdom; it is eighty leagues long, and twenty broad; it has fed, and would again feed, several millions

of inhabitants. It has the sky of Asia and the soil of the tropics; it is peopled by about 30,000 Greeks; and sixty Turks, shut up in a ruinous fort, represent the Ottoman nationality—the same in Rhodes, Stanchio, Samos, Scio, and Mitylene. Where, then, are the Turks? We have now gone over the fairest half of the empire. The banks of the Sea of Marmora, and the channel of the Dardanelles, are spotted also with some small towns, half Turkish, half Greek, a scarce and impoverished population, disseminated at great distances, on coasts without any back country. We cannot raise the whole Turkish population in these countries at more than 100,000 souls, comprising Broussa.

Constantinople, like all the capitals of a people in decay, alone offers an appearance of throng and life; in proportion as the vitality of empires departs from the extremities, it is concentrated at the heart. There was also a day when the whole Greek empire was in Constantinople; and when the city was taken, there was no longer an empire. Authorities are not agreed upon the population of Constantinople; they range from 300,000 to a million of souls; there is no census taken, and each judges from particular premises. My ideas upon the subject are formed merely from the glance cast over the immense extent of the city, comprising within it Scutari, the shores of the Golden Horn, the Sea of Marmora, and the coasts of Asia and Europe. I comprehend all these under the name of Constantinople, for there is no interruption in the houses. Denominations of quarters, towns, and villages, are arbitrary; it is but a single mass of a city, a single concentration of people: the uninterrupted continuation of houses, kiosks, palaces, or villages, over a depth sometimes considerable, at others of one or two houses only, stretches for fourteen French leagues. I am of opinion that the whole of this population may be carried as high as 600,000 or 700,000 souls. A third only, however, is Turkish; the rest is Armenian, Jewish, Christian, Frank, Greek, and Bulgarian. The Turkish population of Constantinople, therefore, according to my computation, would be from 200,000 to 300,000 souls. I have not visited the banks of the Black Sea, but according to the excellent and faithful travels of M. Fontanier, published in 1834, the indigenous populations predominate, and the Turks are reduced in numbers there, as in the parts of the empire I have already surveyed. In Turkey in Europe, the only great town is Adrianople; 30,000 or 40,000 Turks may be reckoned there. In Philippopolis, Sophia, Nissa, Belgrade, and the small intermediate towns, as many more. I add 200,000 Turks for the districts of Turkey that I have not visited, raising them in the whole to about 300,000. In Servia and Bulgaria there is scarcely one Turk for each village, and I suppose that it is the same in the other provinces of Turkey in Europe. Making allowances for any errors on my part, and attributing to the interior of Asia Minor a Turkish population much superior to what the appearance and state of the country would cause to be inferred, I do not think that, in reality, the sum-total of the Turkish population exceeds at present

two or three millions; I am far from believing that it reaches that point. This, then, is the conquering race, sprung from the borders of the Caspian Sea, and melted under the sun of the Mediterranean! This is Turkey, possessed by so small a number of men, or rather already lost by them; for whilst the dogma of fatalism, the inertness resulting from it, the immobility of institutions, and the barbarism of the administration, have reduced almost to nothing the conquerors and lords of Asia, the Slavonic and Christian races in the north and south of the empire, the Armenian, Greek, and Maronite races, and the subject Arabs, have increased and multiplied, in consequence of their manners, creeds, and activity. The number of the slaves prodigiously exceeds the number of the oppressors. The Greeks of the Morea, a weak and wretched population, have, in a moment of energy, by themselves purged the Peloponnesus of the Turks; Moldavia and Wallachia have thrown off the yoke; the isles would have been all free, but for the European treaty which still guarantees them to the sultan; the whole of Arabia is cut up into families unknown to each other, and made use of by the Turks and Egyptians alternately, whilst the most vigorous portion of the country is a prey to the great schism of the Wahabites. Two-thirds of the Armenians have been torn from the Turkish domination by the Russians and Persians; the Georgians are Russians, the Maronites and Druzes will be masters of Syria and Damascus whenever they set seriously about it; the Bulgarians are a numerous and healthy population, still tributary, but who, being more capable of organisation than the Turks, and exceeding them in numbers, can enfranchise themselves at a word: this word the Servians have uttered, and their magnificent forests begin to be pierced by roads, and covered with towns and villages. Prince Milosch, their chief, admits a few Turks at Belgrade, only as allies, and not as masters. The spirit of conquest, the fire of the Osmanlis, has burnt out; the zeal of armed proselytism has long ago vanished from amongst them; their impelling force has no existence; and their conservative capability, which in a uniform administration would be enlightened and progressive, is only in the head of Mahmoud; the popular fanaticism was extinguished with the janissaries, and if the janissaries were to revive, barbarism would revive with them: a miracle of genius is required to resuscitate the empire. Mahmoud is only a man of feeling—genius is no property of his; he promotes himself his own ruin, and encounters obstacles on all sides, where a mind more capacious and firm would find instruments; he is thus reduced to lean for support upon the Russians, his immediate enemies. This political despair and weakness injures him in the opinion of his people; he is nothing more than the shadow of a sultan, taking part in the successive dismemberment of the empire. Hemmed in between Europe, which protects him, and Mehemet-Ali, who threatens him; if he resists the humiliating protection of the Russians, Ibrahim will arrive, and overthrow him by his mere appearance; if he fights Ibrahim, France and England will seize his

fleets, and cast anchor in the Dardanelles; if he forms an alliance with Ibrahim, he becomes the slave of his slave, and finds a prison or death in his own seraglio. A heroic energy and a burst of sublime despair can alone save him, and sustain for a time the Ottoman glory, by shutting up on both sides the Dardanelles and the Black Sea, making an appeal to southern Europe, and to what remains of Islamism, and marching in person on Ibrahim and the Russians; but supposing him to be successful, the empire, after a momentary blaze of glory, would be decomposed immediately afterwards; only its fall would be brightened with a ray of heroism, and the race of Othman would finish as it commenced, in a triumph.

Now that we have seen the state of Europe, and that of the Ottoman empire, what should be done by political foresight and humanity, cleared of all blind and stupid selfishness? What ought Europe to do? The routine of diplomacy, which repeats its once received axioms after they have lost their application, and which trembles at having a grave and real question to treat, because it has neither the intelligence nor the energy to resolve it, says that it is necessary to support the Ottoman empire, on all sides, as a necessary counterpoise in the East to the Russian sway. If there were an Ottoman empire, and Turks capable of creating and organising not only armies, but a state which might keep watch upon the frontier of the Russian empire, and give it serious disquietude, whilst southern Europe was combating it, this policy might possibly be conservative. It would require a very bold or foolish man to say to Europe, 'Erase from the map an existing and flourishing empire: remove one of the large weights from the balance, so unequally poised, of the political world; the world will not perceive it.' But the Ottoman empire exists only in name; its vitality is worn out, its weight is no longer felt; it is but a vast empty space which your anti-human policy would leave a void instead of occupying it, instead of filling it with sound and vigorous populations which nature has already fixed there, and which you yourselves will bring and cause to multiply. Do not precipitate the ruin of the Ottoman empire, assume not the part of destiny, or the responsibility of Providence; but maintain not by an illusory and culpable policy, a phantom to which you can never give anything but the mere aspect and attitude of life, for it is dead. Make not yourselves the auxiliaries of barbarism and Islamism, against civilisation, reason, and a more improving religion, which they would keep down. Be not the accomplices in the servitude and depopulation of the fairest provinces in the world. Let destiny accomplish its fiat; look on, wait, and be prepared. When the empire shall fall of itself, sapped by Ibrahim or by some other pacha, and tumble to pieces from the north to the south, you will have a very simple question to decide:—Must war be made on Russia, to prevent her inheriting the borders of the Black Sea and Constantinople? Must war be made on Austria, to prevent it inheriting the half of European Turkey? Must war be made on England, to prevent it inheriting Egypt and its route to the

Indies by the Red Sea? On France, to prevent her colonising Syria and the Isle of Cyprus? On Greece, to prevent it completing itself by the coast of the Mediterranean, and the beautiful islands which bear its own people and name? On all the world, in fine, lest any one should profit from these magnificent wrecks? Or is it better to come to an understanding, and partition them amongst the human race, under the patronage of Europe, in order that mankind may there increase and multiply, and civilisation spread its sway? Such are the two questions which a congress of the powers of Europe will have to weigh. Surely the decision is not doubtful. If you make war, you will have war with all the ills and devastations which it brings with it; you will cause misfortune to Europe, to Asia, and to yourselves; and when the war is at an end from exhaustion, nothing of what you have been fighting to prevent will be prevented; the force of circumstances, the irresistible inclination of events, the influence of national sympathies and religions, the potency of territorial position, will have their inevitable effect. Russia will occupy the shores of the Black Sea and Constantinople; the Black Sea is a Russian lake, the key to which is Constantinople. Austria will spread over Servia, Bulgaria, and Macedonia, to progress in the same extent as Russia; and France, England, and Greece, after disputing for a long time about the mode, will occupy Egypt, Syria, Cyprus, and the Isles. The end will be the same; only floods of blood will have been shed on sea and land. Forced and arbitrary divisions, made by the accidents of battles, will have been substituted for rational divisions of territory; useful colonisations will be prorogued for years; and during these years, perhaps they may be many, Turkey in Europe and Asia will have been a prey to anarchy and incalculable calamities. You will find there more deserts than the Turks left on their disappearance. Europe will have retarded, instead of following up its accelerated movement of civilisation and prosperity, and Asia will be kept in its sepulchre much longer. If reason presides over the deliberations of Europe, can it hesitate! If it does hesitate, what will history say of its governments and its leaders? It will say that the political affairs of the nineteenth century were conducted by suicidal folly and selfishness, and that cabinets and people rejected the most magnificent present that Providence ever offered to the necessities of an age, and to the advancement of mankind. This is what ought to be done. To assemble a congress of the principal powers that abut on the Ottoman empire, or have interests in the Mediterranean; to establish both the principle and the practice, that Europe withdraws from all direct action or influence in the internal affairs of Turkey, and abandons it to its own resources, and the chances of its own destinies, and agree beforehand, that, on the event of the fall of that empire, either by a revolution at Constantinople, or by a succession of dismemberments, the European powers will each take, under the title of protectors, that part of the empire assigned to it by the stipulations of the congress; that these protectorates, being defined and

limited as to territories, according to neighbourhoods, the security of frontiers, and the similitude of religions, manners, and interests, shall not interfere with the rights of local sovereignties pre-existing in the protected provinces, but shall secure only the feudal superiority of the powers. This sort of sovereignty, thus defined and consecrated as a part of the European code, will principally consist in the right of occupying particular portions of the territory or the coasts, for the purpose of founding either free towns or European colonies, or ports and depôts for commerce. The different divisions of nations, the classifications of tribes, existing rights of all sorts, will be recognised and maintained by the protecting power. It will be an armed and civilising guardianship that each power will exercise; the existence and elements of nationality will be guaranteed under its protectorate, and under a more powerful flag; invasions, dismemberments, discords, and anarchy, will be averted, whilst all pacific means of developing commerce and industry will be abundantly furnished.

These positions assumed, the modes in which the protectorates will act upon and influence the provinces of the East assigned to them, will vary according to localities and manners, and will be directed according to peculiar circumstances: let us see how things will go on. They will found, at first, one or several free European towns upon a part of the coast or territory the most favoured by nature and circumstances. These towns, open, as well as the country around, to all the protected populations, will be governed by the legislation of the mother country, or by colonial legislations; on entering them, the protected will acquire the right of citizenship, and shortly afterwards of nationality; they will cease to be subject to the oppressive and barbarous government of their tribe or prince; they will enjoy, in all its sacredness, the right of property and transmission to heirs, which is now almost universally denied to them, and which is the first lever of all civilisation; they will possess such immunities as to commerce, industry, and arms, as the protecting state, in its wisdom, shall see fitting to confer upon them. The commercial relations, with these concentrations of liberty, property, and civilisation, will inevitably extend from point to point; towns, villages, and tribes, will not be long before they solicit, in a body, the nationality and the social rights which result from it. The protected country will pass in a few years altogether into the system of the protecting nation. Uniformity in laws, and in political and social advantages, will be promptly and liberally extended to them; all these advantages are already appreciated, and ardently desired. Weary of the tyranny, and of the barbarous and oppressive administration which weighs upon them, eager, above all things, for individual liberty, and the rights of property and commerce, there is no doubt that the first opened towns will be immediately filled. The influence of example, and the secure prosperity which these towns and their lands will enjoy, will draw, by little and little, entire populations. There are but two things to humour and respect, religion and manners, and this is

incontestably the power to decide the fate of Asia. It is for her to question, and ask herself, if this power does not also give a right, and if it does not even impose a duty. For my own part I give my voice in the affirmative. There needs not a cannon to be fired, not an outrage, a confiscation, a displacing of population, or a violence to religion or manners to be permitted. There is but a resolution to take, a protection to declare, a flag to unfurl; and if it be not done, Europe will have twenty years of useless wars, and Asia an interminable anarchy, ruin, stagnation, and depopulation. Has God offered to man this magnificent domain in the fairest region of the globe, to leave it barren, untilled, or ravaged by an everlasting barbarism?

As to Europe herself, her convulsive and revolutionary state, her exuberance of population, industry, and unemployed intellectual capacity, should make her bless Providence, which opens so opportunely this great career for mind, activity, noble ambition, civilising proselytism, manufacturing and agricultural labour, occupations and returns of all kinds; fleets and armies to conduct, ports and towns to create, interior colonies to found, new modes of industry to organise, new hands to tutor, roads to form, alliances to negotiate, sound and youthful populations to instruct, codes to study and test, religions to search into and digest, amalgamations of manners and races to consummate, Africa, Asia, and Europe, to draw nearer, and unite by new mediums of communication, which may bring the Indies within a month of Marseilles, and Cairo in relation with Calcutta. The finest climates in the universe; the rivers and plains of Mesopotamia, offering their waters or their routes to the multiplied activity of universal commerce; the mountains of Syria, furnishing an inexhaustible supply of coal, on the edge of the sea, to the innumerable steam-vessels; the Mediterranean, rendered the lake of southern Europe, as the Black Sea becomes a Russian lake, as the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf become English lakes; nations without territory, country, rights, laws, or security, dividing amongst themselves, under the shelter of European legislation, the regions where they are now encamped, and covering Asia Minor. Africa, Egypt, Arabia, Turkey in Europe, and the isles, with people disposed to labour, and eager for the enlightenment and products of Europe. What a picture, what a future, for the three continents! What a boundless sphere for fresh activity opened to the wants which are gnawing us! What an element of pacification, of internal order, and of regular progression, for our stormy epoch! And this picture is only the truth, the infallible, sure, and positive truth. Europe needs but a just conception, and a generous sentiment, to realise it; she has but a word to speak, and she saves herself whilst opening up an extensive future to humanity.

I will not enter here into a discussion as to the limits of the European and Asiatic protectorates, and as to the compensations which such appointments might render necessary in Europe itself; that is, the work of a secret congress of the agents of the principal powers. Established nationalities are in some degree the individuality of the

people. They must be as little touched upon in the negotiations as possible; war alone affects them, and it is quite sufficient. These compensations would therefore be easily arranged; they would not produce those interminable discussions, and multiplied quarrels, which are stated in objection. I would say at once, that in certain cases power is right. The small states of Europe ought not to embarrass the great ones, which have in fact the preponderating voice, without appeal, in the great European council. When Russia, Austria, England, and France, shall come to an understanding, and promulgate a firm and unanimous decision, who will gainsay the execution of what their dignity, their interests, and the wellbeing of the world have called upon them to resolve? No one. Diplomatic mannikins may murmur, intrigue, exclaim, but the work will be achieved, and the vigour of Europe renewed.

[NOTE TO THE FOREGOING POLITICAL SUMMARY BY THE TRANSLATOR.

The views promulgated by M. de Lamartine in this concluding portion of his work, are characterised by a want of practicability usual to him in all his political ideas. They are much more the dreamings of a poet than the reasonings of a statesman. They proceed upon the two main assumptions, that France—for he speaks only of France—is too crowded with restless spirits seeking employment and distinction; and that the Turkish empire, both in Europe and Asia, is in the last stage of existence, and ought to be immediately seized upon as a fitting outlet for this western exuberance. But with these two premises, which are doubtless partially correct, he mixes up a great deal of what is false, both in political ethics and in fact. He is, on the alleged ground of humanity, the advocate of the maxim that force gives right. Europe, or the four great powers of Europe—France, England, Russia, and Austria—have the power, by mutual agreement, to portion out the possessions of the Turks, and *therefore* they are justified in doing so. In the limits of a note, it is impossible to discuss all the startling results to which the acknowledgment of such a principle must ultimately lead. But supposing it carried into effect in this instance, supposing, what is really beyond all probability, that these four powers, by previous arrangement, took simultaneous possession of all the Turkish provinces, is it to be supposed that such settlements would be quietly submitted to by the inhabitants, or that a war almost of extermination would not be required to make them good? And when those various races were reduced to submission, or were destroyed, would not the mutual jealousies of the European powers be sure to lead to interminable wars among themselves, when brought into such close contact with each other, when, even at their present distance, their attitudes are hostile and envenomed? The history of the human race too surely answers these questions, so as to overthrow the *humanity* of Lamartine's views.

But in his estimation of the resources of the Turkish empire, and of the numbers of the Turkish population, he is extremely erroneous. The idea that the Turks do not muster above two or three millions, is one so utterly preposterous, as to need not a single word in refutation. The exertions of the present sultan of Turkey to meliorate the condition of his people, and to infuse vigour into the state, have been partially thwarted by the Russian and Egyptian invasions, and have not yet had time to produce their due effects. But it is impossible to say that such exertions are utterly hopeless. On the contrary, there is every ground for hope of the most satisfactory results. The bigotry of the Turks has given place to an enlightened toleration, with more facility, and in a shorter space of time, than has ever been recorded of any other nation. An amalgamation with Europeans in the military and civil services, and in the extensive ramifications of commerce, is leading the whole population to a correct appreciation of the value of discipline, subordination, and social relations. The regeneration of those fair districts of the earth is much more feasible under its present prospects, if allowed fair scope for development, than the covering them with Cossacks, to keep impatient populations in the necessary subjection. Because, let M. de Lamartine disguise the matter as he may, it would be Russia that would be mainly aggrandised, and it is Russia only that could keep permanent hold of what might be assigned to her. And is her despotism less grinding than the Turkish? Is there anything so agreeable to humanity in the authentic accounts of the massacres and devastations that have marked the Russian 'protectorate' (to use M. de Lamartine's beguiling term) of the Crimea, Georgia, Armenia, or, more latterly, Poland, as to induce very delightful anticipations of her mildness and benignity to the unfortunate Osmanlis? Or, in a word, is there anything more gratifying to the Christian mind in the superstitious degradation of the Russians, than in the creed of the Mohammedans, who grant to all a full and effective tolerance, and under whom true religion has more prospect of being propagated, than if smothered and degraded in the wretched ceremonies of the Greek church, and its adoration of human corpses?

M. de Lamartine presents Syria and Cyprus to France, and Egypt to England—presentations more easily promised than accomplished. Austria would have the simplest task perhaps in seizing upon Servia and Macedonia; but has M. de Lamartine forgotten that in his own account of Servia he expresses his deep regret that he could not remain amongst its natives to give them the benefit of his sword in achieving their independence?

Upon the whole, it is scarcely to be credited, notwithstanding his own apparent conviction of the wisdom of his views, that Lamartine ever thought they could be acted upon; but it is almost to be inferred that he has given them vent rather because they were novel and startling, than because they were sage or practical. It is the besetting sin of the majority of French literary men.]

APPENDIX.

LETTER FROM THE VISCOUNT DE MARCELLUS TO M. DE LAMARTINE.

Of your travels in the East, my dear Lamartine, I have only read some extracts, inserted in different journals, but I can no longer resist my desire to tell you how deeply I am indebted to you for reviving past enjoyments. You have given fresh life to my old impressions; I have refound in you, if there be not too much pride in saying so, those great and powerful emotions which agitated me twelve years earlier on beholding the same places. I then gave myself up to the contemplation of those majestic scenes; the desert and Lebanon appeared to me under those sublime aspects that your pencil has recalled; I saw the same ruins, I scaled the same mountains, and the same dust stuck to my pilgrim-sandals; and I am not wrong in believing that this identity in travel and thought adds an additional link to our friendship. You have mentioned Lady Hester Stanhope, and I have unceasingly read and re-read your delightful episode regarding her: I have meditated upon it as upon a page of my own remembrances, written in characters of fire: you have transported me again to the feet of that woman, whose portrait I dared not sketch, and whom you yourself abstain from judging. I confess that my impressions were at that time almost entirely favourable to her, whether it was that my youth gave me greater sympathy with an existence so utterly apart from the usual routine, or that I could see nothing in the desert but what was great and novel. I also recorded my feelings in a faithful recital; but my simple and insipid tale withered like a leaf swept by the wind, and fell lifeless into that literary gulf where so many of those political essays that you and I have attempted are doomed to burial.

Nevertheless, my visit to Lady Hester was related to Louis XVIII., who was anxious to learn the details from myself personally. I was indebted to Lady Stanhope for that kindness which hailed and made known some of my *adventures* in the East; thus the recital of my promenades, after the school of Homer, with the young maidens of Scio, in their last days of life and liberty; thus the particulars of the discovery, acquisition, and removal of the *Venus of Milo*, that

masterpiece of ancient sculpture which my country, I say it with some vanity, owes to my exertions; thus other episodes in my travels then obtained some degree of favour, from connection with the name of my hostess on Lebanon; and if I made no endeavour to communicate to the public my admiration for her, it was because my journey had reference to a political mission. You will approve of my motives on considering that, with a due regard to the obligations of our common career, I thought that they imposed upon me a rigorous silence. Since torn from that career, the main study of my life, by storms in which so many far more precious interests have been wrecked, I still found myself bound to obey its injunctions, even when I hesitated not to abandon it, and thus my silence has survived my functions. At the present moment, in describing better than I could what I might relate apart from political concerns, you have awakened my recollections; you will yourself judge if a few features that I had preserved are worthy of being added to your brilliant pictures. When I had the honour of seeing Lady Hester Stanhope, she was more connected with Europe and its politics, and had not yet forgotten the world, although she held it in contempt. She had not then acquired, from some contemplative characters in Syria, the art of linking the destinies of our hemisphere to the influence of the stars or the firmament; she could still hang their chain from a higher point. Disgusted with the creeds of Europe, with which she was imperfectly acquainted, rejecting the numerous sects of the desert, whose mysteries she had fathomed, she had created for herself a peculiar deism, preserving of the Christian religion only the practice of doing good, and the precept of charity.

The niece of Pitt had mingled from her youth in the struggles of the British parliament. At a later date, in her travels, she had studied and thoroughly investigated the views of the European cabinets. Thus it was that in our interview she gave vent to such severe judgments upon the men who have ruled the world for the last thirty years; of those men, several have fallen from power, some still exercise a sway, and the greatest number has succumbed to time. Lady Stanhope characterised them by a phrase, stigmatised them by an epithet, and almost all have justified her fearful prophecies. The colouring of her sketches, her revelations, or her hatreds, which she said she inherited from her uncle, I do not consider it proper to make known, but her antipathies against Europe I am not prevented from repeating. 'Will you return to England?' I asked her. 'No, never!' she replied with energy; 'your Europe is so stale! Leave me my desert; what should I do in Europe? To look at nations that deserve their chains, and at kings unfit to reign! Before long, your old continent will be shaken to its very base. You have seen Athens; you are going to see Tyre. See what remains of those noble republics, the protectors of the arts, the queens of industry, and the seas! Such will Europe be. All is worn out there. There is no longer a race of kings; they fall, removed by death or their own absurdities, and are succeeded by those more

degenerate than themselves. Aristocracy, soon to be effaced from the world, gives place to a sordid and ephemeral middle class, without root or vigour. The populace alone, that populace which works, still preserves some character and some virtues. Tremble if it should ever learn its power! No, your Europe annoys me; I avert my ear from the last reports which reach me from it, and their faint echoes fall dead upon this isolated strand. Let us speak no more of Europe; I have done with it!'

And then Lady Stanhope ran over long accounts of the wonders of the desert. She related to me the events of her wandering and queenly life; the succour and protection she extends to all travellers, and especially to Frenchmen, in memory of Napoleon; the death of Colonel Boutin, butchered by the Ansarias on the last chain of Lebanon; the striking vengeance she exacted for that murder; the poison administered in a tent on the plain of Messirib to another more celebrated traveller, who disguised himself in the East under the Moslem name of Ali-Bey, and in Europe under the Spanish appellation of Badia. She spoke to me of her visits to the santons of the mountain, and her excursions to Palmyra. 'I set off one day,' said she, 'from Damascus to see Balbek and its ruins. The pacha, my friend, had placed me under the care of the Scheik Nasel, the chief of fifty Arabs. My people followed at a day's distance. We travelled sometimes at night, sometimes during the day, and three suns had arisen since my departure, when a messenger mounted on a dromedary came flying to our caravan; he spoke a few words to the Scheik Nasel, who was troubled, and changed countenance. "What is the matter with you?" I asked. "Nothing," he replied; and we continued. Shortly, a second dromedary overtook us, and the distress of Nasel was increased. I insisted upon knowing the cause. "Well, since you must know it," said he, "my father, one of whose wives I have carried off, is pursuing me with a troop thrice as numerous as mine, and is just at hand. He seeks my death, I know, for such offences require blood; but you have been intrusted to me, and I will sooner perish than abandon you." "Depart! fly!" I exclaimed; "I prefer remaining alone in the desert to seeing you killed by your own father. I will wait for him, and attempt to manage a reconciliation; but in any event, Balbek cannot be far off, and the sun will be my guide." He left me on hearing these words, and disappeared with his fifty Arabs. I was alone for about an hour, without any other companion than my mare, or other protection than my poniard, when a cloud of dust arose at the horison. Some horsemen came forward at full gallop, and in a few minutes Nasel was at my side. "Honour to the cid, my lady!" he exclaimed; "he carries a warrior's heart! What I told you was only to try your courage; come, my father is waiting for you!" I followed him. I was received in the camp with all the ceremonies of the desert; gazelles and young camels were furnished for the repast; poets celebrated the exploits of past times. I made an alliance with that tribe, which from that time loves and respects me.'

Thanks, my dear Lamartine, thanks for these recollections of my old travels. I yield myself up to the charms they have for me, and I can no more finish them than the Arab story-tellers of the khans of Ptolemaïs, who repeat the great deeds of Antar.

In writing to you, I think of that sun which was disappearing behind the mountains of Cyprus, and casting its last tints on the peaks of Anti-Lebanon; I think of that sea, with its blue waves, dying foamlessly away, and scarcely breaking on the shores of Sidon. None better than you can understand how strongly the imagination and memory are seized, and how quick the heart beats, when, in the bosom of such an amphitheatre, an Englishwoman, whom the Arabs, disregarding her sex, have named the *Lord*, hid under the Bedouin garb, lets fall such words in the silence of the desert.

Adieu! I leave you to read you again, and to indulge in my remembrances afresh. If you should ever send your work to Lady Stanhope, mention to her the name of a man full of her recollection, and proud of being one of those few travellers who have visited her on her adopted mountains, and at the same time of being one of those numerous friends who have admired you in your native valley, so near to my own retreat.

THE VISCOUNT DE MARCELLUS.

April 12, 1835.

THE END.

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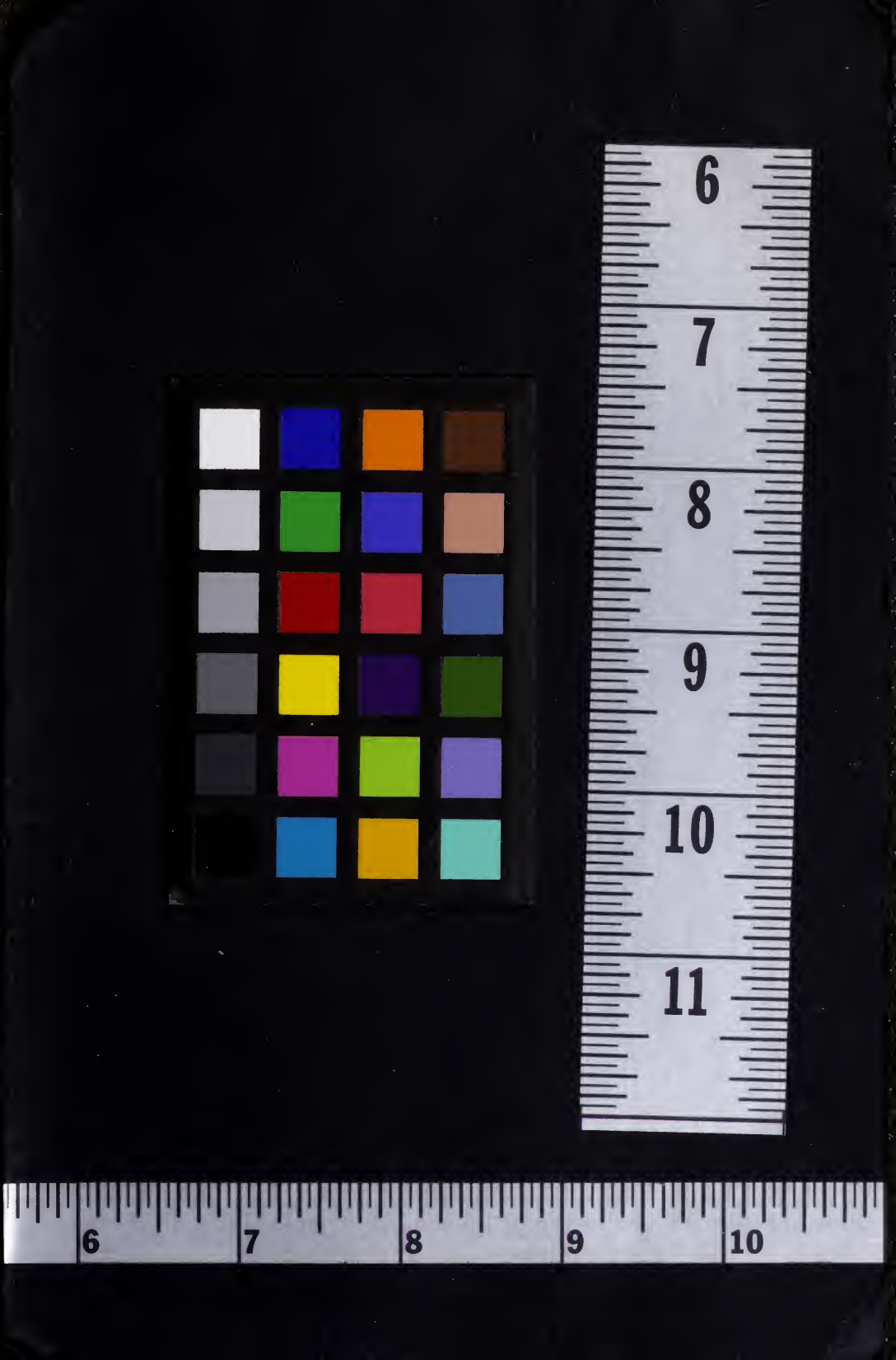
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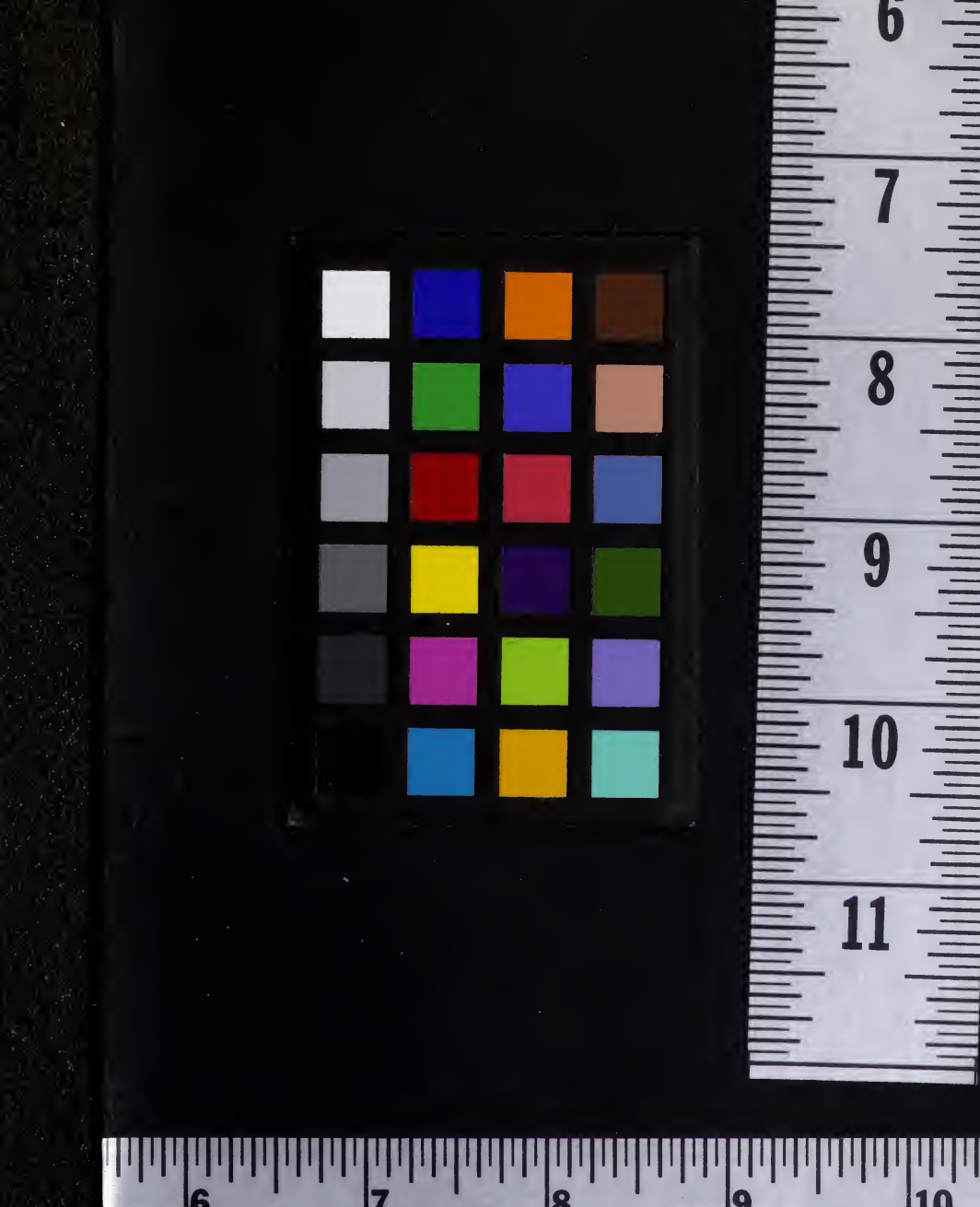
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